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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

LABOR'S PLAN TO WIN THE GOVERNMENT

CAN AMERICAN LABOR elect a Labor Government without the aid of a Labor party? For nothing less than this, in the opinion of the *New York Times* (Dem.) is the purpose behind the non-partizan political campaign of the American Federation of Labor. While the announced strategy of this campaign—the rewarding of friends and the punishing of enemies regardless of party lines—is not new, we are told that no such sweeping and well-organized application of it has hitherto been attempted. And while many observers in both radical and conservative ranks predict failure for Mr. Gompers and his followers, others prophesy for his plan far-reaching results in the approaching elections. Among practical politicians in Washington, reports a correspondent of the *New York Times*, “the feeling is wide-spread that labor will dominate one of the nominating conventions of the major parties this summer, or form a third party”—despite the opposition of Mr. Gompers. “It is a serious development for both of the old parties,” says the *New York Evening Post* (Ind.), which adds that “if the Federation’s four million votes could be swung solidly they could control the outcome of the elections; they could name the next President and the members of the next Congress.” Whatever the ultimate effect of the Federation’s campaign may be, this paper goes on to say, its immediate effect will be to “spur candidates, platform-makers, and managers to give serious consideration to the claims of the American workingman.” If the Federation could control the votes of one-third of its membership “it could dominate the situation,” remarks the *Baltimore News* (Ind.) And the *Pittsburg Leader* (Ind.) sees in the proposal “not simply a political movement, but the political party of Samuel Gompers.” The Federation’s plan, the *Chicago Unionist* reminds us, is another application of the methods by which the Anti-Saloon League won its overwhelming victories after the Prohibition party had failed to get political results. And the *St. Paul Non-partizan Leader* calls attention to the fact that the same methods have put the Non-partizan League farmers in the saddle in North Dakota.

The methods by which the American Federation of Labor purposes to wage war in the approaching political campaign in behalf of labor’s friends and against labor’s enemies are outlined in a statement issued from its Washington headquarters on February 8. After scoring Congress for its “repression of labor” and its support and encouragement of “reactionary policies,” and after pointing out that it has taken “no favorable legislative action upon the recommendations contained in the American Federation of Labor reconstruction program, or those expressed at the December conference,” this statement goes on to say:

“Scorned by Congress, ridiculed and misrepresented by many members of both Houses, the American labor movement finds it necessary vigorously to apply its long and well-established non-partizan political policy. . . .

“Sinister forces are already actively engaged in efforts to confuse and nullify labor’s political power. Their object is to divide

the labor vote so that the election of reactionaries and enemies of labor will be assured. Unless labor holds steadfastly to its non-partizan political policy, the enemies of labor will be successful in their efforts. Labor can not, labor must not, permit its political strength to be divided in the present crisis. Organized labor owes allegiance to no political party. It is not partizan to any political party. It is partizan to principles—the principles of freedom, of justice, and of democracy.

“It is the duty of trade-unionists, their friends and sympathizers, and all lovers of freedom, justice, and democratic ideals and institutions, to unite in defeating those seeking public office who are indifferent or hostile to the people’s interests and the aspirations of labor.

“Wherever candidates for reelection have been friendly to labor’s interests, they should be loyally supported. Wherever candidates are hostile or indifferent to labor’s interests, they should be defeated and the nomination and election of true and tried trade-unionists or of assured friends should be secured.

“Complying with the instructions of the last convention and the Labor and Farmer Conference of December 13, 1919, the American Federation of Labor announces its determination to apply every legitimate means of all of the power at its command to accomplish the defeat of labor’s enemies who aspire for public office, whether they be candidates for President, for Congress, for State legislatures, or any other office.”

Another statement from Washington says that five hundred leaders of organized labor will soon be at work throughout the country directing this campaign, and Vice-President Matthew Woll, of the American Federation of Labor, is quoted as saying:

“Officers of all international unions will be called on for assistance. From the Washington headquarters tons of pamphlets and printed matter will be sent out. Speakers will be put in the field. Trained political managers will be sent into all districts to assist the local bodies in lining up the candidates in their districts.

“The campaign will begin in real earnest within a few weeks, when many States are to hold primaries to nominate candidates for the House and Senate. The record of every aspirant will be scrutinized. If a public official, his record will be well known. If his record is not well understood he will be questioned and put on record. In districts where both candidates are friendly to the cause of labor no effort will be made to throw votes to one party or another. But in districts where all candidates for office are unfriendly, labor will put up its own members.”

The policy by which the Federation may fight Democrats in one State and Republicans in another, or both in the same State, is thus sympathetically explained by the *New York Globe* (Ind.):

“To go into politics with a comprehensive platform would split the labor vote. Labor is unanimous only on men and measures that directly and indisputably help it or hurt it. Labor men, in addition to being labor men, may be Protestants, Jews, or Catholics; they may also be Democrats or Republicans, Masons, Odd Fellows, or Modern Woodmen of the World. With these affiliations the Federation of Labor is not concerned.

“How long the attitude of political neutrality can be maintained is uncertain. Whether it ought to be maintained is debatable. On the one hand stands the existing prejudice against class parties. On the other is the certainty that sooner or later there will be a division which will draw the sympathies of organized labor to a liberal or progressive party and the sympathies

of organized capital to a conservative party. So long as there is a conflict of interest or of opinion between these two groups it is hard to see why the political field is not the safe and natural one in which to fight it out. Elections are cheaper than strikes and as decisive. If labor gains by carrying on guerilla warfare, as at present, why should it not also gain by a concerted campaign? The danger in such a conflict between labor and capital would lie in the conditions which make them antagonistic, not in their political expression. However, no such alinement can be expected while Mr. Gompers is in command."

Labor Radicals and Socialists unite with certain conservative elements in the press, in Congress, and among the farmers in condemning Mr. Gompers's program, while that most radical of farmers' organizations, the Non-Partizan League, warmly indorses it. "Members of the American Labor party, radical labor-union men, prominent liberals and Socialists of New York, are agreed in dubbing the grandiose announcement of the American Federation of Labor as mere piffle," reports a correspondent of the New York *Call* (Socialist). And in a statement issued by the American Labor party we read:

"The rank and file of organized labor and its constituent bodies are in ever greater number and with greater earnestness turning away from this mode of political action. They have lost all confidence in the so-called 'labor' candidates of the old parties. They feel that if the American Federation of Labor is to be truly consistent and secure in indorsing red friends of labor it must indorse the *bona-fide* labor-men on the Labor party ticket.

"No one expects that either or both of the old parties will nominate genuine labor candidates. There must be a political organization to carry out the political program of the American Federation of Labor, and there must be a political organization to support them after election. Labor is sick and tired of relying on the preelection promises of political decoys of men controlled by the old machines, of men elected by campaign funds contributed by capitalist interests.

"At one time, who seemed more friendly to labor than President Wilson? And yet men have been killed while on strike under the present Administration. Mr. Wilson was highly acclaimed by Mr. Gompers and the American Federation of Labor as a friend of labor. The President appointed Burleson and Palmer, the bitterest foes of organized labor, and the Democratic machine is back of them."

This statement goes on to say that the plan formulated by the executive council of the American Federation of Labor aims "to put the American Labor party out of existence in order to perpetuate their own leadership," but that its actual effect will be to emphasize the need for a Labor party. *The New Majority* (Chicago), organ of the American Labor party, argues that the statement given out by the American Federation of Labor in explanation of its plan for political action "proves the necessity for the workers to unite in their own party, the Labor party, and confesses the failure of the method of compromising with the old parties whose candidates are picked and financed by Wall Street." The Socialist New York *Call* is convinced that Mr. Gompers's political program for labor will have the very effect against which he warns his followers when he says, "labor can not, labor must not, permit its political strength to be divided in the present crisis." For, says *The Call*, what does the American Federation of Labor plan do but "divide the votes of its membership between the two capitalistic parties?"

Declaring that the majority of farmer organizations will not join the American Federation of Labor in its political campaign, Mr. T. C. Atkeson, representative of the National Grange, made this statement to a Washington correspondent:

"We decided that the interests of the farmers and of organized labor were not identical—in fact, were diametrically opposed on some questions. The union man wants shorter hours and higher pay, which means higher prices to the consumer. A similar attitude on the part of the farmers would mean curtailment of production of food until the people were so hungry they would pay exorbitant prices rather than starve. Instead, it is our policy to encourage as much work as possible to stimulate production, so that normal conditions may be restored."

In Congress Representative Blanton (Dem.), of Texas, characterized the American Federation of Labor *pronunciamento* as "the greatest menace ever sounded," and predicted that it would "awaken the people of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific," with the result that every candidate indorsed by Mr. Gompers will be defeated. For, said Mr. Blanton, "when an organized minority of less than five per cent. of the people can control legislation, and now threaten to elect a Congress of serfs, it is indeed a national crisis, threatening the institutions of the country." And in an editorial warning us against "class government," the New York *Times* says:

"The American Federation of Labor is going to work for a Labor Government. It will strive to elect a Labor Congress, supporting in each district the candidate, Republican or Democratic, most favorable to its demands. It will enter into local and State primaries and elections. It will seek the choice of governors, legislatures, judges friendly to its demands. The making of the laws, the interpretation of the laws, the administration of the laws, are to be in the hands of men representative of, well-disposed, or obedient to the Federation, which reckons its numbers at 4,000,000. In effect, it puts the labor vote up at auction. It will go to the party that makes the highest bid in its platform and in the character of its candidates. That is the program and the aim. If the Federation's political hopes are crowned with complete success, our local, State, National governments—the executive, legislative, judicial, every branch, function, process—will be controlled or conducted by and for a class, by and for a small minority."

Turning to that portion of the labor press which is not committed to a separate political party, we find plenty of enthusiastic support for Mr. Gompers's program. "It is important because it gives its quietus to the Labor party launched by the radicals in organized labor," says the Indianapolis *Union*, which adds: "The American Federation of Labor does not seek to govern; but it is eminently right in taking steps to educate its members as to which side their political bread is buttered on." It would be unwise for American labor to start a Labor party, says Mr. Ellis Searles, editor of *The United Mine-Workers' Journal*, because—

"It would at once become a rival of the two established parties, and both would treat the newcomer as such. Therefore labor could not hope to win elections nor could it expect anything from the other parties. Labor can, however, exert a powerful influence on elections by supporting men for Congress known to be friendly to labor interests and opposing those who are enemies to labor. That is the wise policy."

"We who have opposed the formation of a political Labor party are pleased to see our judgment sustained by Mr. Gompers and other Federation leaders," remarks *The Unionist* (Chicago), which goes on to say:

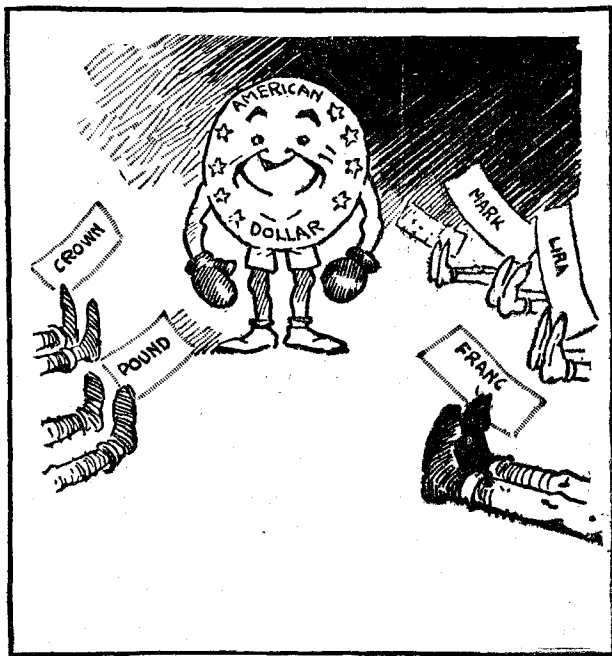
"The great mass of workers have their own individual political convictions, and they will not heed the dictations of labor politicians. The day of this or that labor leader 'delivering' the labor vote is past, if indeed it ever existed. When Mr. Gompers advises the continued use of the old adage 'Reward your friends, defeat your enemies,' he realizes that he is urging the only consistent constructive policy that labor can pursue. If proof of the feasibility of this method is needed we need only point to the success achieved by the antisaloon forces after their efforts with the Prohibition party had proved a failure."

And in *Labor* (Washington, D. C.), organ of the Plumb Plan League, we read:

"Labor intends to compel the politicians and the press to choose between the people and privilege. . . . Labor will take a leaf from the book of special privilege. It will refuse to wear the party collar. It will be Republican in those States where the Republicans are worthy of Abraham Lincoln. It will be Democratic in those States where Democrats believe in and practise the doctrines of Thomas Jefferson. Labor will not stand alone in this struggle. Despite the protest of a few reactionary leaders, the farmers of the country are giving unmistakable evidence of their determination to unite with their natural allies—the workers in the city."

THE EXCHANGE SLUMP AND LOWER PRICES

THE AVERAGE CONSUMER, even if he does not pretend to fathom the mysteries of foreign exchange, must note with more than ordinary interest that when foreign exchange crashed during the first week of February, the pound sterling falling to 35 per cent. below normal and the other exchanges following, cotton prices fell violently, while corn, pork, lard, and other commodities were marked down substantially in the Chicago market. The consumer, who now finds the business and financial columns in his paper decidedly worth reading, discovers that our cotton and grain warehouses have been filled almost to bursting with goods intended for sale to Europe at the highest price obtainable. But when a dollar's worth of American goods costs an Englishman more than a dollar and a quarter and a Frenchman over two dollars, Old-World purchases will be limited to absolute necessities, and this "will force these stored foodstuffs and other commodities into domestic channels of trade and automatically cause a gradual reduction in the prices of the necessities of life." So eminent an authority as the Federal Reserve Board opines that the drop in foreign exchange means lower prices. And, as the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* observes, a condition of exchange which brings about cheaper stockings and cheaper food and a more rational expense account "doesn't seem all bad" to the consumer. The Omaha *Bee* insists that "it means good for America." The Detroit *Journal* believes that the lowering of prices due to the collapse of foreign exchange "will remove one of the chief causes for strikes, cripple one of the arguments upon which is builded the agitation of unrest, give the country time to go through with a national election temperately and with a minimum of the unreasonableness which marks some of our public affairs to-day." So, it concludes, "the bad state of foreign exchange is not altogether a curse." It seems to the New York *World* that "the day of the ultimate consumer as against the profiteer on inflated credit at last approaches." Here competent financial authorities agree. Predicting that decreased exportation to



HE'S NOT THE MAN HE USED TO BE, BUT—
—Orr in the Chicago Tribune.

Europe and increased importation from Europe will follow hand in hand upon the drop in foreign exchange, the New York *Journal of Commerce* says that this state of affairs will undoubtedly limit the markets of our manufacturers, but "would, from the consumer's point of view, be an unmixed benefit." The *Annalist* (New York) is convinced that the consumer is now to become

"a positive instead of a negative force in the country's markets," that he "certainly has room for hope and confidence over the future." As this financial weekly sizes up the situation:

"European bidders for our goods have been forced to decrease their activities in the American markets through the sheer power



WHOA! STEADY! LOOK OUT BELOW!
—Thiele in the Sioux City Tribune.

of costs they can not meet. Fundamentally the reason for all this lies in so tremendous a fall of sterling rates as to record a depreciation in the pound of 35 per cent. from the normal level. As sterling leads, so other European exchanges follow. A depreciation of more than 60 per cent. in the French franc at New York has caused French importers to limit their purchases here to the barest necessities. European bidding has slackened materially, and is expected to contract further. The result of this process is obvious—the making available of more goods for home-buyers than would otherwise be the case.

"So now the consumer sees this: a beginning of price recessions which finds an active demand which may be stimulated by lower prices. The manufacturer sees the same situation. The unsolved question for both of them is how these forces will act in relation to one another. If a lessening of extravagance comes with receding prices, which may quite possibly happen, if business confidence is weakened and overtime wages grow smaller, there may occur a really substantial backing up of goods in the home markets because of the shrinking foreign demand. Then the consumer should see a progress of lowering prices in the next few months and the manufacturer should experience a smaller output of his products. The consumer's position under these circumstances would be strengthened all the more by an increase of imports from foreign countries which has been making progress for several months. On the other hand, if purchases, heretofore kept submerged by high prices, should be brought out by price recessions it would happen that the decline would be slow and business profits would continue on a high level, even tho they were not so substantial as has been forecast in January when Europe was still buying here on a generous scale."

The *Annalist* concludes that even the consumer does not want too sharp a drop in prices; he "awaits with longing for prices which will fill his pocketbook, but he does not want a reaction in manufacturing and other forms of production which would bring a marked decline of his wages or salary." *Commerce and Finance* (New York) predicts that "our manufactories running at present speed, war-time speed, with the foreign market cut off will find their goods inclined to pile up, and then they will slow down their operations." And several of our dailies see cause for concern in this prospect, fearing that the lowering of prices will be accompanied by industrial depression which will, in the words of the Chattanooga *News*, "check greatly the commercial and industrial activity of the country."



"THE ROLL-CALL OF THE CONDEMNED."

(After the famous painting of "The Roll-Call of the Condemned in the Days of the Terror.")

—*De Amsterdammer* (Amsterdam).

GERMANY'S ELUSIVE WAR-CRIMINALS

PALPITATIONS OF RAGE are said to be shaking Germany at the unheard-of savagery of the bloodthirsty Allies, who demand that some 900 Germans be surrendered for trial for "no offense other than that of serving their country during the war," to use the words of the ex-Crown Prince. The particular services to their country for which they are "wanted" are such things as ruthless submarine warfare, theft, cruelty, devastation, the shooting of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, deportation of young girls, inhuman treatment of prisoners of war, pillage, the poisoning of wells, arson, assassination, and the sinking of hospital and other ships without warning and the killing of their helpless crews. The list of German culprits, with the charges against them, makes a 200-page book, and contains, says a dispatch, "the pillars of Prussianism as well as the heroes of Germany." One high German government official is said to have declared that to be left out of this German "Who's Who" is almost an insult. It was these war-practices which, more than anything else, roused the whole world to fight Germany, and hence caused her defeat, and the trial and punishment of the guilty is intended partly as an act of justice and partly as a deterrent in future wars. The only ray of humor that lightens the situation, as our papers see it, is the offer of the ex-Crown Prince, whose name heads the roll, to surrender as a sort of scapegoat for the whole list, showing that the hallucination of exaggerated importance still persists among the sand-dunes of Wieringen.

The Berlin press are unanimous in declaring the Allied demand denotes a thirst for vengeance, and is to be compared with the lust of the Roman emperors who dragged the rulers of conquered countries in their triumphal chariot processions. Interest in the fate of the ex-Kaiser is said to be eclipsed by interest in the probable fate of military leaders. Herr Noske, the German Minister of Defense, declares that it would be an "utter physical impossibility" to arrest and turn over to the Allies for trial the Germans accused of war-crimes, and whole cities, we are told by the New York *Times* correspondent, threaten rebellion if Hindenburg's arrest is attempted. The effect of the note, he says, seems to have been to unite German sentiment; dissensions and party differences are for the time being forgotten. Officers' leagues declare that they will fight to the death rather than surrender their comrades, and Herr Noske asserts that in all Germany there is not to be found a man who would undertake to arrest one of the high personages named in the Allied list. The

Independent Socialist leader, however, declares emphatically that "there are a million German workmen who would be ready to arrest these criminals and deliver them for punishment."

The New York *World's* correspondent at Berlin likens the present crisis to "the long-drawn-out situation last spring before Germany's last-minute surrender in signing the Peace Treaty." But with this difference:

"The significant difference which makes the present situation so grave is the fact that during the crisis before the signing a shrewd observer could note a large element of bluff and an undercurrent of weakening which justified the early conclusion that despite all her protests Germany would lose nerve at the last minute and end by signing the Treaty, whereas there is no sign of weakening or the faintest bluff about the German end of the present situation."

Among those whose extradition for trial is demanded are the former German Crown Prince, his younger brother, Prince Eitel Friedrich, Prince August of Hohenzollern, Admiral von Tirpitz, Admiral Capelle, Admiral von Trotha, Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, General Ludendorff, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, General von Mackensen, General von Moltke, General von Kluck, General von Falkenhayn, and General von der Marwitz, against whom the Americans fought in the Argonne. Twelve admirals, two high-seas fleet commanders, thirty *U*-boat captains, and a *Zeppelin* commander who tried to fly to the German colonies of South Africa are included in the list.

Meanwhile a hundred questions arise in the mind of the alert American editor as he looks out across the Atlantic, and we find them sprinkled through the editorial pages reaching this office. Is there real danger of eruption of the German political volcano, or is a diplomatic farce-drama now being played beyond the Rhine, with the world as audience? Is the German Government "bluffing" in its refusal to deliver the war-criminals which it agreed to deliver when it signed the Peace Treaty? Or is Berlin, face to face with internal revolution, trying to keep faith? Is Germany to be allowed to establish a precedent by evading this section of the Treaty? Is it in the best interests of the Allies to force a settlement at the present time, when Germany and all other contiguous countries are in process of reconstruction? Are the offenders wanted still in Germany, or have they fled to neutral countries—to Holland, Switzerland, Argentina, etc.? Is France, in pressing this matter, trying to force a revision of the Peace Treaty in order to annex the balance of the Rhineland? If the present German Government should be forced to give

way because of this demand by the Allies, would chaos reign in Germany, or would a better Government be formed? Would a trial of the German war-criminals automatically make martyrs of them? Is this latest balk of Germany's like her leisurely evacuation of the Baltic provinces, another obstruction to fulfilment of Peace-Treaty clauses? Will the Allied demands strengthen the pro-Russian element in Germany, and, if carried out, usher in a reign of Bolshevism? Will the Allies be compelled to resort to an economic blockade in order to enforce their demands, or a military invasion? Or will they make haste slowly, and rest content with the indictment thus made? These are a few of the questions that have grown out of the note demanding that Germany fulfil her promise in regard to Article 228 of the Treaty.

That almost insurmountable difficulties stand in the way of the fulfilment of the Allied demand is indicated by foreign dispatches. From Switzerland, for instance, comes word that many of the high ranking war-criminals already have sought a haven of refuge in that country. Included in these are the Crown Prince of Bavaria and Baron von der Lancken, who is said to have executed Edith Cavell. We are also told that officers' leagues, realizing that these demands would be presented sooner or later, sent to different countries practically all of those whose names appear in the list; that they "can not be found" by either the German Government or the Allies. That there is some truth in this statement is manifested by reports from Argentina to the effect that the wives of two high officials have been officially notified of their death. When the Allies press the demand for the surrender of these men, they will be shown the official notification of their death, whereas, a dispatch to the *New York Globe* says, the two officials are at present living in Argentina under assumed names. There is no reason to believe that the attitude of Switzerland in this matter will be any different from that of Holland in regard to the extradition of the former Kaiser, say the correspondents.

Scores of newspapers in this country favor the extradition of the German war-criminals for trial, while those which are against such a procedure could be counted on the fingers of one hand, so far as we have seen. It may be a matter of surprise to some of our readers that many Paris papers do not favor extradition. Of our own papers, the *Syracuse Journal* states its position in the matter:

"The issue is clear. The acts of the persons under indictment were either a violation of the rules of war or else were justified on the ground of being a legitimate result of such an abnormal conflict. It is to the benefit of Germany to have this controversy cleared up, to the advantage of the Allies to conduct the trials so that no reasonable mind could raise criticism of its absolute justice.

"If these men can justify their actions under the rules of civilized warfare, they will go free. There can be no doubt about that. They will be given full opportunity to offer testimony."

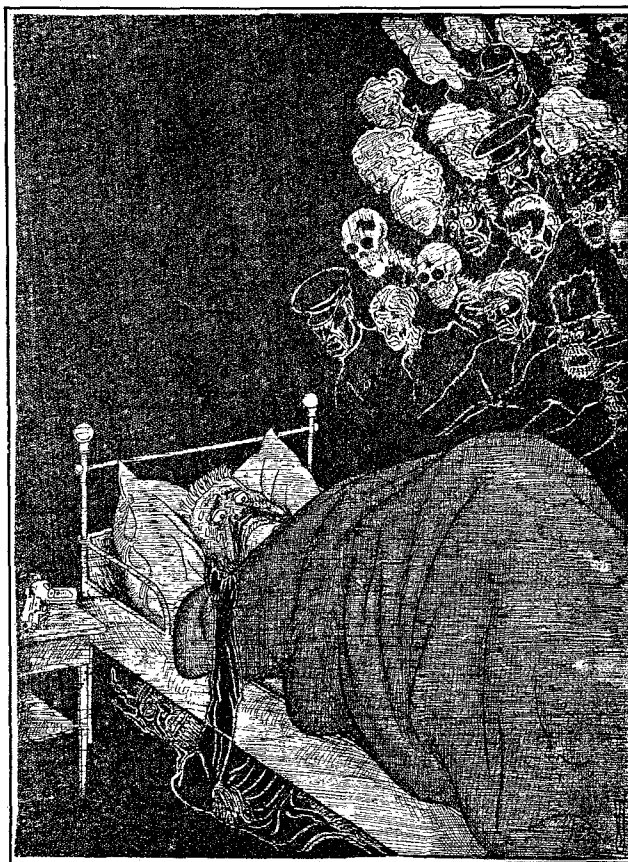
Other newspapers in this country and Paris, however, see in the Allied note grave potentialities, and consider the present period of unrest the wrong time in which to present such a demand. "Simple as the problem appears on the surface," asserts the *Pittsburg Leader*, "it carries the germs of another war-upheaval; it is heavily charged with dynamite, and the Allies will do well to make haste slowly." The *Springfield Republican* recognizes, in "such an orgy of court-martialing in time of peace," the heaviest blows which the Allies have yet struck at Germany, and declares that "its harmful consequences may be felt ages hence." Another *Pittsburg* paper, *The Dispatch*, believes the "life of Europe is hanging by a thread." "Will a demand for vengeance, however just, be permitted to break that thread, and sweep away the little that remains of civilization?" queries *The Dispatch*.

Many papers regret the delay in sending the note to Germany,

and agree that it would have been a comparatively simple matter to enforce the demand for the war-criminals a year ago. Says the *Detroit Free Press*:

"A year ago it would have been a relatively simple matter to tighten the pressure of embargo or of military duress on Germany. To-day in order to put on the screws there must be either a distinct renewal of an economic embargo or the inauguration of a whole new military movement, and neither the British nor the French people will welcome any such thing. In addition to this there are the Bolsheviki, who stand ready to take immediate advantage of any opening given them through weakness in the Government at Berlin."

The *Peoria Transcript* believes that Germany has taken courage from the fact that neither Japan nor the United States has

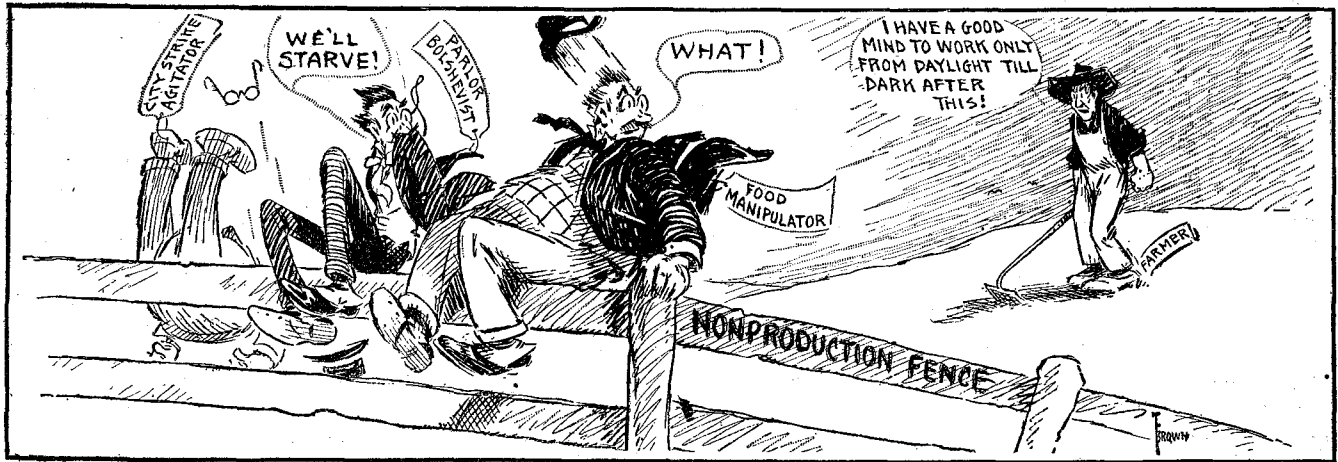


HINDENBURG'S NIGHTMARE.

—Hvepsen (Christiania).

asked for the extradition of German war-criminals, and is sure the present demand, if enforced, would produce a "hopeless, hectored Germany which would soon find an affinity in Russia, and so another League of Nations would arise to menace the peace of the world."

The press of Paris indicate that there will be an execution of the spirit of Article 228 of the Peace Treaty, by which the Allied demand was made, but not of the letter. The German Government must accept the list of names, says Paris, thus recognizing in principle their guilt, and it also indicates that the Allies will give consideration to the suggestion put forth by Germany that the war-criminals be tried before a high German court with Allied prosecutors. Of several papers quoted by the *New York Times* correspondent, one sees in the present crisis an opportunity for France to place the French boundary on the Rhine. Another believes the French troops occupying the Rhine should be kept there for several years. *La Victoire* says the idea of trying the German war-criminals is wrong; that it would make martyrs of very poor material, and *Le Journal* discerns in the refusal of Germany to deliver the culprits "the beginning of a campaign of obstruction which will try to block the execution of all the clauses of the Treaty."



THE RADICAL.

—Brown in the Chicago Daily News.

HOW TO KEEP THE FARMER ON THE JOB

THE FARMERS ARE LEAVING THE FARMS, according to the results of the Post-office Department questionnaire discust in our last week's issue, because farm-labor is so scarce, because the middlemen are taking all the profits, and because of the lack of contact between farmer and consumer. While thoughtful observers do not fear a farmers' "strike," they realize that the conditions noted do tend to keep down production of foodstuffs and to keep prices up. When Prof. T. C. Atkeson, who represents the National Grange in Washington and who was a member of the President's first Industrial Conference, was asked by David Lawrence what we are "going to do about it," he replied that "things must take their natural course," and added, so Mr. Lawrence reports in the New York *Evening World*: "There'll be a big smash and prices will fall—then people will drift back to the farms and there will be more labor to cultivate the land and produce food." But other authorities think something can be done about it, and offer concrete suggestions which deserve serious attention. The new Secretary of Agriculture suggests that too many of us are engaged in non-productive and too few in productive work, and that useless employees be released from non-productive work to go into such important productive work as farming. A definite program is outlined in the statement which Mr. Sherman J. Lowell, Master of the National Grange, gave to the press in Syracuse the other day:

- "1. A more direct and less expensive system of distribution.
- "2. The removal of all artificial restrictions upon the sale of farm products.
- "3. A lengthened industrial day, with honest service for wages paid.

"4. Increased dividends on farm investment which will enable their owners to meet the wage-scale of competing occupations.

"5. Increasing social and educational privileges in rural communities."

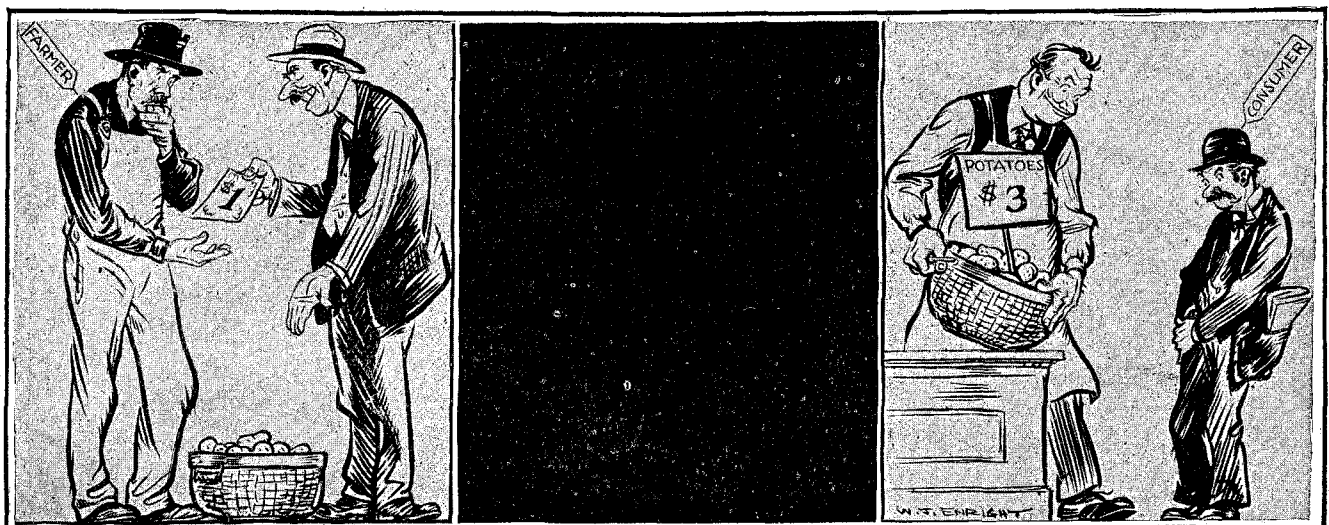
Senator Arthur Capper, who owns a group of important farm-papers, emphasizes the elimination of the middleman, saying in part:

"The big problem is to reduce the spread between producer and consumer through more efficient methods of marketing and distributing, especially through the development of collective bargaining and cooperative societies established by both producers and consumers.

"Instead of trying to force down improperly farm-product prices, while ignoring the real profiteers, the executive departments should seek to open wider markets to the farmer, by lifting the embargo on wheat and wheat flour to Europe, by extending credits to European governments so that they may come back into the market for American meats, and by lowering ocean freight-rates, and thus making it easier for Americans to compete with other nations for such foreign trade.

"Such activities by the executive departments should be supplemented by Congress by the enactment of legislation that will free the live-stock producer from the merciless control of the packer, and that should enable the farmer to have some part, through the formation of cooperative selling agencies, in making the prices of farm-products, if we are not to witness a rapid acceleration of the movement from farm to city, and to consequent reduction of production with the inevitable sequel of still higher food-prices."

Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Blakslee, when he told the Senate Post-office Committee of the results of the Department's inquiries into rural discontent, advocated the extension of the rural parcel-post service to make it easier for the farmer to sell his products direct to the city consumer. But "the results of the extra drive during war-time to make this branch



WHAT HAPPENS IN THE DARK? —Enright in The Country Gentleman (Philadelphia).

of the postal system more popular with the agriculturalist does not," in the *Syracuse Journal's* opinion, "give much encouragement." The *Syracuse* daily fears that in order to accomplish anything worth while, an elaborate machinery would have to be set up, including branch stores in post-offices, storehouses, and cold-storage plants. The *Washington Post* observes that "from the producer to the consumer" experiments, by which automobile-trucks gather the food through the country districts and haul it to community centers for distribution, have proved successful, but have scarcely passed the experimental stage." The *Post* thinks that something may be done to cheapen distribution, but it fears that the scarcity of farm-labor "is something which can not be cured by law," as it is due to the city's attraction for young people.

"Only time and circumstances can remedy this trouble, which is especially acute at this time, because the farmers are facing the same difficulties in this respect that all other producers are facing. Manufacturers, builders, and those engaged in various lines of industry are finding it hard to get and hold an adequate force of competent and contented labor. Even the housewives in the city are experiencing the same difficulties with domestic labor. The trouble is general, and is due principally to high wages and a wide-spread demand for labor, with improved working conditions and short hours."

One remedy for farm-labor shortage, as the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* sees it, "is more machinery and power-farming and smaller farms, those of a size within the handling of the owner himself." But, it asks, "if the large farms are thus to be cut up where are the purchasers and workers of the new ones thus created to come from?" In this connection the *Rochester Post-Express* sees a hopeful sign in the recently reported purchases of small farms in New York, Pennsylvania, and New England by farmers from Canada and the West.

A number of newspapers in agricultural States as well as representative farm journals point out that the farmer can eliminate the middleman to a large extent and also get closer to the consumer by organization and cooperation, and they call attention to the benefit of newly formed State-wide and nation-wide associations of farmers. The Non-Partizan League program in North Dakota is an enormous experiment in cooperation which has both political and economic significance, and its friends insist that it offers a practical solution of many farm-problems. A scheme of a more conservative nature, the *Syracuse Post-Standard* notes, has been worked out in New York State, where the State Grange Exchange has done more than half a million dollars' worth of business in a year, and the farmers belonging to it "believe that they have received better goods for the money spent at a slightly lower rate than they would have had if their buying had been done individually through the usual channels of trade."

Some light on the kind of aid the farmers themselves want is gained from a questionnaire sent out by a Department of Agriculture bureau to Northwestern and Western farmers. Farmers testified to the great helpfulness of farm bureaus, county agents, and the agricultural press. And when asked to state their "biggest problem," those answering divided as follows:

"Labor, 682; improved farm-practises, 637; marketing, 309; better organization of farmers, 55; financial assistance, 21; roads 14; repeal of the daylight-saving law, 9; schools, 1."

The middleman, whom the farmers attack so bitterly, is defended as an essential factor in distribution by *The Retail Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, which offers this refutation of the argument made by the cartoon at the bottom of the opposite page:

"The dark spot which takes up only one-third of the cartoon space really represents 75 per cent. of the work necessary to render farm-produce fit for the consumer's table. In it take place the shipping, the sorting, the handling, the distribution, the stocking, the display, the sale, and the delivery of the potatoes; and, in the case of other products such as wool and meat, the manufacture and the preparation for home consumption."

WITHHOLDING AID FROM STARVING EUROPE

CONGRESS is charged with "penuriousness" and "callous indifference" by editors who deplore its action in cutting down to \$50,000,000 the \$125,000,000 appropriation asked by the President for the relief of starvation chiefly in Poland, Austria, and Armenia. Mr. Hoover has insisted that a sum so small as this "would do more harm than good," and has said that unless Congress appropriates more than its present plans call for he will make a great appeal direct to the people. Congress not only seems unwilling to grant as much money as



NO ARMISTICE HERE.

—Sykes in the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*.

the experts and Treasury officials ask, but has refrained from speeding action in providing any sum, altho it is planned to take the money from the Grain Corporation's profits without making any new drain upon the national Treasury. It seems "inexplicable" to the *Detroit News* "that a request so obviously in accordance with the will of the people of the United States as repeatedly expressed in their responses to appeals to their humanity should be neglected or delayed by the people's representatives in Congress." Others, like the *Seattle Times*, believe that "Congressional indifference to plans for relieving distress in Poland, Austria, and Armenia mirrors the indifference of the people." The *Times* attributes this indifference in part to "growing resentment at the selfishness of Europe," to a distrust of everything European due to "persistent anti-American agitation by aliens," to "the cynically frank statements of many European politicians," and to "the natural reaction from the extreme interest America displayed in Europe during the war."

Indeed, both in Congress and in the country, asserts the *Asheville Times*, there is "a growing tide of resentment" against the disposition shown abroad to call upon the United States "for vast sums to help out other nations." Congressmen, it notes, have pointed out that—

"The United States not only is already heavily burdened with debt and her own people suffering from the high cost of living and high taxes, but that a great deal of this has been caused by the loans we have made to Europe and by what we have

already done to help feed Europe. The belief that whatever is done in the way of relief to European peoples should be through individual contributions is also pronounced."

Others insist that before appropriating scores of millions of dollars for relief we ought to know "that the money will be spent for the purposes specified." "With every cent's worth of food purchased on American credit a cent in actual money is saved that might be spent elsewhere," and, according to utterances in the Congressional debates noted by the Wheeling



THERE'S PLENTY FOR BOTH.

—Keys in the Columbus Citizen.

Register, "this money is now being utilized by the borrowing countries to promote nationalistic schemes and building up new military and naval organizations."

While objections like these are found in the press, sometimes strenuously urged, they are more than counterbalanced by the many newspapers which echo the pleas of President Wilson and the Secretary of the Treasury and urge Congress to grant all the money that is asked. They agree with President Wilson that it is "unthinkable" that we should not help to ward off the chaos in Europe when we can do it by making available "a small proportion of our exportable surplus of food." They call attention to the oft-repeated tales of acute and growing distress, particularly in Austria, Poland, and Armenia. And in calling attention to the double nature of the appeal, the St. Paul Pioneer Press presents arguments which have been made in scores of newspapers in all sections of the country. The two points, according to the Minnesota daily, are "that of humanity" and "that of relief of the imperative physical wants of the people so that they will not, in desperation, throw sanity to the winds and become enveloped in the threatening wave of Bolshevism." And it proceeds:

"The first consideration is one to which, even after years of opening our purse-strings for every conceivable cause, we should respond.

"But the argument of the Bolshevik menace brings us down to the consideration of our own self-preservation. Bolshevism extended through Central Europe would place France and Great Britain in a perilous position and probably lose to civilization more than was gained in the victory of the Great War."

Particularly in the case of Poland, says the San Francisco Bulletin, are there "other than purely humanitarian reasons for rendering assistance. The peace of the world depends largely upon whether the Poles are to be preserved as a self-governing people or again divided up among imperialistic nations." "No other single act of stupid suicidal folly, open to the civilized world to-day, at all matches the possible madness of starving Poland into surrender to Bolshevism," the Philadelphia Public Ledger asserts. And the strategic position of Poland is emphasized in the Hoover statement to which reference has already been made. As The Public Ledger quotes Mr. Hoover:

"If provision is not made to feed those people in their starving condition, I fear I shall have to go before the American people and ask them to give me the money with which to do it. It may be necessary to go into the Mississippi Valley, the storehouse of food-products, and there seek help for the starving people of Central Europe.

"I do not believe the people generally understand the seriousness of the case. If we permit Poland to become the prey of Russia, the only bulwark between Bolshevism and organized government would be broken down. Germany then would have to prepare herself to meet the foe, and the nations of the world which have been endeavoring to break up militarism would be compelled to allow it to be revived in order to stop the onrush of the Bolshevik hordes. The very thing we have been fighting to break up then would be reestablished."

SHOE AND CLOTHING PROFITS

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE to run down profiteers in the shoe trade was recently reported by Capper's Weekly (Topeka, Kan.). Four days later the Philadelphia Public Ledger, in a scathing editorial a column in length, revealed an instance of profiteering by a Providence (R. I.) shoe firm to the extent of 800 per cent. "We have no defense to offer," was the firm's reply to the charges preferred by the United States District Attorney. In England, where they have a Profiteering Act, the public and many of the manufacturers concerned are demanding the publication of the reports of the committees investigating the profits of the wool and cotton industries, we are told by the London Times. The margin of profit between the figure allowed by the War Office and the profit made now is said to be from 400 to 3,200 per cent, "and what is happening in worsted yarn is happening in cotton," asserts the London paper. Thirty of our own meat-packers, who deal extensively in hides of which shoe-leather is made, earned a profit of more than 100 per cent. in 1917, says the New York World; one admits having made more than 4,000 per cent. profit. Financial America (New York) declares that carpet coats, which sold for \$7 before the war, now bring \$40—a mere advance of 470 per cent. Shoes which cost \$2.26 to manufacture are sold to the retailer at \$10.98, asserts the Baltimore News, and leaves to our imagination the ultimate price paid by the public. Wool cloth that cost \$3.87 per yard a few years ago is now \$14, notes The Sun and New York Herald, and the Spokane Spokesman-Review nips any excuse that may be made for this rise by emphatically stating that Australian wool has not advanced in price to \$4.10 per pound; that it is only \$2.10 per pound. The Secretary of the National Wool Growers' Association also points his finger at those who handle the product from the time it is sheared to the time it is handed to you in the form of a suit, by declaring that there can not possibly be more than \$7 worth of the finest wool in a \$75-dollar suit. To these statements the vice-president of the National Garment Retailers' Association adds the interesting news that many woolen-mills recently declared a quarterly dividend of 10 per cent. One could go on almost indefinitely quoting such items, but they probably would not be "news" to the buying public. As Financial America aptly puts it, "The food profiteers are amateurs beside those responsible for the price of clothing."

The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* calls them "Hogiteers," and Samuel Gompers's notion of them is that they are "creatures who live by moral if not legal corruption; ruthless exploiters and foes of society."

The secretary of the National Wool Growers' Association is anxious that the blame for the high price of clothing be placed elsewhere than on the sheep-raisers. Said he recently:

"The wool of the country is handled almost exclusively by speculators, whose interest it is to buy at the lowest price and sell at the highest, and fix conditions under which the wool is sold. If the prospects are for better prices, the dealer buys the wool outright—but if the prospects point to lower wool, the dealer takes it on consignment. Where there is probability of a profit, the dealer reaps the reward; but where a loss seems imminent, the grower is left holding the sack. Establishment by the growers of their own selling agencies would make them both producer and middleman, and allow them to reap the reward as well as bear the burdens."

"We are not charging any one with profiteering in the sale of clothing, as it is not our place to do so. All we ask is that the public place on the shoulders of our wool-growers only that portion of responsibility for high-priced clothing that properly belongs to them. We are willing to assume that responsibility."

As to the cause of the high cost of clothing, we find the reasons advanced range from the high cost of salesmanship, according to the *Topeka Capital*, to the high cost of the excess-profits tax, in the opinion of the *Portland Oregonian*. The reason advanced by the *Waterloo (Iowa) Times*, which thinks the retailer is the "goat" in the present situation, follows:

"The old business methods are gone. Goods, raw and finished product, are scarce. The public is buying heavily. The 'go-between' has appeared. He is to the trade what the ticket-scalper is to the theater or the world's series ball-game. He buys for cash from the workshop of the manufacturer. He pays more money than the retailer agreed to pay. The manufacturer finds he can not fill the retailer's orders and the retailer is forced to go to the 'go-between' who has the goods to sell. And he is not anxious to sell when the retailer finds him. He has many buyers. The retailer is desperate. He must have goods. He pays the price asked. In fact, the situation is such that retailers are forced into bidding against each other to get goods at all."

"No retailer likes to sell goods for more than they are worth. He has a reputation to sustain. He wants to protect his business for the future, and the only way he can do that is to satisfy his customers."

In a caustic editorial dealing with the Providence shoe firm which was found guilty of profiteering, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* charges that such practises are the leading reason for current industrial unrest. Says *The Ledger*:

"Imagine American citizens making 800 per cent. on an article of absolute necessity during a period when the intolerable and embittering rise in the cost of living a year after the war was causing incendiary 'strikes,' discontent, and a wide-spread sense of deeply resented injustice throughout the country!"

"These dealers deliberately adopted a system not only of conscienceless profiteering in a time when profiteering bulks as a national danger, but of eagerly encouraging the crudely dishonest method of selling the same article for two prices."

"The officers of the company designedly and with cool premeditation subsidized their salesmen to 'gouge' their customers out of just as much money as they could manage to get. There was no pretense of fair and honorable trade—the selling of an article for its honest worth with a fair profit and at a fixed price. The salesman was apparently told to size up each customer and charge him all he would stand for each variety of shoe. There was no notion of sticking to the assigned price, but only the bandit rule of collecting 'all that the traffic will bear.' And to make sure that the salesmen would follow out this nefarious policy, they were actually paid 'commissions on all money obtained from customers above the sale price of shoes as fixed by the company.'

"The hand of the law can not be too heavy upon such poisonous practises. They are akin to treason in war-time; for the first duty of our working, producing, trading people to-day is to establish a new fiscal 'front' of honest dealing and dependable fabrication against the only enemy in the field, those who libel

our industrial civilization as 'capitalistic,' corrupt, oppressing the poor and systematically exploiting the proletariat. The profiteer, the gouger, the deliberately deceiving salesman, especially the business firm which suborns and subsidizes lying and camouflaged thievery are guilty of aiding and abetting this public enemy."

The *New York Times* is authority for the statement that a shortage of hides does not exist, and this paper fails to see any reason for the declaration of an official of the Tanners' Association that it is a hard matter to get hides for shoe-making from



THE HIGH ROLLER.

—Shafer in the Cincinnati Post.

abroad. The imports of this commodity, asserts *The Times*, were in 1919 twice what they were the year before, and adds that there is no domestic shortage. This paper comments further on the prediction of a shoe-association president that the price of shoes would be advanced 50 per cent. within a few months:

"Imports of calfskin, kidskin, and goatskin are nearly up to 1913, and are increasing rapidly. The domestic slaughter of cattle has been particularly heavy because a falling cattle-market sent more steers to the stock-yards than under usual conditions. In reply to the argument that tanning is a process requiring months, the assertion is made that this applies to sole leather only. The bugbear of high labor costs is brought up as a last resort to justify increased charges, but there has been as yet no addition to such costs to warrant even the prices heretofore asked. The largely swollen profits of the shoe-manufacturers, shown in recent prospectuses concerning the stock they have been issuing, shows this clearly."

The Federal Food Administrator, according to the *New York World*, does not consider \$4 profit on a pair of \$10.50 shoes "profiteering." When an investigation disclosed that the manufacturing cost of shoes was \$1.04 more than it was last fall, or \$5.48, that the factory selling price was \$6.50 (an increase of \$1.25 over last fall), and that the shoes were sold for \$10.50 at retail, an analysis of the figures was found "not to justify a charge of profiteering."

Whether the unscrambling of the packers was an undivided blessing is questioned by the *Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter*, which believes the process will have an effect upon shoe prices:

"The agreement between the big packers and the Government is not likely to induce lower prices for hides and skins. The packers have long felt that a hostile public opinion had been

created against them largely for political effect. Under the new arrangement the packers have received an immunity bath. They will now sell their hides under strictly mercantile conditions, and will hold for the highest rates the market affords. After compelling them to unscramble their manifold interests it will not be possible to prevent them from exacting 'all the traffic will stand,' provided there is no collusion or conspiracy in restraint of trade."

Innumerable suggestions looking toward the lowering of shoe and clothing prices are being made. The Oshkosh (Wis.) *Daily Northwestern* believes there is no prospect that clothing will be cheaper until there is a "marked reduction in labor cost, which, in the instance of garment-workers, has been increased 249 per cent. since the beginning of the war." "There must be action of a kind that goes to the root of the problem," declares Samuel Gompers in *The American Federationist*, and he adds that "the nation will not be rid of the profiteer by soft words, nor yet by promises made by Cabinet members." A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* reminds us that there is no possible way of "regulating or controlling commodity prices except through competition and the law of supply and demand." The Atlanta *Constitution* and the Spokane *Spokesman-Review* declare that the public should put its foot down, and emphasize the fact that it has reached a point where it can not and will not pay the exorbitant prices demanded for shoes and clothing.

In the meantime, we read, there are springing up "Old Clothes" leagues similar to those in England. "Reseated trousers and resoled shoes" will be the slogan of such societies, says the Buffalo *News*, and the Portland (Ore.) *Journal*, the Fresno (Calif.) *Republican*, the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, and other newspapers approve of the idea. "We will let our wife patch our trousers, while we continue to hope and pray," declares the editorial writer of the Portland *Journal*.

The *Sun* and New York *Herald*, taking as a text Governor Smith's proposal to settle a wage-dispute by granting the workers more pay if they would increase their output, comments as follows on the living-cost problem:

"If the American people will buckle down to work and for every square day's pay deliver a square day's production the high cost of living can be made to stop pillaging everybody's income. If they go on loafing on their job of production they are sticking to the road which leads to the national poorhouse.

"The nation works at all the things at which this, that, and the other individual works. The nation, embracing all the individuals, can have and distribute and consume and enjoy only what it produces. The nation can work hard, live well, and grow rich, or the nation can shirk and grow poor in real wealth—not the dollar marks, but the food, the clothing, the houses, all the necessities and luxuries to which Americans have been accustomed. As the nation goes—up or down—so must its individual workers go with it."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

WHAT is Poland going to have for a government now? A pianola?—*The Liberator* (N. Y.).

If we can find out to which party Mrs. Hoover belongs, it may help some.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

"ALL Europe is bankrupt," but the comforting thought remains that Germany will not be the receiver.—*Arkansas Democrat*.

"EIGHT Men Buried in Tons of Asbestos."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*. It is just as well to prepare for the worst.—*Chicago Tribune*.

WHY all this talk about a new two-cent piece, while the Buffalo nickel answers identically the same purpose?—*Portland Telegram*.

NEITHER Daniels nor Baker has suggested awarding a medal to the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy.—*Anderson (S. C.) Mail*.

MR. BURLESON might learn something valuable by the simple expedient of writing a few letters to himself.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

EVERYBODY seems to be in favor of raising the pay of teachers, and the only problem seems to be how to raise the raise.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

SOMEWHERE in this land there is a poor unfortunate man who will be the next Vice-president of the United States.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

THE report that 8,000,000 Bolsheviks have left the farm to join the army indicates that the weather is beginning to get right in that country for early plowing.—*Lexington Herald*.

SOME days we are quite enthusiastic for Herbert Hoover, and then again we recall that it might mean four years more of corn-meal mush.—*Grand Rapids Press*.

BURLESON says that no power on earth has the right to question his ruling in *The Call* case. Will the hired girl please sweep out the spare room at Amerongen?—*The Liberator* (N. Y.).

THE flu is not without its good points. One of our leading hospitals has announced that during the epidemic no unnecessary operations will be permitted.—*Chicago Tribune*.

CHICAGO detectives have credited the ouija board with having located in New York a man sought for desertion. The supreme test will come when weejee is asked to find a lost collar-button.—*Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

A CALIFORNIA soldier has been notified three times by the War Department of his death in France, yet he persists in being skeptical. People do not have the implicit faith in the Government that they used to have.—*The Liberator* (N. Y.).

SPAIN is now fighting with Morocco. She knows how to pick 'em nowadays.—*New York World*.

THE frequency of the demands upon him for loans gives meaning to the title "Uncle" Sam.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont*.

THIS being leap year, perhaps it is true that the mysterious signals which puzzle wireless experts are from Venus.—*Newark News*.

WE suspect that what some candidates mistake for a buzzing Presidential bee is nothing but a humbug.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont*.

PERHAPS the Europeans argue that to work would make them hungry, and they haven't enough to eat as it is.—*Anderson (S. C.) Mail*.

IN view of McAdoo's statement about last year's profits, would it be improper to speak of the coal operators as 1,000 per cent. Americans?—*The Liberator* (N. Y.).

AFTER the second week of June it ought to be possible to get a bargain in hats from the assortment that will be kicked out of the Presidential nomination ring.—*Louisville Times*.

ACCORDING to the South Dakota conventions, the contest this fall is to be Wood vs. Woodrow. If the President should decline they might ring in Underwood.—*The Liberator* (N. Y.).

SECRETARY DANIELS says he knows but won't tell the name of our next President. He should not believe his fool friends.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

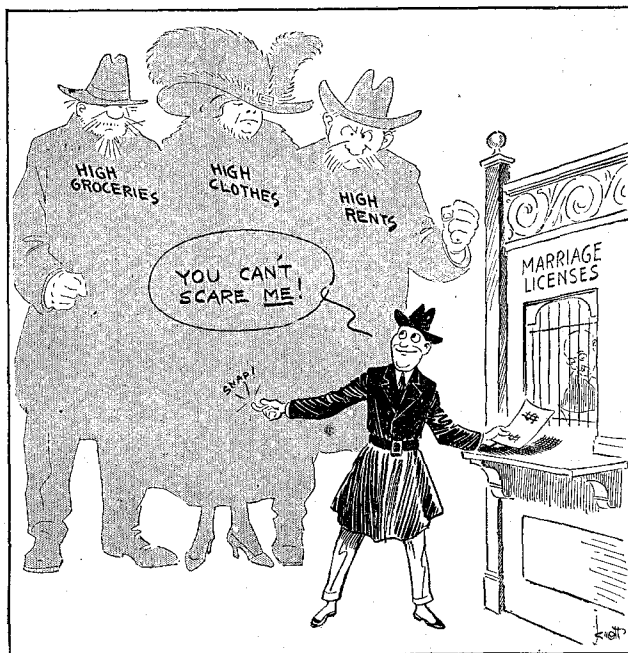
BRYAN says every Democrat is entitled to his own opinion. That is proof that his break with Wilson is final and complete.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont*.

THE original manuscript of Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig" has been sold in Philadelphia for \$12,600. But think of how much the pig itself would bring!—*New York Evening Post*.

ONE trouble with the candidacy of Mr. Hoover for President is that he is too logically the candidate. Mr. Clemenceau was another of those logical candidates, you may recall.—*Kansas City Star*.

FREQUENTLY we have remarked the erudition of the linotyper. Hence when he set it "omission form of government" the other day we just closed our eyes and let it go.—*Buffalo Evening News*.

ONE of the reasons why the affairs of the nation are being mismanaged is that the farmers are all driving around in automobiles instead of congregating beside the stoves in country stores and deciding what ought to be done.—*New York American*.



TAKES A BRAVE MAN.

—Knott in the Dallas News.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

AMERICA'S "BLOOD-MONEY"

AMERICA'S FISCAL PREDOMINANCE in the world is due to her possession of "blood-money" gained through the sacrifices the Allies were forced to make in war. This is a French view of America's situation in the chaos of foreign exchange, we are told by Paris correspondents, who point out that, having approved of the Allied cause by entering the war at the eleventh hour, America has gained her present position, not through her own abilities, and holds all the advantages of the war thrown into her lap by the needs and misfortunes of her allies. Seen through French eyes, America is nothing more or less than "a war-profitier." This feeling is stimulated, we are advised, by those French journals which delight in fanning the embers of anti-American feeling just as some French journals indulge in the same practise with regard to the British. Yet American correspondents assure us that "any American who loves his country and France at the same time can not but regret the trend of public opinion in France toward America." Also in sections of the English press we find some bitterness against America, as may be judged by an article in a London newspaper conspicuously anti-American, *The Daily Express*, which is owned by Lord Beaverbrook, formerly Mr. Maxwell Aiken, of Toronto. In an article signed "by a financier," we read that the American people as such are not to blame for the exploitation of Europe, but the American "banks and financial institutions," which are "real enemies of Europe." The writer adds:

"I go a step further. The exploiter of Europe is the American



AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW OF UNCLE SAM.

"Thank Heaven, I see a pawnshop."

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney).

money trust. I had considerable experience in handling exchange before the war, during the war, and after the war, and I have come to the conclusion that your so-called money trust over here is a babe compared with the giant ring which in

America has its octopus hold on finance, railways, and every enterprise from the steel combine downward.

"There is no escape from it in America, and I believe Europe has slowly but surely fallen into its grip."

Another caustic English critic of America is Mr. Horatio Bottomley, who, in his weekly, *John Bull*, says that "the



A PERILOUS SLOPE FOR JOHN BULL.

—*The Evening News* (London).

truth is that throughout three years of the struggle with Germany America waited to see which way the fortunes of war inclined so as to come in on the winning side." Alluding to Admiral Sims's Guildhall speech, Mr. Bottomley writes:

"The Admiral must have had bitter moments during the war if he meant what he said when he declared, 'Britain menaced might count upon every man and every dollar.' Well, it did not come off. When it came to the point the dollars got in the way of the men; the banker's shovel came in handier than the bayonet."

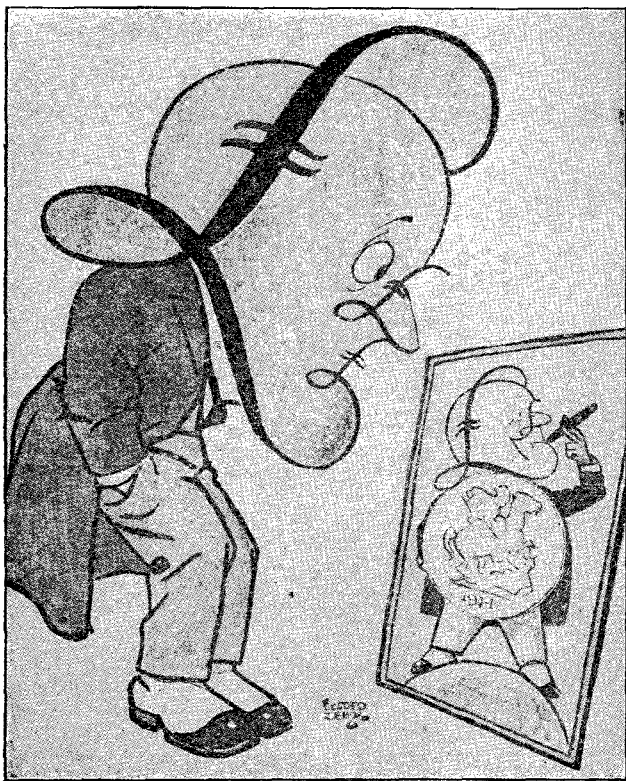
In Italy also we find a specimen of anti-American feeling in the declaration of the *Rome Epoca*, which reads:

"America did not participate in the war until western Europe was out of danger, and the United States took good care that Germany should not be excessively trampled upon and impoverished, she being an excellent American client. With the exception of the western part of Europe, the so-called 'people's peace' seems to be a prelude to new slaughter.

"Confronted with this situation, Europe is asked to disarm completely, while America plans the augmentation of her fleet by spending a billion dollars annually. Is disarmament possible when Russian Bolshevism, originally antimilitarist, has transformed itself into a ferociously aggressive power?

"Russia is in league with Germany, which is organizing an army for the former, hoping to overturn the Peace of Versailles. Invasion and destruction of the Polish Republic would be a spark that would kindle a new fire which would reduce the Treaty to ashes. Therefore disarmament is possible if Russia is the first to do so, and why not the United States?"

The *Epoca's* outbreak was caused by the letter of Secretary of the Treasury Carter Glass to the United States Chamber of Commerce stating that the American Government is opposed to the extension of further loans to European countries. When Secretary Glass issued this letter, we learn from the press, he had the assurance of the British Government that Great Britain was of similar mind in the matter, as evidenced by a letter to



THE ONE-POUND LOOK.

Not Half the Man He Was.

—London Opinion.



THE MAGIC KEY.

—The World (London).

JOHN BULL'S MALADY AND THE CURE.

Secretary Glass from the British Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. R. C. Lindsay, in which we read:

"BRITISH EMBASSY,
"Washington, January 13, 1920.

"Sir—I am desired by my Government to make the following statement to you:

"In view of repeated allegations in the press that the British Government desires to borrow large sums in the United States, his Majesty's Government states that, as has been explained more than once in the British Parliament, it is entirely contrary to the policy of the British Treasury to incur a fresh indebtedness in the United States. Since June, 1919, the whole expenditure of the British Government in the United States was financed without fresh borrowing, and the first steps have been taken to reduce outstanding indebtedness. The loan issued in the market on November 1, 1919, by the British Government was issued for the purpose solely of meeting maturing indebtedness.

"Some confusion seems to have arisen out of the fact announced in the press both in Great Britain and the United States that the British Government has invited the cooperation of the governments of other countries, and in particular of the United States, with them in joint action for further measures of relief and reconstruction in the suffering parts of Europe. Any such measures if finally agreed upon must obviously involve no further borrowings by the people of the United Kingdom from the United States, but further advances by the United Kingdom as well as by the United States and such other countries as take part in the joint action contemplated to countries requiring assistance.

"I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"R. C. LINDSAY."

Sound financial opinion in London, say press dispatches, is in accord with the stand on the exchange situation taken by Secretary Glass, however unpalatable in the opinion of some critics the dose may be. The London *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks it is not altogether unwholesome that Europe should have a chill wind from across the Atlantic, for it would be disastrous if she thought she could accomplish the painful road back to solvency on another's back. This London daily further observes:

"Moreover, we must not judge America entirely by politicians who talk with the accent of Sir Georgius Midas. She has states-

men of a higher range who realize, as Lansing observed the other day, that it is not entirely by merit that she is rolling in money, and that it is in her cause, as well as their own, that some of the peoples of Europe have come to taste poverty."

Says the London *Evening Standard*:

"Leading Americans are urging that Europe must help herself and that America has done her bit. Europe is not asking for America's assistance—Sir George Paish represents nobody but himself—but the fact remains that the present deplorable state of the New York-Europe exchange is a real menace to the world's convalescence. It is bad for America's exports as well as for Europe's imports. We can not ignore the fact that the state of the exchange is largely due to debts contracted by Europe during the first two and a half years of war. Lord Grey admits 'Americans differ among themselves as to whether they could or ought to have entered the war sooner than they did.' The fact that for two and a half years Europe fought America's battle unaided does have an important bearing upon the problems which arise out of Europe's indebtedness."

The London *Daily News* calls attention to the necessity for a clear understanding both abroad and in America of the fact that "hope of America's continued support, during the transition to peace conditions, of the nations she decided to support in war in 1917, is prompted in no sense by a desire of benefit for Great Britain, but solely by anxiety that the desperate financial conditions of many of the lesser European states shall not degenerate into actual ruin." It is also pointed out by some London correspondents that the United States can not afford to delude herself by thinking that the only thing Europe seeks is charitable aid. Whether Germany "goes through formal bankruptcy or goes on informally in bankruptcy," she is drifting into commercial stagnation, we are told, and is becoming almost wholly an agricultural nation. Yet it has been so arranged that the process will be gradual, almost unnoticeable to the untrained eye. England will gain in strength and will guide Continental development along lines more beneficial to herself, and we are further informed that—

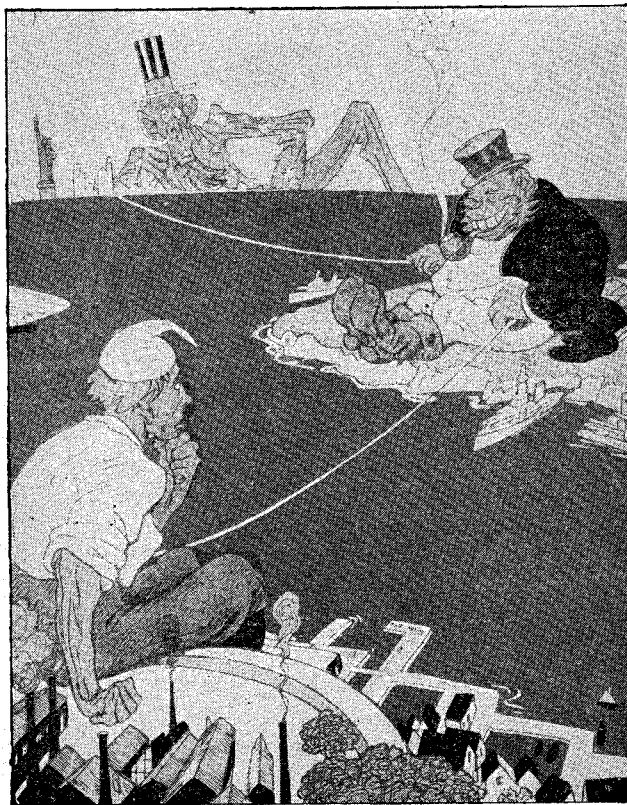
"When the logical result of present events is reached there will be markets for American goods in Europe only where En-



ANOTHER WRONG DIAGNOSIS.

THE SPECIALISTS (in consultation)—“Poor wretch! Well, gentlemen, we are all agreed he has reached that stage of dissolution when he can no longer take nourishment!”

—The Passing Show (London).



A GERMAN RAP AT BRITAIN.

While America and Germany are doing business, Britain will try to pull the strings.

—Kladderadatsch (Berlin).

GERMANY'S APPETITE FOR TRADE.

gland acts as agent for them on the Continent and allows American enterprise to develop.

“This is more than a theory. An English banker who has just returned from the United States says certain leading American bankers agree that this is what is certain to happen. American bankers, he said, were convinced that the United States in the future would have to do much if not the principal part of its selling in Europe through England because the American bankers lacked the backing of the public and the flow of the necessary credits now.”

Defense of America's attitude is offered by a prominent American business man, Mr. Irving T. Bush, of New York, who is quoted in the London press as saying:

“The United States is not interested in the extension of additional European credits nor attracted by the foreign security market, simply because American funds are not available for that purpose.

“America is regarded abroad as a land flowing with milk and honey and unlimited wealth, whereas actually the country's financial machinery is suffering from an attack of acute indigestion owing to the glut of Liberty bonds. Millions of dollars are required to finance the nation's own enterprises. The balance of trade should indicate that enormous quantities of money are there with which the war-strest countries could be helped to their feet, but no one seems to know just where it is. The American bankers are unable to find it. I can only attribute this to the cause named.”

Mr. Bush deplored the tendency to believe there is niggardliness in American reluctance to make further investments abroad, and added:

“The fact is America itself is going to suffer in the long run from the situation which is temporarily adverse to England. The United States is becoming reconciled to the necessity of dropping out of the export market, with the exception of trading in copper and some few raw materials, which she alone can furnish the world. The result inevitably will be a gradual slowing up in American industries and the country's own shelves will begin to be replenished.

“I do not anticipate a panic, but American business men have been in a drunken delirium for the last couple of years, and a moderate dose of hard times will bring us to earth and do us good.

“When surplus labor results from this slowing down of industry, then labor and capital will be on the way to the restoration of normal relations and the whole economic system of the country will be on a healthier basis. The big trouble has been that the world has been trying to find a substitute for work.”

German indorsement of an “Economic League of Nations,” proposed by a German authority as a financial remedy, is found in the *Vossische Zeitung* in an article by the editor, Mr. George Bernhard, who remarks:

“We must approve the plan because it is not based, as are so many of the proposals by ‘practical’ men, on the superstition that a loan to stabilize exchange is the cure for all our economic ills. In the last analysis the price of foreign money depends on our financial balance. If the nation must pay its foreign creditors more than its foreign debtors owe it, it is bound to have a low exchange-rate, and this will remain low so long as the balance is passive. No artifice or one-time remedy can restore permanently our exchange-rate while the balance is passive.

“Hence our problem is whether the balance can be rendered active within a calculable time. Through the great capital losses which the Peace Treaty brought to Germany we are compelled practically to make payment in wares. Unquestionably we can reduce the alarmingly great deficit by a rational economic program, but as unquestionably we can not produce a surplus. Germany is incapable of creating such a surplus by its own strength; it shares this fate with all eastern Europe. Even some of the victorious nations have balances which are specious.

“There is only one remedy: the formation of a partnership of all the Continental nations, Russia to be included and to be reawakened only as a member of such a partnership. In this way alone can Europe create a balance as against other continents. Not until this comes about can German money be stamped anew so that it will have a reasonable relation to foreign currencies, and so only can its common European value be established.”

ARMENIA'S CRY FOR JUSTICE

ARMENIA'S TRAGEDY IS TWOFOLD. She was "a victim of the war; now she is a victim of the peace. She was persecuted by her enemies; now she is almost deserted by her friends." This epigrammatic statement of Armenia's plight is found in one of the last pleas of a distinguished Armenian, the late Aram Raffi, secretary of the Armenian Bureau in London, and the burden of its plaint is heard from all natives of Armenia and their sympathizers. At the outbreak of the world-war, it is recalled, the Armenians cast their lot in with the Allies, formed volunteer forces, and led the Russian army into Armenia. After the fall of the Russian Government and the revolution, when the Bolsheviks came into power, the Russian troops evacuated all the conquered parts of Armenia, and in *The Asiatic Review* (London) Mr. Raffi wrote:

"For a long time the Armenians defended the front and checked the advance of the Turks. In Turkish Armenia a most horrible massacre took place; the whole Armenian population was deported into the interior of Arabia; a great number of the deportees were done to death during the journey. Thus, out of two millions of Armenians in Turkish Armenia, nearly half were wiped out. Now the Turks were trying to invade the Caucasus, where two millions of Armenians are living. After this, Bolsheviks came into power, the Caucasus declared itself independent of the Bolshevik Government, and the three chief populations of the Caucasus—Armenians, Georgians, and Tatars—formed themselves into independent republics. The capital of the Armenian Republic is Erivan.

"The Russian Armenians concentrated themselves in their territory, and, single-handed, checked the advance of the Turks in the Caucasus, thus facilitating the march of General Allenby to Mesopotamia and Palestine by making it necessary to divert many Turkish troops to the Caucasus.

"In the armistice concluded with Turkey (November 2, 1918) the following stipulation concerning Armenia was made:

"In case of disorder in the six Armenian vilayets, the Allies reserve to themselves the right to occupy any part of them."

Now what has been Armenia's recompense? Since the armistice date just quoted, Mr. Raffi relates, great disorder, murder, and pillage have prevailed in the six vilayets mentioned, but these regions have never been occupied by the Allies and the Armenian question is not yet settled. The peace delegates are "waiting until America makes up its mind whether she will accept the mandate for Armenia," and meanwhile Armenian blood is being freely shed. That the Armenian people desire greatly to have America accept a mandate for Armenia is obvious in the utterances of various Armenian publicists. To the rooted American objection to the mere suggestion of foreign entanglement advocates and petitioners on behalf of Armenia argue how limited in time and responsibility such a mandate would actually be. In any case, some mandatory must be appointed for Armenia, it is declared, if the rule of right according to which the Allies waged war is still to be kept. In *The New Armenia* (New York), Prof. Lawson P. Chambers, of Constantinople College, writes:

"The question of a mandate for Armenia is an economic rather than a military problem. A large military expedition would not be necessary to assure order. The prestige of Entente arms is sufficiently high to assure compliance with the decisions of the Supreme Allied Council on the part of Turks and Kurds, provided the decision is resolute and unambiguous. For the Turks love to fish in troubled waters, but readily submit to the accomplished fact. A just and resolute administration, with the prestige of a big Power at its back, and with a comparatively small expeditionary force at its command, would suffice to overawe the disturbing elements in the new Armenia; while the peoples of the land would furnish the men for the necessary police and defense forces. The very decision of one of the Great Powers to assume the mandate for Armenia would have a magical effect in calming the situation; while the arrival of the mandatory staff, with financial and material aid to the sore-pressed people, would give them the respite they so richly deserve from the twin dangers of epidemic and massacre. The untapped resources of the land, together with the frugality and industry of

the people, would soon fully repay any outlay that would have to be made to set the country on its feet."

To any project for even a temporary united administration for Armenia and Turkey Professor Chambers is rigidly opposed, and he declares that the two inevitable conditions for the settlement of the Armenian question are: First, "the unequivocal assurance of complete independence for Armenia," and, secondly, "the immediate assumption by some strong, disinterested Power of the mandate for Armenia." A provisional united administration for Armenia and Turkey would only—

"work prejudice to the cause of Armenian independence in that it would make difficult the task of separating the administration of Armenia when the time should come for such separation and would necessitate the creation *de novo* of administrative machinery for Armenia. Furthermore, if the mandate over Turkey were to be withdrawn before a separate administration for Armenia had been achieved, such a separation would never be achieved. Now is the time, when reformed administrative machinery for Turkey has to be set up, to separate the administration of Armenia from that of Turkey, and to give the Armenians a chance to develop their own governmental machinery under the guidance and with the support of a mandatory Power. . . . The Armenians may now be a minority in the land they claim as their own; but their sons and daughters, scattered far and wide, will flock in large numbers to the land endeared by the blood of their own relatives and friends. Only, ere they return, they want to be assured that Armenia is to be free."

A distinguished British supporter of complete independence for the Armenian nation is Viscount James Bryce, who assures one of his Armenian correspondents in America that "so far at any rate as England is concerned" the British Government "repeatedly declared that it considers all Turkish rule ought to cease in Armenia, Cilicia, Syria, and the Arabian countries." The atrocious misgovernment of the Turks, Viscount Bryce says in his letter, published in *The New Armenia*, "makes it impossible to permit them ever again to attempt to govern these regions." Of the Republic of Armenia, which is distinct from Turco-Armenia and has been recognized by the Allied Powers, Viscount Bryce observes:

"Respecting the Armenian Republic at Erivan. . . . I think it ought also to receive active assistance from the Allies, and if possible, from the United States also, to enable its valiant troops to maintain themselves against the dangers which threaten them on the west and from the Tatars, who are being stirred up by the Turks on the east. This little republic is hard pressed by these powerful and ferocious enemies and needs all the support the Allies can give it. But that does not settle the question as regards what was Turkish Armenia, which is not included in the Erivan Republic and the arrangement to be made for that much larger country still remains unsettled. . . .

"I do not think that there is any opposition whatever between the interests of England in India and the welfare of Armenia, but, on the contrary, it would be a great advantage for the security of India that the Turkish power should be entirely expelled from the countries between the Caspian, the Black Sea, and Syria, and that those countries should be restored to prosperity by the reestablishment of an Armenian state, with the help and guidance of a civilized Western Power. The real enemy of civilization, as well as of England, is Turkey, who has shown such complete incompetence ever to be trusted with power over Christians again. This set of facts indicates the policy which the Armenians in the United States ought to pursue.

"They ought to continue to insist that Turkish rule over Christians must entirely cease, and that the Armenian people should be given a chance of recovering their national existence as a state and of restoring prosperity to the districts which they inhabit. The friends of Armenia in England continue to hope that the United States will bear a leading part in this good work to be done in the interests of humanity and liberty. I am glad to know that so many of the best and wisest men in America have given their sympathy to the Armenian cause, and I have no doubt you will have their advice. You owe a great deal, also, to the American missionaries, and to those large-minded philanthropists who have helped the missionaries by sending out the Relief Commission, which has done so much to save the Eastern Christians from being destroyed by famines, as well as by slaughter."

WHERE ROUMANIA STANDS

BETWEEN BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA on one side and possible commercial preference for Germany on the other, Roumania, rich, weak, and devoted friend of the Allies, stands questioning. Thus she is pictured by a Bucharest correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, who speaks ominously of foreign and domestic political conditions which the Allies should carefully note, and which, if they will, they can greatly ameliorate. The Roumanian people are still very sound in their morale, but where yesterday they were positively averse to all the ideas of anarchy that assailed them from the east, to-day they have less resistance because they are discouraged and in need. Should this condition continue, we are warned, the country will offer fertile soil for the seeds of disorder and destruction. Above all, it must be remembered that there is such a thing as offering help too late. Besides the claim that Roumania is geographically a natural obstacle between Bolshevism and Europe, this correspondent, who speaks for Roumania with an authoritative air, indicates that it is felt the Roumanians are not receiving their due from the Allies. As an asset in Allied calculations, he reminds us that—

"Roumania is now a state of from sixteen to eighteen millions of people, and has at its disposal an army of 1,500,000. At this moment there are not many countries in Europe, small or medium in size, ancient or modern, that can furnish an army of such strength. Now when the world horizon is still beclouded, when Germany is less resigned than ever, and when only Bolshevism prospers in Russia, it is not a trifling matter to know that France has at the portals of the Orient a devoted coworker, able to bring to France and her Allies no slight contribution in the difficult task of safeguarding peace. What is more, this country possesses very great natural resources, which, if properly developed and merchandised, would make it one of the chief providers of Europe."

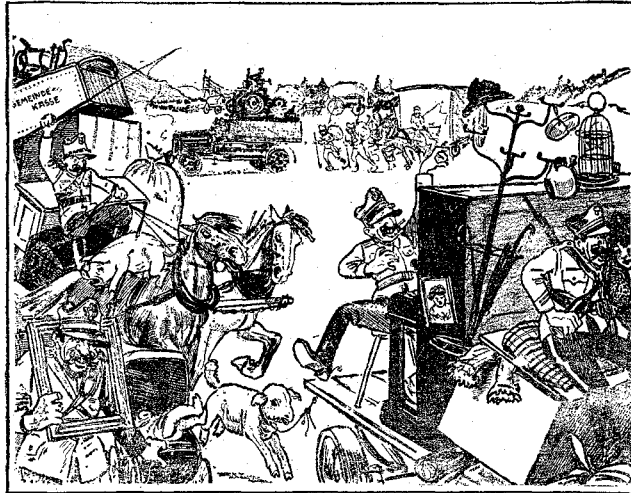
The only effective method against the western advance of Bolshevism, this informant goes on to say, is to strengthen the countries that lie in its path. Common interest demands that these countries be strong. It is regrettable but true that despite Roumania's great resources, she is not a strong country, but a very weak one, and her condition is not improving. We read then:

"The Roumanians know that the affection shown by all the Allies to young Poland is well merited; but they claim that they also have deserved more attention, more good will, and effective assistance. On this point the entire political world of Roumania is of one mind. Mr. Aurelius Vlad, Minister of Finance, and Transylvanian by origin, declared in a recent interview that if the Allies did not help Roumania out of her economic difficulties, Roumanian commerce and industry would be forced to look toward Germany, with whom, in view of the low status of the mark, Roumania could conduct business much more advantageously than with countries farther west."

In the foreign situation of Roumania there are two distinct factors, this Bucharest correspondent points out, and one of these is the Treaty with Austria, while the other is the exchange situation. As far as the Treaty goes, all the members of Parliament, without exception and without party distinction, have declared that the signing of the peace with Austria should not be considered an irrevocable act and that Roumania counts upon modifications of clauses in the special convention. Mr. Vaïda

Voivode, President of the Council, has declared himself to this effect. As to the question of exchange—

"Roumanian public opinion, and to a great extent political opinion, blames the Allies, including France, for their share in the heavy fall of Roumanian money in western markets. The causes for this phenomenon are doubtless numerous. One is the abundance of Roumanian paper money in Entente countries, for which certain Roumanians are to blame. But the disorganization of the railroads, which paralyzes the export of petroleum and other products as well as shipments affecting the entire internal life of the country, and the lack of material and machinery for factories, for the rebuilding of bridges, etc., are blamed on the Allies for their tardiness in rendering financial aid as well as rolling stock and machinery to Roumania. It is felt that the purchase conditions imposed on Roumania by western commercial and industrial firms have been exceptionally severe. Even if the internal political situation is critical, if the Government is weak, and the Parliament more or less drifting, and even if the parties do not come to an understanding and save the country by united effort, in the last analysis one sees in these conditions an indirect repercussion of the weak situation in finance, economics, commerce, and industry. The Allies, if they will, can greatly aid in improving this situation."



AN AUSTRIAN FLING AT ROUMANIA.

"Peaceable" evacuation of Budapest by the Roumanians.

—Kikeriki (Vienna).

GAME AS INDEMNITY

WHEN THE ST. HUBERT CLUB of French sportsmen proposed that Germany should make reparation in kind for game exterminated in the occupied regions in France both by the effects of war and "by organized methods in which the best shots in Germany were invited to take part," the French Reparation Council at first rejected the demand on the ground that hunting is a mere amusement. But, according to the *London Economist*, which gives the *Paris Temps* as authority for the facts, Deputies and Departmental councils joined the sportsmen in asserting the economic value of game and persuaded the French Reparation Council to accept the claim in principle. They argued, according to the *London financial weekly's* summary:

"That game is plentiful in many of the best cultivated regions in Germany, that it gives value to land otherwise worthless, and that the trades it supports and the profits derived from it bring in some 500,000,000 francs annually, of which fifty-four million francs go to the state. Licenses afford a revenue of ten million francs to the state and an equal sum to the communal authorities; the state preserves bring in a rental of three million francs; the tax on gamekeepers produces one and a half millions; the gun trade occupies 25,000 workmen, and represents a value of fifty million francs; the sale of ammunition, the keep of dogs and horses, the *octroi* on game, and the railway receipts from passengers, parcels, dogs, and horses help to make up the balance. The receipts from shooters' fares are larger in France than elsewhere, because so many 'sportsmen' are mere excursionists, shooting over other people's land. Moreover, the game annually imported from Germany and Austria before the war was valued at twelve million francs."

The plan for reparation in kind is as follows:

"France shall demand from Germany, in four half-yearly instalments, 250 stags, 1,000 hinds, 200 male and 400 female roe deer, 200,000 male hares and 400,000 females, and three million brace of partridges, and from Austria the same numbers, besides 1,000,000 pheasants. Part would be turned down at once, the balance—perhaps a fourth of the total—would be used as breeding stock on game farms supervised by the Government. The value of the whole is estimated at 35,000,000 francs, or £1,400,000."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

PUTTING THE FARMER ON THE MAP

TO HAVE A REAL ADDRESS has, until recently, been the special privilege of the city-dweller. His street-number enables you to find him with ease and surety. But the countryman lives "down on the second cross-road to the left, across the brook, about half-way up the hill toward Robinson's." An aviator, who was recently obliged to make an emergency landing in strange territory, asked anxiously of the gathering crowd of rustics where he was. "You're right in the middle of Simpson's cow-pasture," was the enlightening response. If this region had been indexed on the "clock system," now widely advocated, he would have been told: "Jonesville, 1-2B," and a brief glance at the map in his pocket would have fixed his location exactly. What the "clock system" is, and how it is being worked out practically in certain rural localities, is told in a directory or "Rural Index" issued by the Tompkins County Farm Bureau (Trumansburg, N. Y.) with the help and cooperation of the local schools and bank. We read:

"A real address is just as valuable to a farmer as it is to a city man. The 'clock system' gives him a real address. It is the only system that will successfully accomplish this much-needed rural improvement.

"Why is this book called a 'Rural Index'? Because it gives every farmer of the township a real address and shows the location of every farmhouse. Every person who lives in a city enjoys the convenience of having a real address. The house he lives in has its own particular number, and is therefore easily found by any one.

"Without these little numbers placed on the front of every building throughout the city, it would be impossible to deliver mail or milk or coal or to call a doctor, or do any of the many little things in which an 'address' is necessary. Yet the convenience of having a real address had never before been extended to those living outside the cities.

"A farmer may be reached by mail or by telephone, but that does not give him the advantage of being able to show his goods and to get actual competition between buyers. Cows, etc., can not be sold by sample. Conditions in rural life are not the same as ten years ago, and it is not only necessary to have more good roads, but it is just as necessary to be able to travel these roads without becoming lost. With all homes, schools, churches, and the like properly numbered and a rural index made for every progressive community, traveling in the country, either for business or pleasure, will become much easier.

"A farmer may have a finer home than many city people, but it is much harder for him to tell any one where he lives. . . . It pays a farmer to advertise just as it pays every other business man. But the most important part of an ad is the address, that is, the location of the goods. Without this information the ad is almost useless.

"There are in the United States some forty-five thousand rural carriers delivering and collecting mail every day. There is a

continual consolidation of routes, starting of new routes, and changing of old ones. An average of some five hundred carriers a day are ordered to change the territory that they serve. That means that every day thousands of farmers have their 'address' taken away from them and are ordered to 'notify correspondents of the new address.'

"The question naturally arising in any one's mind is, of course, 'How can a farmhouse be given a number?' The city plan of naming streets and numbering the houses on each street obviously would not work in rural districts. To tell a man that you lived at '157 Shady Lane,' Grand County, would give the man no idea of your exact location. He would not know where 'Shady Lane' was or where '157' was when he found 'Shady Lane.'

"The successful plan of numbering farming districts must depend upon some easily understood and easily remembered system. And this system must be equally good for straight or crooked roads, so that one and only one plan of numbering will be necessary from Maine to California.

"In order to find a certain farm, you must know four facts about this farmhouse: First, what village is the farm nearest? Secondly, what direction is the farmhouse from this same village? Thirdly, what is the distance from the village to the farmhouse? Lastly, how will I know the right house when I come to it?

"The patented plan used in this rural index was developed in Colorado by a farmer, J. B. Plato, who tried to get people to come and see some pure-bred Guernsey calves that he had for sale. It was while trying to write an advertisement to put in

his local paper that it was forced upon him that he was absolutely without any form of real address.

"The plan for numbering farm homes that is now used in all rural indexes in all States was designed so that it would always give the answers to the four questions noted above. The reason for calling it the 'clock system' will be readily understood when reading over a description of the system itself.

As indicated above, this system is patented, and the indexes containing the addresses are issued, like telephone directories, by a company. A flat charge per township is made to cover the cost of maps, signs, etc., and is usually assumed by a local bank or club, to be ultimately turned over to a county organization, such as a farm bureau. To quote further:

"This giving to every farmer a real address is a big help to him in a business and social way. It is going to fill a very urgent need for better living conditions in our farming districts. It logs every road in such a way that every farm sign is a guide-post so that you can travel day or night and always know just where you are. It goes hand-in-hand with better roads, better homes, and better living for the farmer and it will prove a valuable asset to every community that puts its farmers 'on the map.'"

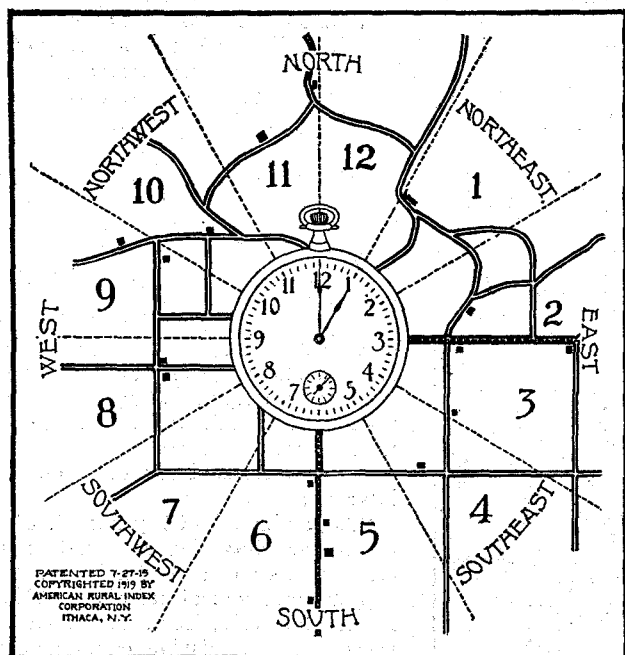
The way the "clock system" works and the reason for its name may be understood from the accompanying diagrams.



THIS MIGHT BE ANYWHERE, BUT MIGHT AS WELL BE NOWHERE.

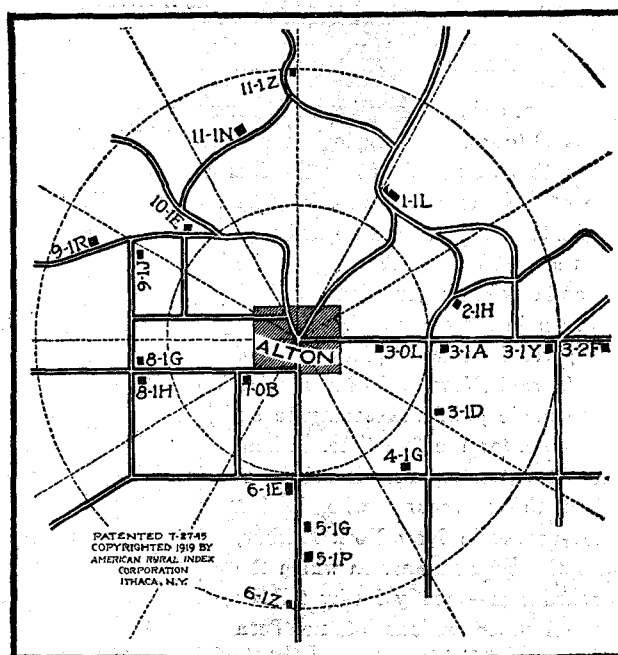


A FARM WITH ITS OWN "HOUSE-NUMBER"—ONE MILE NORTHWEST OF JACKSONVILLE.



TELLING YOUR ADDRESS IS AS EASY AS TELLING TIME.

The town is laid out in twelve wedge-shaped sections numbered like the spaces on a watch, with each wedge again divided by circles one mile apart, showing distance from the village. Then each house also has its own letter, so that "3-1A" means the house is one mile east of town.



TWO NUMBERS AND ONE LETTER TELL JUST WHERE YOU LIVE.

OUR BILLION-DOLLAR JEWEL-BOX

UNCLE SAM is loading up with diamonds. The diamond imports into the United States in 1919 were twice as much in stated value as in any preceding year in the history of our import trade, we are told in *The Jewelers' Circular* (New-York). Figures compiled by the National City Bank of New York indicate that the value of diamonds and other precious stones imported in the calendar year 1919 exceeded \$100,000,000 against the former high record of \$52,000,000 in the calendar year 1916. This paper goes on:

"Whether this means that the people of the United States are disregarding the advice to avoid extravagance or are considering diamonds a proper class of 'permanent investment' is undetermined, but at least it is a fact that the import value of the diamonds brought into the United States in the current year will be twice as much as in any preceding year and will aggregate about \$100,000,000, since diamonds alone form about 85 per cent. of the grand total of the group 'diamonds and other precious stones,' of which the total imports in the nine months ending with September were \$76,663,118, while the further fact that the imports of this class have been running at the rate of \$11,000,000 per month of late indicates that the grand total for the year will considerably exceed \$100,000,000 and that of diamonds alone probably a full \$100,000,000. The aggregate value of the diamonds in the United States is now considerably above \$1,000,000,000 and if valued at the present inflated prices will approximate \$2,000,000,000. A statement by a distinguished diamond expert made as far back as 1900 put the total value of diamonds in the United States at that date at about \$450,000,000, and as the importations since that time have aggregated about \$600,000,000 and the exportations practically nothing, the grand total at prewar values would be at the present time rather more than \$1,000,000,000, and when it is remembered that values of diamonds have advanced from 50 to 100 per cent. during the war-period, it is quite apparent that the grand total, when measured by present market values, would not be far from \$2,000,000,000 and would certainly reach that figure within a very short time with the current imports totaling \$100,000,000 a year. More than half the diamonds of the world are now owned or held in the United States, says the Bank's statement. An estimate made by the highest authority in the United States showed that the United States held in 1900 considerably over one-third of the diamonds of the world, and as she has been since that time a larger importer of diamonds than any other country and has taken a very large proportion of the diamonds turned out since the beginning of the war, it is apparent that our

share of the world's stock of diamonds is now fully one-half. The bulk of the world's diamonds comes, of course, from South Africa, which, in fact, turns out about nine-tenths of the diamonds produced in the entire world. These crude diamonds go chiefly to Europe for preparation for market, the Netherlands being the largest single diamond-cutting country."

THE UNPOPULAR WEATHER-MAN

WHO, IN ALL HISTORY, asks the editor of *The Scientific American* (New York, January 24), ever suffered unpopularity more wide-spread and more undeserved than the weather-man? His successes in prophecy are taken as a matter of course. But his occasional failures—especially if they disappoint our plans for an outing—are recorded in indelible writing.

"And, strangely enough, in this atmosphere of unforgiving criticism, the charlatan weather prophet still flourishes, and with blatant self-confidence foretells to a congregation of believers the weather for each and every day next year or the year after, or any other year. Old myths, negated anew by each year's experience, seem to have a charmed life, proof against the bullets of obvious fact. The scientific weather-man, in modesty, forbears to predict anything but the immediate future—to-morrow, and perhaps the day after. Beyond this lies uncertainty. He hopes, indeed, for a future development of his science when, aided by more complete equipment, he may be able to give at least an approximate indication of more remote events. As yet, however, this is but a pious hope.

"But the charlatan is not encumbered with any such impediments of modesty. It is just as easy to foretell the weather a hundred years ahead as a hundred hours or minutes—it is even easier, for there will be none to call you to account if you miss the mark.

"In this the popular attitude is much the same as in the matter of medical attention. And those who are most vociferous in their criticism of the *bona-fide* physician faithfully plying his science are commonly the first to turn to the charlatan for aid in the time of trouble. Truly, they receive their reward.

"The harm done is perhaps not so very great. The physician goes on his rounds regardless of undeserved fault-finding; and the weather-man continues to publish his bulletin day by day, undisturbed by criticism.

"Yet our sense of justice impels us to plead:

"In mercy, good people, be charitable, and remember that the weather-man only foretells, he does not make the weather."

HANDLING 350,000 TONS OF EXPLOSIVES IN NEW YORK HARBOR

HALIFAX WAS WELL-NIGH WIPED OUT by a single cargo of high explosives. During the war nearly 350,000 tons of such explosives were handled in New York Harbor without an accident or the loss of a single life. The absence of disaster is credited by Capt. Godfrey L. Carden, United States coast-guard, who was captain of the port during the war, to the tireless and efficient supervision exercised by the men in his command. Captain Carden gives in *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York) facts which are there made public, according to an editorial note, for the first time. These include the extremely drastic rules imposed on the stevedores who loaded munition-vessels in New York Harbor, and the thorough manner in which the coast-guard men—mostly husky fellows from the lumber regions of northern Wisconsin and Michigan—saw to their enforcement. Writes Captain Carden in substance:

"The responsibility with regard to the safe loading and expeditious dispatching of all explosives coming forward through New York rested with the United States coast-guard, and the coast-guard officer directly charged with supervising and enforcing all rules and regulations for the safeguarding of explosives on water craft is the captain of the port.

"During the period from December 13, 1917, to the end of the fiscal year, June 30, 1919, there was supervised at New York the handling of high explosives in bulk, shells loaded with high explosives, smokeless powder, fulminates, dynamite, ammunition, and various explosive accessories, to a total of 345,602.57 tons. In all, 1,698 vessels were loaded in effecting this movement. Every stage of the process of handling was supervised by the office of the captain of the port.

"No accident occurred, and not one life was lost.

"The total value of the explosives carried on the 1,698 vessels as loaded was \$547,953,143.32.

"Prior to February 26, 1918, or before the Espionage Act provisions *in re* jurisdiction over territorial waters of the United States became effective, all rules and regulations governing anchorages at New York were promulgated by the War Department.

"The River and Harbor Act, approved March 4, 1915, made it mandatory for the coast-guard to enforce the anchorage regulations as to the safeguarding of waters and shipping at New York. These rules bore directly on the handling of explosives.

"The functions previously performed by the War Department, as enumerated above, passed to the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department under the terms of the Espionage Act. This was on February 26, 1918.

"The winter of 1917 was rigorous in the extreme. There was an unusual amount of ice in the harbor; shipping was congested for want of sufficient anchorage ground, and explosives and munitions were accumulating in the upper harbor in dangerously large quantities. These were conditions as they were found on December 13 of that year. The first need was for men and patrol vessels. Practically no personnel was on hand at New York to cope with the big movement of explosives that was coming forward, and immediate patrol measures were imperative in order to clear up a dangerous situation.

"The quick response of coast-guard headquarters to the request for one hundred surfmen from the coast-guard life-saving

stations in the Great Lakes afforded the material for a nucleus for the magnificent organization which was later developed. The surfmen—all strapping big fellows of superb physique, disciplined and dependable to an extraordinary degree—swarmed in to the number of one hundred and fifty. They were immediately organized into a company, and later formed the petty officers of the battalion. Active recruiting was begun from the outset and every coast-guard life-saving station from Ogdensburg, N. Y., to Duluth, Minn., was made a recruiting station.

The keepers of the station had a wide range of acquaintanceship in their districts, and sought out only young men of good character.

"In addition, recruiting stations were opened at Chicago, Buffalo, and Grand Rapids, but for the most part the recruits were obtained along the fringe of the Lakes. In all, more than 22,000 men were examined. From this force 1,644 men were selected for the New York Division.

"Approximately 65 per cent. of the coast-guard battalion came from northern Wisconsin and Michigan. The copper country furnished about 150 men. From Louisville, Ky., 125 men were taken. The Louisville contingent was enlisted by the keeper of the coast-guard station at that place. Every man who enlisted did so for general service; that is to say, for duty in any part of the world. None of the men assigned to the coast service battalion of New York for duty supervising explosives knew in advance where they were going. It was also a fact that before a recruit was deemed fit to do duty on board an explosives ship he had to submit to a severe period of training, starting off with drill of the hardest kind, supplemented by class instruction work in the classroom of the barracks.

"In the class the recruit was instructed minutely in the handling of explosives, to the end that he, in turn, when placed over a gang of stevedores would know when to order a stop in any movement. Familiarity with explosives is often a dangerous state of mind. Stevedores were prone to become careless. They had been fortunate enough not to have been mixed up with an explosion. The burden of our instructions to our men, and repeated over and over again to the older men, and to all concerned was, in effect, 'Remember you are dealing with high explosive. Treat it as high explosive, and remember, too, that there

is no chance for a second mistake.'

"But we went further than this in the handling of stevedores and all concerned at New York: Any man who through carelessness or inattention hazarded the safety of a ship and all on board was in the same category as a traitor to his country. To lose a ship by carelessness was to play the enemy act; and the guards had instructions to deal with any careless person the same as with an enemy. No chances were to be taken.

"The actual stevedoring of munitions-ships was performed by civilians under high pay. No stevedore might work on a munitions-vessel without a pass from the captain of the port, and, for that matter, no person other than the master and crew of the vessel loading could enter an explosive anchorage area without a pass. To see that this rule was obeyed was the duty of the coast-guard. It called for the utmost vigilance to insure that no unauthorized craft of any kind passed inside an explosive anchorage area."

All stevedores going on board a loading vessel were searched. It was essential, says Captain Carden, that every precaution be taken to prevent the enemy agent from placing some mechanical appliance on board whereby destruction might be accomplished after an interval of time. No metal might be carried by any person working on a munitions-vessel. Feet had to be encased



CAPTAIN CARDEN,

Captain of the Port of New York during the war, who tells how one-third of a billion tons of explosives were handled without accident.

in rubber boots or burlap. All fires were extinguished except those in charge of an attendant, and no work was sanctioned which called for the striking of metal against metal. He goes on:

"In the holds all constructive work had to be completed before loading began. This was a difficult matter to bring home to many ship-owners who had counted on the loading period to prosecute repairs about decks and below. Not a hammer was permitted to be struck in the loading grounds.

"The very first day following the issuance of instructions, on taking charge more than twoscore of steel hooks were reported as taken up by the guards. A stevedore who could without qualm drive a steel hook into a metal-bound package containing high explosive was deemed to belong to that class of men which had become dangerous through overfamiliarity. Both the steel hook and the man were removed.

"The average man would not have to be told that smoking in the vicinity of high explosives was interdicted. Yet it is a fact that a foreman of a stevedore gang was removed from one munitions-vessel for this very act of smoking. If the foreman of a gang does not hesitate to smoke if he finds a chance, what is to be expected of his men?

"The stay in the loading area was akin to a stay in a magazine. No communication was allowed with the shore or with other craft except that incident to the arrival and departure of barges loaded with explosives. As fast as loaded, the vessel was required to quit her anchorage to make room for another craft.

"Far from being a deterrent, the supervisory work over the loading of munitions served to accelerate operations. There were no loafing, no idly standing about, no talking—only a steady, clocklike precision to the work. Everywhere the coast-guardsmen stood sentry over a group of stevedores—on deck, below hatches, and in the farthest corners of the ship. Let a stevedore drop a package or handle a barrel or box in a careless manner, and the action that followed was generally swift and drastic. Not a winch could turn on any ship in that loading area until the coast-guard gave the word, and no porthole, whip, or other piece of gear might be used until it had been examined and pronounced safe.

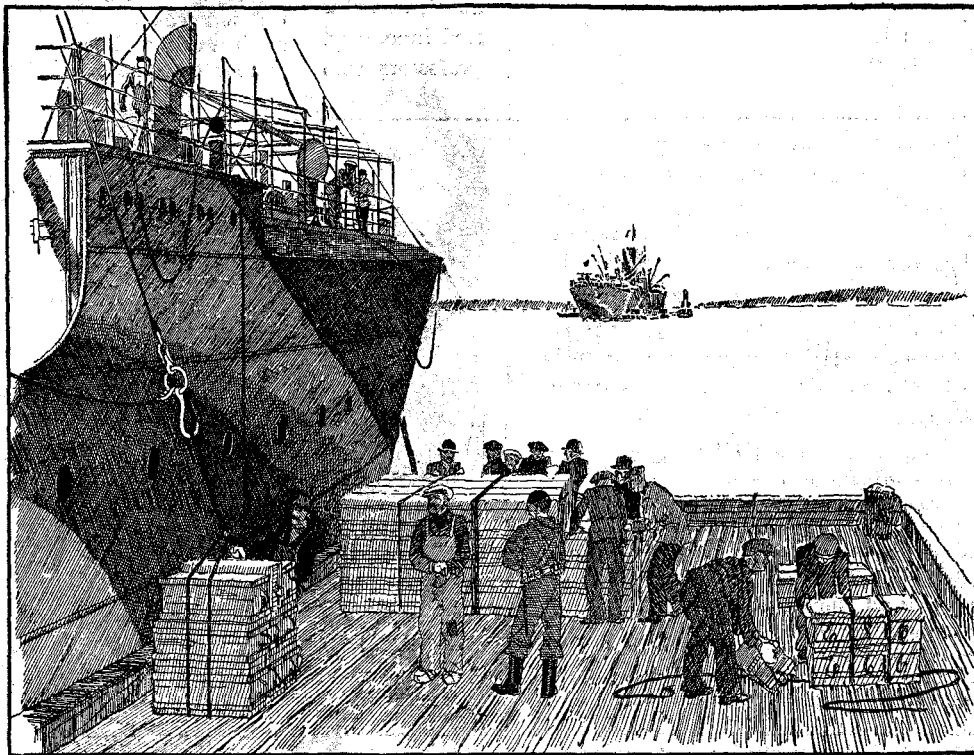
"Under the supervision of the coast-guard, vessels were frequently loaded in seventy-two hours and in a few instances in forty-eight hours. These same vessels, it was said, had formerly used up two weeks or even fifteen or sixteen days to accomplish loading. It is a fact that a new speed and celerity became evident with the appearance of the coast-guard, and with the further result that there was accomplished the dispatch of large quantities of explosives without loss of life or accident of any kind. Considering the volume of explosives handled and the urgency for dispatch, this, it is believed, is a unique record."

No smoking was permitted on or near any vessel, barge, or scow carrying explosives, and no person under the influence of liquor might approach. Vessels carrying explosives were forbidden to carry inflammable liquids, inflammable solids, oxidizing materials, mineral acid, or explosives liable to spontaneous ignition or to give off inflammable gases, unless stored in separate rooms or otherwise so separated as to prevent danger. To quote further:

"On the loading vessels care was taken to see that no packages of explosives were rolled, dragged, or slid over each other or over the decks. Boards were laid on the packages for a flooring. In transferring high explosives in bulk, blasting caps,

detonating fuses, and fulminate of mercury, from one vessel to another, they were handled by regulation chute and mattress, or by hand. Where there was a difference in elevation between the vessels, or condition of weather rendered it impossible to use the chute or load by hand, recourse was had to mechanical hoists or to crate or basket. When such crates were used, or when packages were hoisted in by sling loads, care was exercised that all loads were deposited on mattresses.

"When the chute was used, men were stationed at intervals to check the descent. All ruptured boxes or packages of high explosives were taken beyond the explosives loading area, generally Raritan Bay, and there repaired, if such were practicable.



By courtesy of "The Engineering and Mining Journal."

SCENE ILLUSTRATING THE TRANSFER OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES

From barge to steamship, showing the manner of hoisting nine cases at a time. The work was accomplished in absolute silence, excepting the sound of an officer's command, or the creaking of the tackle, or the washing of the waters of the bay against the vessels' sides.

"To the vigilance of the officers and men of the coast-guard may be attributed the absence at this port of any such catastrophe as occurred at Halifax. The potentialities were all here. A providential guidance willed, however, that the munitions should go forward without mishap of any kind."

A NEW LIGHT—A light that far surpasses any existing arrangement of artificial rays and that is the closest approximation to actual daylight ever effected, is understood by the American Chamber of Commerce in London to have been perfected there, says E. C. Porter in *The American Machinist* (New York).

"The apparatus consists of a high-power electric-light bulb, fitted with a cup-shaped opaque reflector, the silvered inner side of which reflects the light against a parasol-shaped screen placed above the light. The screen is lined with small patches of different colors, arranged according to a formula worked out empirically by Mr. Sheringham, the inventor, and carefully tested and perfected in the Imperial College of Science and Technology. The light thrown down from the screen is said to show colors almost as well as in full daylight. Under the new light, delicate yellows were quite distinct, indigo blues were blue, cobalts had their full value, and violets lost the reddish shade which they display under the ordinary electric light. The American Chamber says a great future is expected for this invention in such uses as the lighting of show-windows and art-galleries, studio work of all kinds, dyeworks, tea and tobacco-blending, and many other industries. Color photography will also probably benefit from it."

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

LETTERS - AND - ART

GERMAN PROFESSORIAL ARROGANCE

THOSE WHO LOOK FOR PENITENCE in the German people encounter instead the artistic efforts of Karl Goetz, of Munich, the *Lusitania* medalist, who now expresses in bas-relief the German sense of injured innocence. Not only that, but sixteen of the university professors who

the war, or of Belgian neutrality, or, indeed, any of the many questions touched upon in that document, the statements made regarding them may well be called the final verdict of history. But it needs a prolonged and serious study to understand the truth of this, and I am afraid few Americans will have the patience to devote the necessary time to it. If you like, I should be only

too glad to draw up a list of books for such a course of study. Meanwhile, let me recommend you to begin with the reports of the Belgian ambassadors to their Government from 1904-14 (published in a handy form by the German Foreign Office), which E. D. Morel rightly called the classical book on the events leading up to the war. I remain,

Yours truly,
"KUNO MEYER."

Franz Defregger fumes at being asked if he "prefers to be called a liar, a blockhead, or a coward," and produces the following precious piece of reasoning, for which he apologizes as "too conciliatory":

"Now, as regards my present opinion, there is no doubt that the German Government also has to bear its share of the responsibility of the war, but

there seems to be no proof whatever that the German Government was in any way more guilty than, for example, the British one. The only difference is this: In Germany the Government has changed, and the new Government, being the overthrower of the old one, has every interest to make the old one's faults as widely known as possible, whereas, in Britain, the present Government, being identical with the war-Government, has every interest for hiding the latter's faults, and in this endeavor is unfortunately very successful. Consequently Britain's guilt is unknown, but Germany's is known. If the victory had been on our side instead of on yours, everything should have been the other way round, and in this case 'the entire world' should have known 'from the documents in the case' the contrary of what it knows now. And Germany could have said as Britain now does: 'There you are. I am as innocent as a new-born child.' In this sense one might say Germany's guilt lies in that she did not win the war! My opinion is that it is utterly impossible to ascertain where lies the responsibility for the war, if it is not altogether senseless to ascribe the responsibility for this universal catastrophe to anybody especially."

The famous psychologist, William Wundt, much studied in America, holds a poor opinion of the mentality of Americans in general:

"LEIPZIG, October 5, 1919.

"Dear Sir,—My reply to your query is that I still entertain the very same conviction as I have expressed openly before concerning the origin of this war, and that the course of this war has brilliantly confirmed this conviction in the minds of all those capable of forming an objective judgment.

"That there still are in America people, and notably journalists, who continue to disseminate the enormous lies of the English Northcliffe press, and who even believe it, proves to me the low educational status of the American newspaper literature.

"What you say concerning militarism and kaiserism in Germany merely manifests your absolute ignorance of conditions here. Mayhap, however, some rumor that we are now under



THE MARTYRDOM OF GERMANIA. THE "BIG FOUR" DIVIDING THE WORLD.

A medal, representing popular German feeling to-day, made by Karl Goetz, of Munich, author of the *Lusitania* medal. The cloudy hand above the "Big Four" writes "Bolshevism" on the wall.

issued their proclamation of 1914 justifying the war, now having had time to take a new breath, come out with a reassertion of their old claims. Out of the ninety-six signing the original document, only fifty-five answered an inquiry of Prof. Hans Wehburg as to whether they viewed the issuance of the original manifesto as a "tragic mistake" that "brought great harm to Germany." Thirty-nine are found to admit the error of their ways; but, as the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* shows, "those who still stand by their guns represent such an insolence of opinion, such a superciliousness, so far as their intellectual relations to America go, that one may well question the sincerity of the repentance of the thirty-nine—

"Since as every day some new revelation comes out as to the unconscionable hypocrisy of those who stand for public thought in Germany, even those who are disposed to give the devil his due must accept with caution anything penitential coming from German sources."

The answers of some of the standpatters are now presented in *The Public Ledger* by Mr. Harvey M. Watts, and among them is one from the late Kuno Meyer, who, while not a signer, as was his brother Edouard, yet stands up for what he might have said "with a superciliousness which is typical of the kind of thing that the intellectual Germans before the war felt they could ladle out to Americans." He writes:

"BERLIN, NASSAUISCHE STRASSE, 48,
September 18, 1919.

"Sir,—I hear from some of my friends who signed the famous '*An die Kultur welt*' that you wish them to state whether they still believe what they signed in 1914. As I should have unhesitatingly signed that document if I had been asked to do so, perhaps you will allow me to point out that it has rarely been the lot of any public statement to be so fully borne out by facts as this. Whether you take the question of the origin of

a republican form of government and that there is no longer any German kaiser has reached even you.

"WILLIAM WUNDT."

Two of the signers, since dead, are thus accounted for:

"The son of William Truebner, of Karlsruhe, asserts that his father, who has passed away, believed that the document was true when he wrote it and held to this opinion to the end, while the widow of Richard Voss, of Berchtesgaden, in defending her husband's memory, proves that the women of Germany who are unreconciled are even stiffer in their opinions than the men."

Against these may be placed the recantations of Prof. William Foerster, professor of astronomy at Berlin, and his son, Frederick William, both of whom have given utterance in published statements:

"These pamphlets turn out to be of the most frank and penitential character. The one by Prof. Frederick William Foerster is entitled, 'For the Better Understanding of German Warfare,' and is published by the German Peace Society, Berlin and Stuttgart. In this pamphlet the younger Foerster, who is one of the most brilliant educators in Germany and who, during the war, had to give up his post at Munich and return to Zurich, where he formerly taught because he would not accept the governmental lies, tells the truth about the German atrocities with a candor that even the pamphlets of the Allies in describing German methods did not always practise out of motives of decency."

Then comes the sorrowful conclusion:

"And so this is the way the professorial mind in Germany divides itself. The Bourbons of the Meyer-Wundt type seem to forget that the Allies and America are in possession of the documents in the case to a degree that is unusual so soon after the events. Moreover, they have had 'the patience' even to wade through the various Red and White papers and the German Government's own confessions of wrong-doings. But the flat refusal of the standpatters to reverse themselves, as shown in the case of Wundt, and to believe they can still impress America by superciliousness is a curious case of Teutonic blindness, since it must be remembered that ever since Prince Lichnowsky and Dr. Muhlon, early in 1917, told the world that the world-war had been precipitated by the Kaiser and the war clique about him at a conference held in Potsdam on July 5-6, 1914, it only called for the most ordinary mental ability, with a little industry as to research, not beyond the ability of the average *privat-docent*, to prove that the Lichnowsky charges were true."

FRANCE URGED TO IMITATE US—Brieux, the French playwright, known to us in several translated pieces, has shown the first reaction to the American invasion of France. It is not a war-play, but a study of the effects that might be produced on French life if they gave heed to some of the unconscious examples of American character. We hear of it from a British writer, Philip Carr, in his letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, where he expresses doubts of the good we could do France after all:

"There remain Mr. Brieux's 'Les Américains chez Nous,' full of observation of social tendencies and contrasted national characteristics. When Mr. Brieux writes a play he is always for reforming something. Fortunately for his audiences, his instinct as a dramatist sometimes gets the better of his reforming zeal. 'La Robe Rouge' undoubtedly inspired much of the recent reform in French criminal law, but it also gave Réjane one of her great acting parts. His latest play can hardly be said to

give a good acting part to anybody, even if the rather raw company at the Odéon were capable of taking advantage of such an opportunity if it existed. We are thrown back on what Mr. Brieux wants to say. That is, apparently, that France has much to learn from the practical methods, the open minds, the lack of unnecessary ceremony, the freedom from hampering convention of the Americans. The lesson is told with admirable touches of observation; but one rather regrets the absence of Brieux the dramatist, and one has also the lurking doubt whether France has not as much to lose as to learn if she begins to imitate America."

KIPLING'S LATEST JEREMIAD

KIPLING AS THE PROPHET of "the disillusioned" is the way a Chicago daily chooses to look upon the uncrowned laureate of England. After his strenuous work in the war it may surprise few that he should not be hilarious over the present aspect of results. *The Post*, which takes him in hand for the poem he gave to the world through the recent *Harper's*, is not going to yield to his pessimism and reads the poem through in prose so as not to mistake anything he says. There are, first, the contrasting "Gods of the Market-place"



and the "Gods of the Copy-book Maxims." "The former come and go, promising much, performing little; the latter persist, and will persist, until the end of time. They who worship the former find only disappointment, and, in the vision of Kipling, they number the vast majority of mankind." The Kipling of so many war-speeches speaks in the parable of "the 'Gods of the Market-place' who persuade us, says the poet, to lay down our arms in the assurance that we shall have perpetual peace. We follow their advice only to be delivered 'bound to our foe,' while a copy-book-maxim god mockingly reminds us we had been wiser to 'Stick to the devil we know.'" The play of the two sets of gods goes on:

"We are urged by the market-place deities to seek a 'fuller life' in a world of emancipated womanhood. The result is that our women bear no more children and our men lose 'reason and faith.' Whereupon the copy-book-maxim deity taunts us by recalling 'The wages of sin is death.'"

"Once again, from the 'Gods of the Market-place' we hear the promise of abundance for all by 'robbing selected Peter to pay for collective Paul,' and a grinning god of the copy-book rubs in our discomfiture by quoting, 'If you don't work, you die.'"

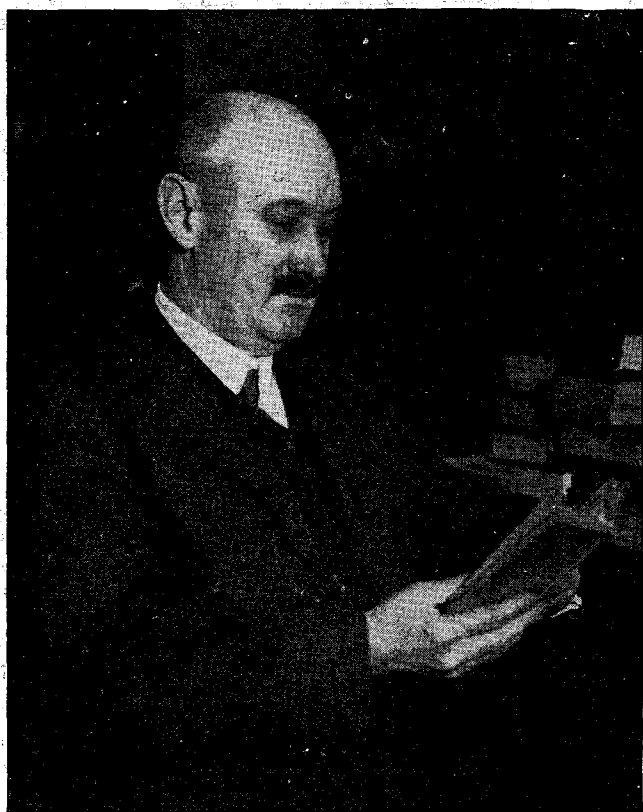
"So we come back to the belief that 'all is not gold that glitters' and that 'two and two make four,' but only to begin again the futile pursuit of some less uncompromising creed, for—and this is the pessimistic conclusion:

As it will be in the Future, it was at the birth of Man—
There are only four things certain since the larger Primates began:

That the Dog returns to his Vomit and the Sow returns to her Mire.
And the burnt Fool's bandaged finger goes wabbling back to the fire.

"Now, there is a measure of truth in all of this; but it is not all the truth.

"The measure of truth is that there are certain fundamental principles from which we can not escape by any short cuts or circumventions. Call them 'copy-book maxims' or what you will, they have a way of reasserting themselves when we set up strange gods in the market-place and seek permanent good by adopting creeds that ignore them. And it is true that, in spite of all experience, men keep on trying to evade the fundamentals.



THE MYSTERIOUS BOOK-BUYER.

George D. Smith, looking, perhaps, to see where the \$75,000 comes in which he has just paid for the book he holds in his hand.

Always, it may be, there will be dogs and sows to return to the filth of life, and always fools to poke bandaged fingers into the fire that burned them. And always, if this be so, the 'copy-book-maxim' gods must return to teach the forgotten lesson."

What *The Post* objects to in Kipling's pessimism is "his apparent belief that the dogs and sows and fools of the race will always outnumber and outrule those who learn by experience, and that life is the traveling of a circle, beating its way back forever over the same path, rather than the traveling of a spiral, which, tho turning upon itself, finds always a higher level and carries forward or upward in its turnings." *The Post's* view, it may be observed, is indulged by those occupying a vantage-point in proportion to the square of their distance from the Peace Conference. And it concludes:

"We are not willing to accept the dogma that we must forever 'stick to the devil we know'—the devil of force and war and violent adjustment—or to take 'The wages of sin is death' as a sufficient answer to the effort on the part of women to find a larger freedom; or even to concede that the incontrovertible 'If you don't work, you die,' precludes all hope to reach fairer adjustment of human relations in industry. For while it is true that 'two and two make four,' and can never make anything else, we are not compelled to rest content with this fact. It is also true that two and three make five, and if there be a greater happiness for mankind in five than there is in four, when we learn to add two and three we can realize it. Is it too much to hope that we may learn some day?"

WALL-STREET METHODS WITH RARE BOOKS

TO THE MAN IN THE STREET the passion of the book-collector is one of the unsolvable mysteries.

What little book of dumpy appearance, with no particular merits from the point of view of the arts of book-making can be worth \$75,000, he asks. He may be told that there are almost no others like it known in the world; but the fame of such a price travels wide and sets people to rummaging in odd corners. High prices have brought out of obscurity other copies that might never again have seen the light of day but for them, and then the great prices are not justified. In the present case the book that brought so fabulous a price was a volume where "The Passionate Pilgrim" and "Venus and Adonis"—two works of Shakespeare were bound together with a third—"Epigrammes and Elegies," by I. D. and C. M. But both the Shakespeares in modern form could be bought for less than one dollar, so why and where the values implied by the great expenditure of money? If the man in the street is nonplussed, bibliophiles may be supposed to understand. But the *Charleston News and Courier* tells us that men of this ilk "the world over have been very much agitated recently over the activities of a Mr. G. D. Smith, an American, who has been going about England, haunting the auction sales and paying the most fabulous prices for rare books of all descriptions." Thus:

"In one day recently his purchases amounted to more than \$425,000, and for one book, a first edition of Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' he paid \$75,000. The book can be slipped into a man's vest-pocket, and as it has now reached America safely we suppose we shall soon know just how many times its weight in gold it is worth. Mr. Smith, by the way, is not a bibliophile. He is a book-dealer. What he expects to get for the 'Venus and Adonis' we have no idea. He told a reporter for the *London Chronicle* that he would cheerfully have paid £30,000 for it if necessary.

"English newspapers are very much concerned about England's vanishing books, and in a recent number the *Manchester Guardian* has a particularly clever editorial on the subject. Its serio-comic plea to British profiteers to save the English treasures from the Smiths of America is very smart. It reminds them that it is not easy to buy distinction with money and that while many have tried it 'few have,' as the phrase is, 'got away with it.' Still, it tells them, there are ways if one has the means. 'One is to endow something which, unlike the best-regulated eldest son, is sure to be antique and storied some day and to have a self-renewing life of its own, like a university. Another is to buy certain kinds of rare books and keep them in your house, to warm and light it, which in a sense they will do, however austere the more perishable fuels may be rationed.'"

The Guardian, tho its humor is satirical, thinks that America has grasped a profound truth regarding the value of such possessions. While saying that almost every privately owned quarto copy of a Shakespeare play that was in England before the war has now been transferred to the States, it urges on its fellow countrymen the wisdom of seeking fame by the same means as rich Americans affect:

"To have your house, your garden, and perhaps some of your relatives celebrated in such a novel as 'Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story,' and to have in your study the pits whence Shakespeare digged 'The Winter's Tale' and 'As You Like It'—such are the things that money, steadily stuck to and sagely expended, from generation unto generation, can do for clan. To buy shining suits of armor for the bodily defense of your legendary ancestors is but to play up to the wit of satirical friends. It is really too late to have your family painted by Van Dyck, tho the attempt has for centuries been devotedly made. But any man, with an adequate sum at his banker's, could have stepped into the place of distinction vacated by the Duke of Devonshire or by the Earl of Ellesmere when the Chatsworth plays and the Bridgewater library were sold. Happy the city that had in it a woman so rich and so wise as to divert to it all that was uniquely patrician among the treasures of Althorp."

Mr. Clement Shorter, writing in the *London Sphere*, thinks

"a good deal of nonsense is talked with regard to this and similar books going to America." He adds:

"There are plenty of rich men in England, and they have other hobbies. It is hard to say whether their hobbies are better or worse. I am afraid that if I had an income—as probably Mr. Huntington has—of a million pounds per annum, my hobby would be much the same as his. Fifteen thousand pounds would not represent more to me than five shillings does now, and I should like to have bought 'The Passionate Pilgrim' in this, its first form.

"I should like to have been able to handle this book and to recall in imagination something of what it had gone through. But, personally, I would much rather that this little volume is to take up its abode in Mr. Huntington's palace at lovely Pasadena—where visitors who love books are courteously welcomed, as I was welcomed by the librarians, both of Mr. Huntington and Mr. Pierpont Morgan—than that it should be buried away in a country house in Buckinghamshire where no booklover has the remotest chance of ever seeing it. It has been at Britwell Court for a long time, but how much space have the newspapers devoted to it while there? Admission was always refused.

"I once wrote a book about Buckinghamshire, and I could tell many stories of the lack of courtesy and amiability on the part of the owners of historic houses as contrasted with the civilities which are offered to the stranger as he wanders gaily through the United States, welcomed with abundant hospitality at every turn. There money means so much less than here."

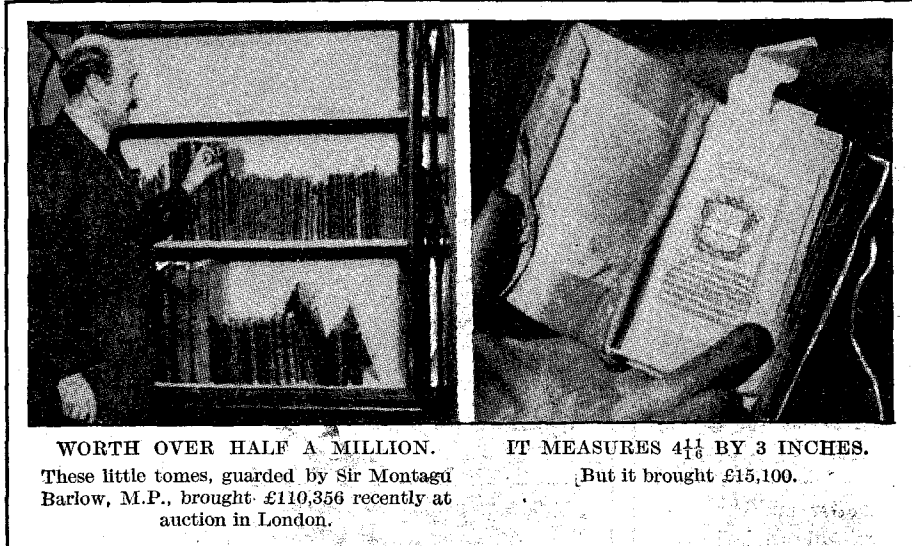
But Mr. Shorter also puts very forcibly the situation which may give the man in the street a chance to chuckle:

"To see a small volume which would go into one's breast-pocket knocked down for £15,100 is an excitement indeed. . . . There were only two bidders—Mr. Dring, who represents the firm of Quaritch in London, and Mr. George Smith, a bookseller of New York, who came over here with instructions from Mr. Henry Huntington that he must buy the gem of the Christie-Miller library at any price. . . .

"I do not grudge Mr. Smith any glory that may obtain from this infatuation of a millionaire for rarities. It was amusing to see the various reporters buzzing round him after the sale. But I imagine Mr. Dring, of Quaritch's, would have been very disappointed if the book had fallen to his lot. I doubt if he

WHAT THE MIDDLE WEST RESENTS

THE MIDDLE WEST RESENTS its neglect at the hands of fiction-writers. If the *San Antonio Light* is entitled to speak for so vast a section, this great "backbone" of America is slighted through the obsession of New



WORTH OVER HALF A MILLION.
These little tomes, guarded by Sir Montagu Barlow, M.P., brought £110,356 recently at auction in London.

IT MEASURES 4½ BY 3 INCHES.
But it brought £15,100.

York that afflicts the magazine writer's mind. Its charge is sweeping:

"Pick out a story at random in almost any fiction magazine, and the odds are four to one, or even greater, that it will be in some way connected with New York. The scenes will be laid there, and the characters will represent some phase of life in that city as seen or imagined by the author. Streets and buildings, even, are identified—everything is viewed from the standpoint of those who believe that the sun rises and sets for New York alone."

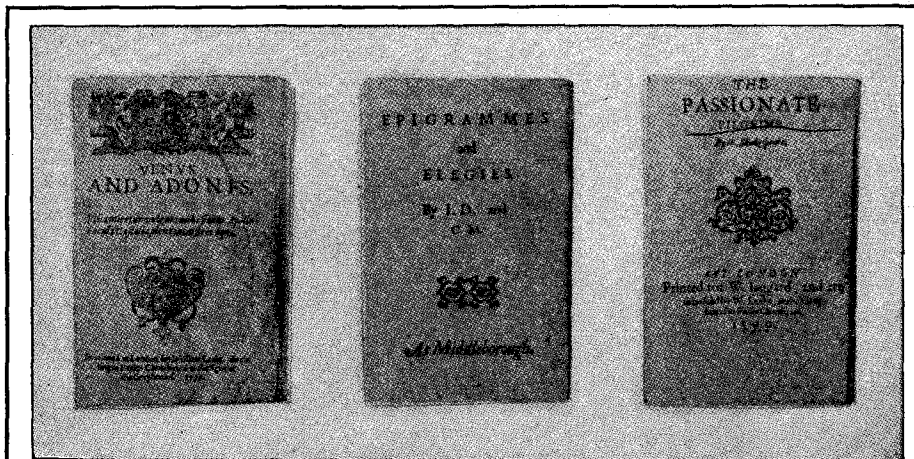
If an author ever breaks this rule, it is further charged, he does so to jump over the mid-country and land in the Far West. "In our fiction Americans are either Eastern or Western, steeped in the effeteness that Gotham exudes or imbued with the suppositiously rough and ready spirit of the other side of the continent." But magazines, tho made in New York, are not read there. Editors tell you they are made for the Middle West, and the conclusion seems inevitable that the Middle West likes to read about New York. Some years ago Max Beerbohm

answered a complaint of the English "middle class" that its life was neglected on the current stage, which dealt only with titled people or the very rich. Alas! he said, "we are uninteresting, and not fit subjects for drama." Since then later playwrights have proved him wrong, and perhaps *The Light* will some day find its grievance assuaged. Meantime it goes on to say:

"The great Middle West, the backbone of the country, and the vast Southwest, the land of unlimited possibilities, do not exist for the average fiction-writer of the day.

"Of course, this is not an enigma. The explanation is simple. Nearly all of the fiction magazines are published in New York, and most of the others have fallen into the habit of catering to the tastes of New-Yorkers. And to New-Yorkers a fiction story that does not exploit something in their city, which to them is America, is amateurish, or dull, or not realistic, and

therefore not worth while. They are looking for a reflection of themselves. The reflection may be highly pleasing to them, but too often it is at best only a distorted image of American life. For there is a type of New-Yorker that is positively un-American in the sociological sense. It is a question of attitude toward life, and the attitude of this type is distinctly unwholesome."



BRINGING THE HIGHEST PRICE IN SALESROOM'S RECORDS.

The three were bound together, but it was "The Passionate Pilgrim" that set the price soaring.

would have got £5,000 for it; but it was well worth his while to keep on bidding up to a certain point. But I imagine that Mr. Henry Huntington, rich tho he be, would feel very dissatisfied if half a dozen copies of the book were now to be discovered. They would probably fetch about £500 apiece."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

WHY JEWS ARE KILLED IN POLAND

HENRY MORGENTHAU'S REPORT on pogroms in Poland, in which he exonerates the Polish Government and fixes the blame chiefly on undisciplined, turbulent soldiery, meets with discordant comment from Jewish papers. *The Jewish Tribune* (New York) takes exception to the statement that the Polish Government may not be blamed, and says: "It is denied by the fact that Pilsudski ordered the military powers to cease making pogroms — this was published in the daily press in our country—which proves that the soldiers and the officers wilfully robbed and murdered the Jews." To *The American Israelite* (Cincinnati) "it appears that the reports received, especially those coming through the Zionist organizations, were very much exaggerated," and it finds "that the Jews in Poland are not altogether without blame." Mr. Morgenthau was a member of the American commission sent to investigate conditions in Poland. Associated with him were Brigadier-General Edgar Jadwin and Homer H. Johnson. The report cites eight major excesses, in which 280 Jews were slain. In addition, "there have also been here and there individual cases of murder not enumerated." Racial animosity has exhibited itself also in various other forms of persecution and by boycott. In two instances massacres were committed by city civilians and peasantry, respectively. In another both civilians and soldiers took part. Furthermore:

"In considering the causes for the anti-Semitic feeling, which has brought about the manifestations described above, it must be remembered that ever since the partitions of 1795 the Poles have striven to be reunited as a nation and to regain their freedom. This continual effort to keep alive their national aspirations has caused them to look with hatred upon anything which might interfere with their aims. This has led to a conflict with the nationalist declarations of some of the Jewish organizations which desire to establish cultural autonomy financially supported by the states. In addition, the position taken by the Jews in favor of Article 93 of the Treaty of Versailles, guaranteeing protection to racial, linguistic, and religious minorities in Poland, has created a further resentment against them. Moreover, Polish national feeling is irritated by what is regarded as the 'alien' character of the great mass of the Jewish population. This is constantly brought home to the Poles by the fact that the majority of the Jews affect a distinctive dress, observe the Sabbath on Saturday, conduct business on Sunday, have separate dietary laws, wear long beards, and speak a language of their own. The basis of this language is a German dialect, and the fact that Germany was, and still is, looked upon by the Poles

as an enemy country renders this vernacular especially unpopular. The concentration of the Jews in certain districts or quarters in Polish cities also emphasizes the line of demarcation separating them from other citizens."

But "just as the Jews would resent being condemned as a race

for the action of a few of their undesirable co-religionists, so it would be correspondingly unfair to condemn the Polish nation as a whole for the violence committed by uncontrolled troops or local mobs." These excesses "were apparently not premeditated, for if they had been part of a preconceived plan, the number of killed would have run into the thousands instead of amounting to about two hundred and eighty."

Regretting that the Jews themselves are not without blame, *The American Israelite* finds:

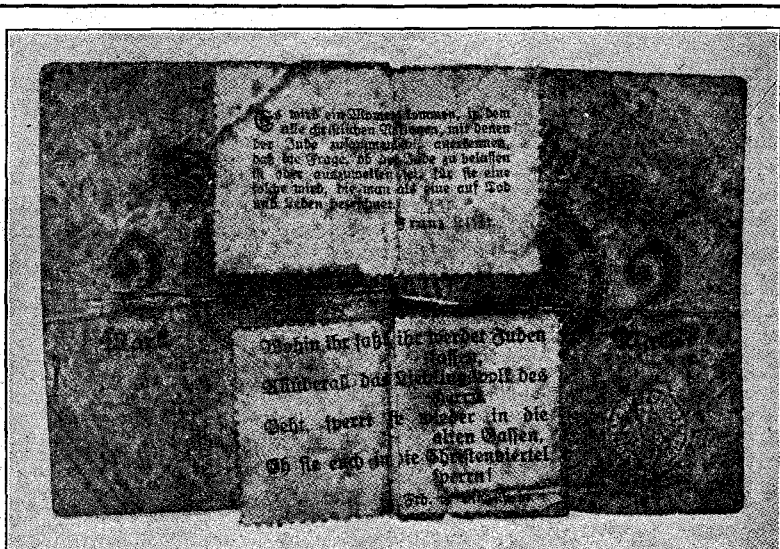
"Their internal quarrels, their lack of unity, their insistence on isolating themselves from the community and retaining medieval costumes and customs, give pre-

text for the acts of their enemies, however little they may justify them. The chasm between the medievalist and the modernist Jews of Poland has been widened and their feeling toward each other embittered through the growth of Zionism, which has intensified the spirit of so-called Jewish nationalism until it has become an obsession."

Taking a different ground, *The Jewish Tribune* feels "that no thanks are due to Morgenthau for his report," and says, in reference to a proposed assimilation of Jews with Poles, "he shows so little knowledge of the character of religious Jews that he fails to understand them." There is complaint from this Jewish weekly that Mr. Morgenthau overlooked the fact that Poland has included in its possessions a great part of Galicia and other countries and that the Jews came with those countries. Land-grabbing brought additional Jews "under the undesirable Polish régime." Jewish loyalty is not forgotten, and we read:

"The Jews have always been patriotic. Not the fashion of the cloth, nor the language they use, nor their children's education makes up the Jew's patriotism. It is their fidelity to the country that counts.

"Mr. Morgenthau played into the hands of the deceiving Poles, because he does not know the religious Jews and looked upon them from the standpoint of their enemies. Being considered a Jew, his mistaken opinion did more damage to the Polish Jewish cause than even the Poles themselves would do. And we ask: 'Why hast thou destroyed our unfortunate brothers and sisters?'"



By courtesy of "The American Hebrew."

HOW ANTISEMITIC FEELING IS STIRRED UP IN GERMANY.

Pastors like these are attached by the thousands to bills, paper money, and correspondence. The upper one reads in English: "A moment will come when the Christian nations beside whom the Jews live will come to realize that the question of whether the Jews shall be tolerated or be driven out will become one which is described as a question of life and death."—(Franz Liszt.) The lower one is translated as follows:

Where'er you go, you'll always meet the Jews.
They're everywhere, these chosen of the Lord.
Make haste to lock them again in the old ghettos,
Before they lock you up in the "Christian" quarter.

TO MERGE DENOMINATIONS IN A COMMUNITY CHURCH

WILL THE DEMOCRATIZATION OF RELIGION cause the abolition of sects and the discarding of individualistic dogma? Is there, after all, any inherent difference among the churches which will prevent them from amalgamating effort along a common line and in merging themselves into a community church, which shall evolve, not into an established, but into a national church? In the last hour on the battle-field creed had no place. The Cross on the roadside stood for all, without respect to denomination. Abraham Lincoln, an earnest Christian in practise and precept, joined no church because he could find none which had inscribed above its altar, as the qualification for membership, the substance of both law and gospel: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." Henry E. Jackson, a pastor for nearly twenty years, who is now doing government work as a special agent in community organization of the United States Bureau of Education, tells us in "The Community Church" (Houghton Mifflin Company) what, in his view, is wrong with the churches, and offers constructive criticism. If religion be an attitude to life instead of a dogma, there is no necessity for the label of sect, and theological interpretation of the life of Christ is outworn. If the church is not an end, but a means to an end, the community church, which owes no allegiance save to the people it serves, will best meet that end. As we read in Mr. Jackson's book:

"I appreciate the fact that the sects had their origin in honest attempts to emphasize and stand for particular elements in the Christian theory of life, which were in special need of emphasis. But the distinctive truth which each sect volunteered to sponsor has now become the common possession of all Christians. Whatever need may have existed to justify their original division into sects no longer exists to justify their continued separation."

Before the war ended, the revelation of the church's moral bankruptcy inaugurated in England a movement among the sects to regain their sense of relative values and to mobilize their moral forces, showing an apparent tendency to forget denominational differences in the interest of humanity. We have had many surveys of various sorts, and "the upshot of it all is that the church is still in the woods." We know the facts, and the writer comes to this conclusion:

"We must replace all sectarian churches by a new and fundamentally different type of church. What that type ought to be, the pronounced signs of the time abundantly indicate. It is a community church. The only way to reform the present church is to replace it with a better one. The church of to-morrow is the community church."

To attempt to reform the church from the inside is futile, in this writer's belief, and he suggests:

"There is a more excellent way. It is my conviction that the churches will ultimately evolve from sectarian into community churches. They will do it when they are compelled to, and not before. The compelling force will be the pressure of public opinion from the outside. Therefore, I conclude that the effective way to bring this pressure to bear is to organize community churches as new enterprises. It is the testimony of history that the churches have almost never been reformed from the inside, but only by pressure from the outside."

Mr. Jackson widens his horizon of religious communization, for he believes that eventually the community center will be an all-sufficient church, and we read:

"While I believe that the community center is destined to perform all the functions of a true church, it can not do so now, because the lowest common denominator, on the basis of which all public organizations must conduct their activities, will not permit it. Therefore, I believe that some form of volunteer community church is a present practical necessity."

CHEERFUL GIVERS OF MITES

IT IS LARGELY OUT OF SIMILAR EXPERIENCE that sympathy comes for suffering. He who knows the loneliness of old age is the more apt to listen to another who would find a seat in the sun, and so it is that we find the newsboy going readily to the aid of his comrade who has been injured in an accident, and the cripple who has crutches thinking of him who can not leave his room for lack of them. Response to appeal is as quick and generous among the poor as among the rich, the difference between the two lying only in outward form. The rich man renders according to his means; the widow gives her mite. New contributors to charity are usually actuated by one of two motives: the desire to offer up thanks in concrete fashion, or the urge of some particular emotion. "Both have their impulse in human reaction to a similar personal experience," and often the anniversary of an event that left suffering in its trail will bring forth an offering to save some other from like anguish. The man who gives from habit and largely usually attaches no conditions to his gift. The New York *Sun* comments editorially on this characteristic of human nature:

"The smaller the occasional gift the more exacting are apt to be the conditions surrounding it. Thus a writer sends ten dollars directing that it be divided equally among ten charities. This might represent the contributor's desire to have his name appear on the reports of the ten different organizations or it might be a real desire to contribute his mite to the best possible advantage.

"There could be no doubt back of this anonymous letter:

"My little boy is a cripple. Please use this dollar for a crippled boy who hasn't any mother to take care of him. P. S.—If you have a crippled boy with red hair and blue eyes, please use it for him."

"The New York newspapers recently mentioned the case of a newsboy of the name of Pierre who was temporarily disqualified from caring for his younger brother and sisters on account of an accident. There were several contributions of quarters and half-dollars from boys with similar charges upon them, and a check for an amount sufficient to relieve the little family's urgent needs from a man who was attracted to the case by the fact that the injured boy's name, Pierre, was the same as his own. He enclosed a letter signed, 'Pierre' to be sent to the boy, and in his note he counseled courage and good cheer.

"A characteristic response to the publication of a story of suffering is the following:

"I read in the papers about the widow with five little children. Please give her these two dollars. I have five children too, but, thank God! their father is alive to work for them. I will try to send three dollars more next month."

"The writer was able to carry out her intentions, but in two monthly payments.

"It is a touching fact that most of the appeals for the help of the aged are answered by old people. They seem to understand better than youth or middle age all the bitterness and loneliness of poverty in the sunset of life. Once a year a ruddy-faced man now eighty-four has deserted his job at one of the big railway terminals in this city long enough to go to the office of the Charity Organization Society and leave a five-dollar bill. He has done this, usually in the holiday season, for many years. 'It's for some old man who can't work,' he says; 'I can work, and when I can't I have enough saved up to get me into a home. I have nothing to worry about. But the poor old man who can't work—that's misery and sadness.'"

Charity, through its exercise, may become a habit. The aggregate of the small gifts donated in a year reaches a considerable sum, and goes out to relieve cases which might otherwise be overlooked in more elaborate plans for assistance. Then, too:

"They have an additional merit in that out of the sporadic, emotional giver, whose purse-strings are loosened only by an instance which finds a reflection in his own experience, is educated and evolved that contributor who is the backbone of sound, sustained charitable work in a community. He becomes the small regular giver actuated by a sense of individual responsibility which lies deeper than emotionalism aroused by a single appealing case, and which seeks, while helping it, to study and remedy the causes and conditions that made it possible."

THE CHURCH'S DUTY TO THE MOVIES

THE MOTION-PICTURE either can be made of assistance to the Church and be used as a vehicle for religious, educational, and diversional propaganda, or it may be left as an opposing weapon for satanic mischief. Whether it becomes an agent for good will depend upon the effort made by the Church and the spirit with which that effort is met by the public and the financial supporters of the fourth largest industry in the country. As the case stands now, the motion-picture is regarded by some church papers in this country and abroad as a more potent influence for evil than for good. But these same papers agree that the Church, as she did in the first days of the stage, can, and should, have her share in managing the more modern amusement. When the Church undertakes this new duty she may be able, perhaps, to lay down other and heavier burdens. Two methods of dealing with the evil side of the "movie" are suggested—government control as it is now practised in some of the States and the entrance of the Church herself into the "movie" field. Both methods, it can be seen, may be coordinated into a single effort working to a single end. The *London Guardian*, organ of the Church of England, regards the opportunity for the Church so great as almost to be unexampled, and suggests:

"With energy and determination there is nothing to prevent her from creating a great cinema department which should ramify into the whole of the national life and go far to encourage high ideals of recreation and to make it possible to educate by the eye in a manner which has hitherto been little attempted. The film may educate and elevate or it may vulgarize and debase. Already it has done too much of the latter; it has had little chance of showing what it can do in the nobler direction. There is little, for good or ill, that it can not teach, and, to put it plainly, the Church has no more right to neglect this means of teaching, direct or indirect, than it has to neglect the more immediately obvious methods which it employs in its services. The Church is the greatest of teachers and propagandists or it is nothing, and here is a method of propaganda at once effective and alluring."

The Rev. Clifford Gray Twombly, D.D., writing in *The Churchman* (New York), thinks the first condition precedent to a program of construction is "an exposure of the underlying strain of rottenness in the business." He does not look upon reformation from within as possible. It is the Church which must be leader in the fight, and he writes:

"No organization can arouse public opinion so thoroughly and efficiently and quickly as the Christian Church, if it will. If twenty-five of the leading clergymen of New York City could be furnished with the real facts in regard to the present standards of the moving pictures (and that is easily possible); and if they would all agree to preach on a certain Sunday a sermon based upon those facts, and publish it; and if they would follow up their preaching by organizing committees in their churches to make this fight for the purity of our American youth and homes (for it is a fight, I am convinced, of very critical importance), there would soon be a change in the situation, and New York would soon have a state board of censorship worthy of the name, and set an example for many more States of the Union, only four of which now have such boards.

"And if any church committee would have the courage to hire detectives to get the evidence and to prosecute the managers of the studios in New York where so many of these indecent and filthy and immoral scenes and attempts at rape and seduction are staged (and if some other church committee in California would have the courage to do the same thing there), still more could be accomplished, and a heavy blow struck at the very heart of the nasty part of the business!"

The Reformed Church Messenger (Philadelphia) is of opinion that "students of social conditions are convinced that as the industry grows greater and the number of patrons increases almost beyond belief, the need of democratic control and correction becomes imperative." This paper prints a letter from Justice William H. Keller, of the Superior Court of Penn-

sylvania, who, after commending the Pennsylvania State Board of Censors as "the best instrumentality extant to curb the flood of indecency and immorality which the motion-picture interests would let loose upon us if unrestrained," writes:

"Of course, the criticisms should not be hypercritical. It is a question of morals, not taste. But, in the language of the statute creating the Board of Censors, such matters as are 'sacrilegious, obscene, indecent, or immoral,' or as 'tend to debase or corrupt morals,' have no proper place on our screens and should be kept from being displayed there. The great majority of our people still believe that respect for the law and its administration should be encouraged, not discountenanced; that crimes liable to fire the imagination of the young should not be permitted on the screen; that no good, either to art or morals, results from a delineation in moving pictures of the life in houses of prostitution; that there is no more call to show on the screen all the intimate details of the birth of a child than of its procreation; and that some sense of reserve and decency should still attach to the pictured life of the film as well as to real life. Resolute individual action along the lines above set forth will do wonders in the way of accomplishing the desired results."

Amy Woods, secretary of the State Committee on Motion Pictures of Massachusetts, writing in *The Christian Register* (Unitarian, Boston), urges government machinery for the control of the motion-picture, but evidently does not expect immediately favorable result, for she tells us:

"Last year, besides the four States which now have State censorship, the residents of twenty-four other States filed bills with their legislatures asking for some form of governmental control. Members of the industry boast that these bills have all been killed and that their organization is pledged to kill any attempt at State control and have resolved to repeal the laws in the four States—Maryland, Ohio, Kansas, and Pennsylvania—which now have censorship.

"Canada also is to be controlled by the industry if they succeed in their purpose of stifling governmental supervision. At present the people in every province of Canada are saying through their government what they will and what they will not see in their places of amusement."

THE "RELIGIOUS-TRAMP" PROBLEM—The pest of religious society, agree *The American Lutheran* (New York) and *The Christian Century* (Chicago), is the "church tramp." This class of undesirables and the sensationalists who have helped to create it are thus described and denounced by *The Christian Century*:

"The religious tramp is a phenomenon of a serious nature for the churches. He is not a foe to religion. He is, indeed, a believer, in a way, altho he asserts with a pseudo-liberality that 'one church is as good as another.' He travels around to the 'special services' which one church after another serves up to secure a crowd. The churches often do not go behind the returns. There are crowds and there are crowds. The church tramp is a Christian who refuses to assume any responsibilities. He does not want to work regularly. He does not want to give regularly, tho he drops a chance nickel into the plate. His attitude is one of unconcern with regard to the welfare of the churches. He gets his amusement and his sociability from the churches at the minimum of expense. He asks for no more. Just now in many communities the churches are actively competing for the presence of the church tramp. With concerts and secular lectures and moving pictures of doubtful religious value, they seek to bring the floaters to their places of worship. Their success is as transient as is the interest of the people who come. The cure for church tramps is a serious attitude on the part of the church. Smaller audiences may follow such an attitude, but they will be audiences yielding a more permanent harvest to religion. The serious-minded pastor may not be known just now as a crowd-getter, but he will be known in the end as a church-builder.

"Meanwhile, the honest doubter outside the church is not offended by the flippancy in the face of problems which to him are of life-and-death importance. When the church makes her appeal to truth-seekers and not to the sensation-seekers, she will be a stronger church."

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CURRENT - POETRY

THERE is a jaunty note of homely philosophy in "Lucio's" lines in the Manchester *Guardian* (weekly edition), addressing our much-abused world "on its having narrowly avoided, according to many recent assurances, the fullest stop of history":

LINES TO THE WORLD

By LUCIO

The World, it seems, is with us; late and soon,
In spite of yarns from some old Yank professor,
He trundles round the Sun with Brother Moon
Careless of blundering comets, large and lesser.
Blizzards there are (there is one as I write),
Gales, sleet, and snow; but saner folk reply
"Bosh!"
To those who think mere blizzards bring in sight
The arch, the ultimate, and cosmic Kybosh.

No, you are there. And this, O World, is well.
I like you there, I like your present status:
I much prefer it to these tales they tell
Of any large, irreparable hiatus.
With you I feel at home; I even grudge
The Einstein thesis and its quaint extensions:
Give me a world that (roughly) does not budge,
And keep your kinks in space and Fourth
Dimensions!

Grave faults are yours, if critics care to sift;
Your weather's often of the very wrongest,
Your races are not always to the swift,
Nor fall your battles always to the strongest.
"Best of all likely worlds"? Those days are
gone—
"Best of all worlds we know" more fits the letter;
But my convinced advice is, "Carry on—
You'll do, till Providence provides a better."

The English papers come over rather irregularly, so that some "timely" things are outdated before we get them. Yet this Christmas poem, in *The Westminster Gazette* (London), has enough of general application to make it worth while not to be missed even at this date.

AT DAWN IN DECEMBER

By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

Whither bound, and on what quest
Weary horseman, stumbling slow?
Tawny in the starless west
Broods the still unfallen snow;
Tattered purple mantles thee,
Girt art thou with hempen rope . . .
*Lo, I am Humanity,
And the goal I seek is Hope!*

Wherefore suffer and pursue?
Glory fades as flower o' grass,
Joy as yestermorning's dew,
Gold alone is as it was;
Gold that reared old cities tall,
Carthage, Tyre, and Babylon . . .
*Have I not dwelt within them all?
And as the wind goes, they are gone.*

Clad in purple, crowned with thorn,
Weary horseman, wherefore ride?
Hope incarnate and reborn
Is a myth of Christmastide;
Leave perilous marsh and haunted heath,
And look upon the things that are!
*Nay, but in the pool beneath
I see the image of a Star.*

The world has golden strongholds still
Where men who love delight may wend;
What seek ye by yon little hill,
Where shepherdless the flocks are penned?
What where the shepherds hasten them
To a dim stable rudely wrought?
*Lo, it is dawn in Bethlehem,
And I have found the sign I sought,*

From a sequence of Spoon River poems, in *McClure's*, we pick three, letting Edgar Lee Masters's macabre and ironic fancies be brightened by a wistful note to separate them:

MORE SPOON RIVER POEMS

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

I

YANK SWORD

You got so used to saying a thing
Like: "All ready," "Over they go,"
"Just a moment," "Head of the Army,"
"I object," or "Next"—
That it's really yourself at the end of life,
And how can you tell when out of your head,
And dying whether you say it,
Or a voice is saying it to you?
And I who had barbered all of them,
From A. D. Blood to Lucius Atherton,
And told them stories, and laughed at theirs,
And shaved them in their coffins,
Thought I was working in my shop
Dyeing the hair of Henry Bennett
When a voice said, "Next"—and even yet
I think the voice was mine!

II

MISTRAL VISYANA

This is my sorrow,
O my beautiful flowers:
That I did not sow you
In better soil.

IV

ISABEL FREELING

How I tempted the snake into the garden,
Then flew for safety into the tree,
Leaving my father to fight the snake!
And how I made enemies for my brother
To live and strive with while I departed
Abroad where they could not reach me!
Geniuses without themes.
Here is a theme for a thousand pages!
Show how I burned my garbage
In the yards of parents and relatives.
And left them nauseated, choking,
While I was breathing the air of the Alps!
And show how I planted bombs malodorous
Which exploded after I left.

A bit of satire on the press shows the bewilderment of a Lincolnshire farmer—such as Tennyson so wonderfully depicted in the "Northern Farmer"—over the endless recurrence of the newspapers. It appears in a volume called "Back to the Land" (Blackwell):

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE PAPERS

By BERNARD GILBERT

From year to year the harvests come,
'Tis in the way of Nature so,
But what I hardly understand
Is 'ow them papers keeps a-go;
For week by week they carry on,
An' like the weeds, they've never done.

Yes! ivery blessed week they're full
Of news and tales and sich like trash,
Wi' talk o' things across the sea
An' 'ow to make a bit o' cash;
You'd think they'd run it dry—but, Lor',
Next week there's allus summut more!

Tho I'm a dab at diggin' drains,
It makes me sweat to hold a pen.
I 'spec them fellers milks their brains,
Their soil must be like Blankney Fen!
'Tis wondrous 'ow they till their rood;
I 'ope the pay is half as good!

Their fingers must be crookled all
An' p'raps 'tis ink they sweat o' nights;
I hear as 'ow they soon go bald,
And blind as bats, and 'orrid sights!
Thank God I niver write mysen:
We needs noa ink down Blankney Fen.

Limehouse has become a world familiar to many Americans since Thomas Burke wrote his "Limehouse Nights," and Mr. Griffith put one of them into the most poignant of film dramas, "Broken Blossoms." In five stanzas the picture of this evil suburb of London is evoked for readers of *The Poetry Review* (London, February) with much of the same color that Mr. Burke paints in prose:

LIMEHOUSE SUNSET

By HELEN MITCHAM

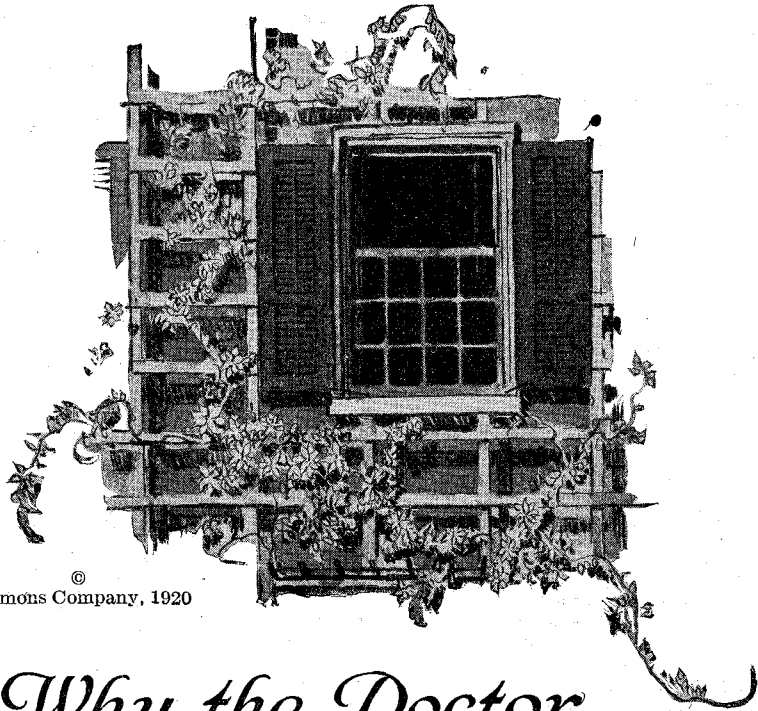
The great dock road is waste and wide,
The cobble-paven alleys hide,
Like fears, on every side.
I see the low-eaved windows lit,
A-shine, a-glow, with golden flames,
Where yellow men at evening sit,
In odorless streets whose very names
Spell strange and secret joy,
And murmur in a singing tongue
Of Pi-chi-li—when love was young—
And far-away Amoy.

And oh! you'd think to find the sea,
Where Pennyfields goes up and down,
Whose stones are set unevenly,
Whose houses leer and frown. . . .
The Causeway is an evil place,
Uneasy secrets throng the air,
With every house an eyesore face,
And Dream has strown her poppies there,
Black poppy-heads, ground fine.
You will not find their scent, nor care
To meet these dreamers, elsewhere,
For they are wild as if with wine,
They mourn their lost and lovely lands,
With reeling feet and straying hands,
In sick delirium.

At Limehouse Pier the tide is strong,
And there are curious things adrift,
But the wind hath a nobler song,
Salt with the sea's sharp kiss, and swift.
A flowing fire is on the river,
Like wine outpoured, wine-gold, wine-red,
For purging of her piteous dead.
The great crane engines swing and quiver,
And the lost sea-birds wheel and cry,
The long, slow barges, dreamfully,
The little brown-sailed boats, go by,
Intent to find the sea.

The alley-ways are dark as night,
Stabbed fitfully with swords of light,
And children in a shuttered room,
See, through a chink, the staring moon.
A barrel-organ, through the gloom,
Is weary with a wanton tune,
And the girls dance, like autumn leaves
In wild, unwary grace.
No swallows love these sordid eaves,
But clamorous women, hard of face—

If you are sworn, as I am sworn,
To love her loud, unlovely ways,
To stand, when she is most forlorn,
Pledged to her passionate praise,
Limehouse will take your heart from you,
And tread its warm hopes in the dust,
And all you hold is good and true
Shall know the searing hands of lust,
Or—she will give you charity,
And kindness born of pity and pain,
A courage that can bear to see
The truth, and yet can hope again,
And you shall tread where satyrs trod,
Strong in the name of God!



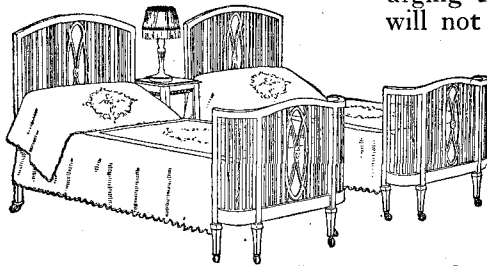
©
Simmons Company, 1920

Why the Doctor Advocates Twin Beds

GET a good sound sleep every night—every nerve, every muscle relaxed—and Nature will fill your body with new energy, and wake you up fit and fine.

Every muscle relaxed! No one can sleep perfectly with nerves on edge or muscles tense.

This is the reason why doctors are urging *Twin Beds*—so one sleeper will not disturb the other, or communicate a cold or other ailment.



The "MONTROSS" No. 1990—in Twin Pair

Made of Simmons' new Square Steel Tubing—Seamless, smooth and beautifully finished.

Exquisitely enameled in the accepted Decorative Colors.

Has the Simmons patented pressed steel *Noiseless Corner Locks*. Easy rolling casters.

Your choice of Twin Pair and Double Width. Specially pleasing in *Twin Pair*.

The reason, too, why you should be sure your bed is *noiseless*. Just the little creak of a wooden bed, or the rattle of an ordinary metal bed, is enough to put the nerves on edge, even though it may not actually wake you up.

The truly *noiseless* Bed is the Simmons Metal Bed—*built for sleep*.

Just as the truly *sleep-inducing* Spring is a Simmons Spring—a fine,

resilient spring that invites the body to *relax*.

Years ago Simmons Company established the principle of Beds and Springs *built for sleep*.

It is today the largest maker of fine Metal Beds and Springs in the world.

It is a specialist in *Twin Beds*—a pioneer in that fine modern principle of a separate bed for each sleeper.

* * *

Simmons Metal Beds and Springs are the most sought after sleeping equipment in leading stores all over the country.

The prices are little if any higher than for ordinary beds.

And when you are selecting your Simmons Beds with an eye to their appearance in the room, you will see that Simmons has for the first time established *beautiful and authoritative design* in Metal Beds.

Sleep is a big subject! Write us for the brochure, "What Leading Medical Journals and Health Magazines Say about Separate Beds and Sound Sleep." Free of charge.

SIMMONS COMPANY

ELIZABETH ATLANTA KENOSHA SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

(Executive Offices: Kenosha, Wis.)

SIMMONS BEDS—*Built for Sleep*

Through the Ages with Father Time



The Cave Man's Timepiece

PAINTED FOR FATHER TIME BY HUGH RANKIN

EVEN prehistoric man felt the value of Time.

He knotted a grass rope—set it afire. The slowly creeping spark marked Time's swift flight.

A crude device—yet it brought a vague new sense of control—a foretaste of the satisfaction modern man finds in working to schedule.

Down through the ages, man's realization of the value of Time has steadily grown. The world's time-meters have developed amazingly.

But to the creative instinct of this low-browed troglodyte we owe man's first upward step toward the marvelous time-pieces of today—



Elgin Watches



RECONSTRUCTION-PROBLEMS

"NATIONS IN REBIRTH"—a series of articles prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST and especially designed for School Use

THE REPUBLIC OF NORTH CAUCASIA

CAUCASIAN OPPORTUNITY—Latest of the peoples to be incorporated into the Muscovite Empire the population of North Caucasia was prompt to take advantage of the downfall of the Czarist régime and strike out for independence. At the first sign of the Russian revolution they set themselves to the work of reconstructing their national and independent life, which the Russians had checked in such violent fashion by massacre and expulsion. Through their love of liberty and political freedom, we learn further from *Eastern Europe* (Paris), it happened that the North Caucasian peoples in many cases lived in small autonomous republics similar to the republics of ancient Greece. Their thoroughly democratic principles caused them to abstain from attacking the rights of their neighbors or from adding to their own territory at the expense of other nations. At the first assembly of the Caucasians, which took place in May, 1917, in the town of Vladicaucasia, the union of the peoples of North Caucasia and of Daghestan was officially concluded and an executive organ established under the auspices of the Central Committee of the People's Union of North Caucasia and of Daghestan. This executive committee labored to bring about order in the interior and maintained good relations with neighboring Caucasian people such as the Georgians and the Tatars of Azerbaijan, in spite of certain territorial disputes.

PEOPLE AND TERRITORY—The North Caucasian Republic requires only the territory whose peoples have freely adhered to the North Caucasian Union at the assemblies of Vladicaucasia in May and September, 1917, and that from which the inhabitants were officially expelled in 1864 by an official decree of the Russian Government. This expulsion has placed them in a minority in two or three districts. It is quite natural that the North Caucasian people who live on both slopes of the Caucasian mountain-chain in certain places do not admit of their being divided, which would prevent their free cultural and moral development. The territories of the whole of the North Caucasian peoples who have adhered to the North Caucasian Union amount to about 150,000 square kilometers. On the territory of the Union of the Circassian and Daghestan peoples, on January 1, 1918, there were 4,228,860 inhabitants, 3,228,529 of whom were Circassians and Daghestanians; 892,362 inhabitants comprised Grand Russians, Ukrainians, and Cossacks, while 100,969 inhabitants were made up of Armenians, Greeks, Ger-

mans, Israelites, Esthonians, etc. This makes 76.47 per cent. of divers peoples in the territory of the Union. It is necessary to note that among the Russians there is a large number of civil servants, officers, and persons attracted by the health resorts on the Circassian slope and on the northern plateau of Piatigorsk (Bechtau) and of Kislovodsk (Narzan), immediately adjoining the middle of the northern slope of the great Caucasian chain.

In the statistics above of the Union of the Circassian People, there are 892,362 Russian inhabitants composed of Great Russian, Ukrainian, and Cossack descendants of the first military colonies which the Russian Government installed immediately after the expulsion by force of the 750,000 unfortunates which imperialistic design and the premeditated denationalization by Russia drove brutally from their homes.

GOVERNMENT OF NORTH CAUCASIA—These Russians must necessarily remain within the union, according to *Eastern Europe*, which adds that this is a direct result of Muscovite imperialism. This imperialism drained the interior of Russia and of Ukrainia to increase the Russian population in newly conquered territory. The Russian idea was that the original native population of such territory would be submerged by this artificial colonization. But this reasoning is proved false



RUSSIA THAT WAS.
New Eastern Republics, carved out of Imperial Russia, from Esthonia to Azerbaijan.

by the course of events, and the consequence is that in Poland, in Lithuania, in Bessarabia, and in the Crimea a great number of Russians is destined to remain. Of the government of North Caucasia we read that according to the constitutional laws elaborated by the second assembly at Vladicaucasia, September, 1917, the North Caucasian Republic is a federative republic based on the cantonal system. Owing to the topography of the country, and the fact that the people's lives have been passed in autonomous republics, the Helvetian system is that which has directed their past and which will certainly direct their future. Caucasia, which forms a geographical unity between two seas and two continents, is also an economic unity. The agricultural products of North Caucasia find an outlet in Transcaucasia, which does not produce a sufficient quantity of cereals and cattle, whereas wines, silks, cotton, and carpets from Transcaucasia are sold in the north, so that these two parts of Caucasia become complete and form an economic whole. The general situation in the world, the existence of great political agglomerations in the north and in the south require that this geographical and economic

(Continued on page 92)

WORLD-WIDE-TRADE-FACTS

EUROPE'S TRADE DEBT TO UNITED STATES

(Wall Street Journal)

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS EUROPE HAS BOUGHT ONE DOLLAR OF AMERICAN EXPORTS FOR EVERY TWELVE CENTS' WORTH SOLD HERE—10 PER CENT. SETTLED IN GOLD

Imports from Europe during the war fell from 59 per cent. of exports to that continent to 12 per cent. For every dollar of merchandise sold we bought but twelve cents' worth of commodities in return. The actual proportion of reciprocal buying was less, if we estimate import values, not on Commerce Department basis of prewar money exchange, but on the heavy and declining rates quoted in New York for European bills, checks, and cash.

Our resulting trade balances aggregate for six years since January 1, 1914, \$17,273,796,671, as compared with \$3,220,022,450 aggregate of export balances owing by Europe for the six years immediately preceding the war. Indeed, the total for the past six years exceeds by some billions our net total on all export balances from world trade since 1873.

We have advanced nearly \$10,000,000,000 in public credits to European countries. Our present net gain on their gold settlements approximates \$700,000,000, or 10 per cent. of the difference between total of war-trade balances and our public loans.

Placing world prewar commerce at \$40,000,000,000, we at that time cleared one-tenth of it. More than one-seventh of it now passes through American ports in home waters.

Imports from Europe now form but a sixth of our total imports from all countries. Before 1913 they were over half. Figures follow:

	Exports	Imports	Balance
1919 (Dec. est.).....	\$5,118,991,800	\$651,405,600	\$4,467,586,200
1918.....	3,858,705,905	318,127,305	3,540,578,600
1917.....	4,061,728,923	551,144,599	3,510,584,324
1916.....	3,813,278,324	633,316,886	3,179,961,438
1915.....	2,565,660,269	546,352,567	2,019,307,702
1914.....	1,339,295,916	783,517,509	555,778,407
Total.....	\$20,757,661,137	\$3,483,864,466	\$17,273,796,671
1913.....	\$1,499,573,363	\$864,666,103	\$634,907,260
1912.....	1,467,451,834	900,003,944	567,447,890
1911.....	1,293,072,862	770,393,236	522,679,626
1910.....	1,194,062,988	790,134,594	403,928,394
1909.....	1,169,672,326	763,704,486	405,967,840
1908.....	1,233,974,092	548,882,652	685,091,440
Total.....	\$7,857,807,465	\$4,637,785,015	\$3,220,022,450

TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES WITH MEXICO

Trade between the United States and Mexico consists chiefly of an exchange of manufactures produced in the United States for manufacturing material produced in Mexico. Curiously, too, this trade has continued to increase during the full period of turmoil through which Mexico has passed in recent years. Our trade with Mexico, says a statement of December 1, 1919, by the National City Bank of New York, aggregated in the fiscal year 1919 \$277,000,000 against \$131,000,000 in 1914, and \$117,000,000 in 1910. The exports alone from the United States to Mexico were in 1919 \$119,000,000 against \$39,000,000 in 1914, while the imports from that country were \$158,000,000 against \$93,000,000 in 1914. The United States has supplied in recent years more than three-fourths of the imports of Mexico, and taken probably four-fifths of her exports, this estimate being based upon the latest available official figures of the Mexican Government, coupled with certain known facts regarding the trade of that country in the period for which official figures have not yet been issued.

Iron and steel manufactures, cotton cloths, boots and shoes, automobiles, soap, surgical appliances, paper, illuminating and lubricating oils, gasoline, and explosives are the principal exports from the United States to Mexico; and copper, lead, hides, and skins, sisal fiber (a substitute for hemp), and crude petroleum are the principal articles imported from that country to the United States.

The principal articles of the \$25,000,000 increase in the exports of the United States to Mexico in the nine months ending with September, 1919, includes in flour a growth of \$4,250,000; wrought-iron pipes, \$3,500,000; crude petroleum \$3,250,000; automobiles, \$400,000; canned salmon over \$400,000; tin plates, \$250,000; structural iron and steel, \$225,000; and dyestuffs an increase of approximately \$150,000. The principal increase in imports to the United States from Mexico occurs in coffee, \$3,000,000, and crude petroleum, \$3,250,000.

PROSPERITY IN YOKOHAMA

(The Far-Eastern Review, December, 1919)

In 1913 there were 786 factories in Yokohama with 12,873 workmen, while in 1918 the number of factories increased to 1,660 with 32,295 employees. According to the latest investigation by the municipality, there are 466 commercial companies with an aggregated paid-up capital of 109,521,513 yen, and 210 industrial companies with a total capital of 50,712,240 yen. (Equivalent of 1 yen in United States money is 50 cents.)

TRADE OF CHINA

Eastern Commerce for December publishes a table showing the principal articles imported into China in 1918, with the percentage supplied by the United States. Among the articles mentioned are the following:

	Value, Dollars	Percentage from U. S.
Automobiles.....	1,518,666	48
Cigarets.....	28,612,390	47
Electrical materials and fittings.....	4,930,900	20
Iron and mild steel:		
Bars, new.....	3,739,522	37
Pipes and tubes.....	3,444,921	64
Sheets and plates.....	3,619,907	48
Galvanized wire.....	1,100,906	45
Steel bars, hoops, sheets, plates, etc.....	3,094,833	58
Tinned plates.....	5,039,511	40½
Machinery, textile.....	1,968,538	9

CHINESE-JAPANESE TRADE

(Report of Guaranty Trust Company).

Our correspondent, the Seventy-fourth Bank, in Yokohama, writes:

"From the beginning of the year 1919 to and including October, China bought from Japan commodities of the value of Yen 345,000,000, and during the same period Japan bought from China goods worth Yen 238,000,000, showing a balance in favor of Japan for the period of Yen 107,000,000."

VENEZUELA SUGAR INDUSTRY

The sugar industry of Venezuela has made rapid strides in recent years. Exportation began in 1915, when \$57,000 worth of sugar was shipped. Exports increased to \$500,000 in 1916 and \$1,000,000 in 1917. Later figures are not yet available.

BUILDING OPERATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

For the purpose of giving a precise measure of the building comparisons over a period of years, the following table showing the aggregate expenditures at 120 identical cities for eleven years past will be found interesting:

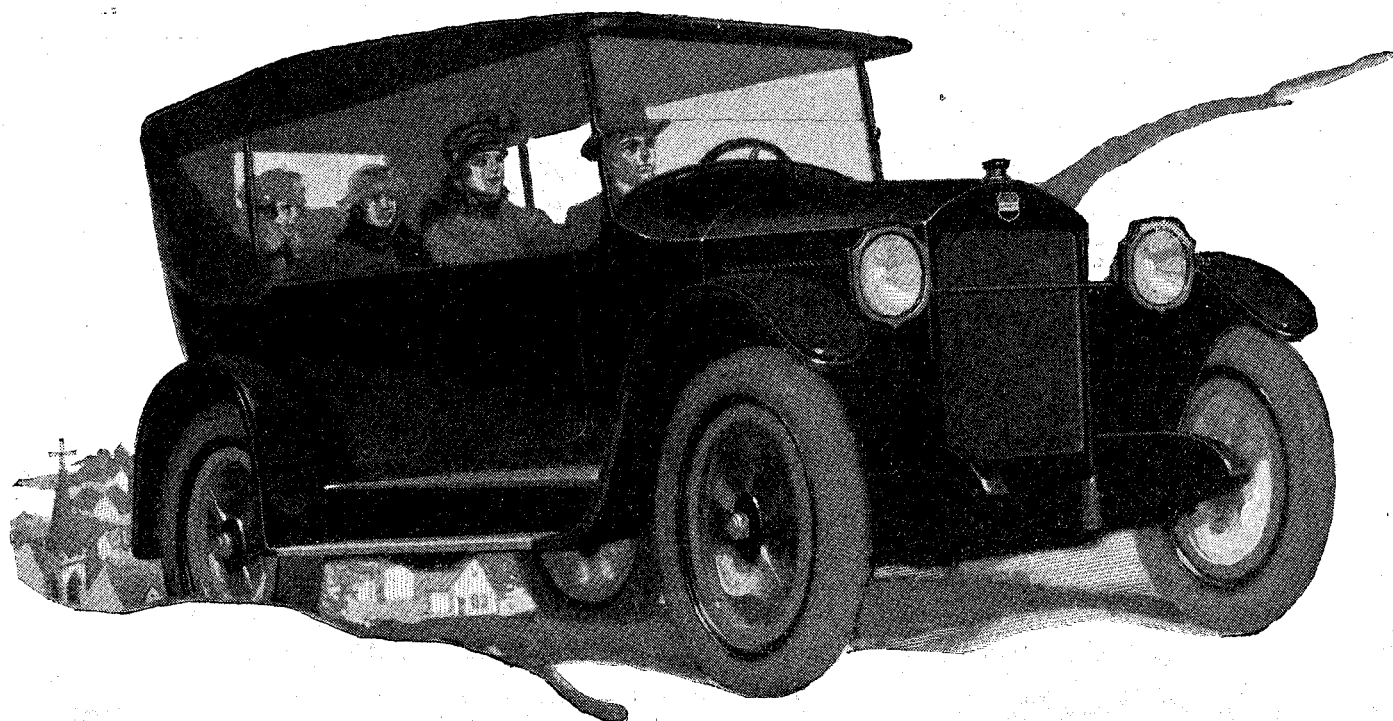
1909.....	\$888,114,741	1915.....	\$763,343,811
1910.....	846,991,622	1916.....	919,435,203
1911.....	824,147,884	1917.....	633,483,813
1912.....	879,094,308	1918.....	372,793,978
1913.....	814,509,360	1919.....	1,170,773,197
1914.....	728,801,072		

NEW YORK'S TRADE

(Bradstreet's)

Commerce passing through the port of New York in 1919, including both exports and imports, reached the unprecedented total of \$5,505,050,124, as compared with a total valuation of \$3,811,756,039 in the preceding year. The total for last year compares with an estimated total for the whole country of \$11,957,275,375.

Total duties collected at the port of New York were placed by the Collector at \$170,787,743, against collections made at all ports estimated at about \$255,000,000, from preliminary figures appearing in the daily Treasury statement. The figures for the commerce passing through the port last year were greater than the foreign trade for the whole country during the fiscal year 1915, when the aggregate of both exports and imports was \$5,333,267,542.



The soundness and the thoroughness of Liberty engineering have always made themselves pleasantly evident.

They are more evident now than ever.

The difference in Liberty riding and driving—which has its foundation in sound engineering—has always been distinct and delightful.

It is more distinct and more delightful now.

The smooth steadiness of Liberty performance has always been a distinguishing mark.

It is even more pronounced now.

Thus Liberty engineering has improved upon itself.

Not by turning away from a single basic principle or feature; but rather by steadfastly adhering to those principles, and refining their application to a still higher degree.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit



LIBERTY SIX



Perfectly appointed! For the latest thing in Full Dress Shirts, ask your dealer for Wilson Bro's French pique. \$3.50 to \$4.50.



Cool—distinctive! Our Pure Silk Broad cloth Shirt with French cuffs. White—also in colors and stripes. \$12 to \$15.



A shirt men buy by phone! Of fine soft white poplin "torched" to stand wear without soiling easily—always launders better than you expected. For business and sports wear—with soft or detached collar. \$4.50.



You can get this handsome shirt in silk fiber or fine madras—two most satisfactory fabrics for business wear. Hundreds of handsome patterns. \$2.50 to \$8.00.

How to Buy Good Shirts

YOU MEN pick shirts for looks and comfort. Wives, buying for you, look first at the fabric—for wear, laundering, quality and fast color.

When you see this label on a shirt you *know* these points—and a hundred others—have been taken care of.

If you had been doing one thing for 50 years, you'd do it well! Wilson Bro's have been making "Shirts That Fit" for 57 years—notable Americans for three generations have worn them.

Every step in the making of a Wilson Bro's Shirt is a scientific operation. All fabrics are rigidly tested for weave, wear and fast color—"cheap" fabrics are never used. The cloth is cut to brass-bound patterns representing the acme of comfort and style in design.

Every type and size of figure has been fitted. All Wilson Bro's Shirts are roomy across chest and under arms—that means comfort and minimum wear about the collar. Shrinkage of cloth and collar band is known exactly—sleeve length and cuffs are perfectly adjusted—seams are double-stitched, thread knotted under every button, button-holes reinforced.

Every Wilson Bro's Shirt—dress, silk, fibre or cotton—is laundered, inspected and packed with equal care in our sunny shops overlooking the open country-side.

Wilson Bro's "Shirts That Fit" give uniform comfort and satisfaction. Most men's-wear dealers have them—also Wilson Bro's Underwear for all seasons, "Strate-Cut" Neckwear, Hosiery, Night-wear, and all Wilson Bro's Furnishings for Men. Let your dealer fit you—then standardize.

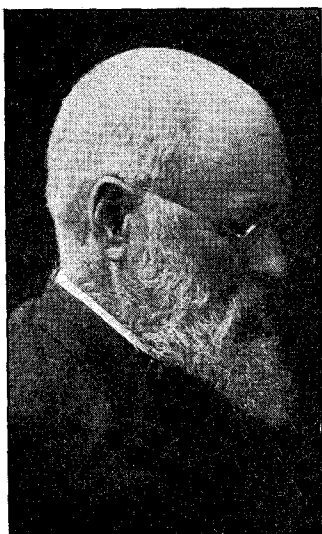
Wilson Bros

CHICAGO

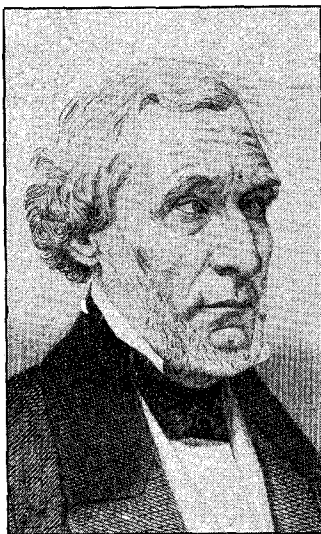
"THE EASIEST NAME FOR A MAN TO REMEMBER"

NEW YORK

PERSONAL - GLIMPSES



CHARLES A. DANA.



JAMES GORDON BENNETT, SR.



JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JR.



FRANK A. MUNSEY.

THREE GREAT NEWSPAPER MEN, AND THEIR HEIR.

Dana founded *The Sun*, the Bennetts founded and developed *The Herald*, Mr. Munsey acquired the relics by purchase, and merged them, together with the previously acquired *New York Press*, into a new daily, which may be considered typical of this age of "mosaic newspapers." Mr. Munsey had previously gained prominence and wealth through his fleet of very popular magazines.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, HEIR OF DANA AND BENNETT

WHEN THE TWO OLDEST NEWSPAPERS of New York came together under the ownership of Frank A. Munsey, the metropolis in particular and the world in general united to hail a magnate huge in the newspaper world as he had long been in the world of magazines, a giant in the allied arts of purveying news and fiction. "Mr. Munsey is a publishing genius," remarks the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, contemplating the recent event from across the border. The *New York Sun*, famous wherever newspapers are known for the really sunlike quality of its wit and humor in the old days under Charles A. Dana, and the *New York Herald*, founded by the elder James Gordon Bennett as the first sensational American newspaper, had both of them rather "lacked manly vigor in recent years," as Mr. Munsey remarks of *The Herald*, in his announcement of the merger. Under the title of *The Sun and New York Herald*, with Mr. Munsey's manly and vigorous hand at the helm, they start upon a joint career that is viewed with enthusiasm in many quarters, if with distrust in a few. "As his reward for twenty years of extensive effort, for twenty years of persistence in his sound journalistic principles, Mr. Munsey finds himself at the head of three of the greatest newspaper properties of the world," says the *Baltimore Sun*, which Mr. Munsey has owned for some time and which includes itself, with apologies, in the trinity now completed by *The Sun* and *Herald*.

Frank Andrew Munsey, we learn both from his own account and from several of his biographers, was one of those many barefooted country boys who start life with more in their heads than in their pockets. He was born in the little town of Mercer, Maine, in 1854, and educated in the public schools there. His business career started in a country store. From there he went to a telegraph office. However, as he himself informs us, in words suggestive of that particularly vivid sort of fiction in which he was, a few years later, to lay the corner-stone of his great wealth and fame, "the four walls of a telegraph office were to me as a cage to a tiger yearning for the boundless freedom of the jungle." This quotation is taken from a little booklet in which Mr. Munsey tells, in his own inimitable way, the story of the founding and development of the Munsey publishing

house. Fundamentally it is the story of Mr. Munsey, however, told by himself, rather than the story of his publishing business. Edward P. Mitchell, for almost sixty years a member of the *Sun* staff, thus comments in *The Sun* on this "modest opuscle," from which *THE DIGEST* is privileged to quote at length, later on:

There are not within the range of my information many human documents which have the dramatic interest, the illuminative and revealing value of a little book written years ago, almost for private circulation, by a man who is this morning at the head of four of the leading newspapers of New York. It tells with convincing candor and engaging sincerity of the struggles of one who came to this difficult town to try to establish a certain low-priced magazine of which he had formed the idea when a country boy away down in Maine. It is the story of a wonderful triumph of character over seeming impossibilities, by force of will, by force of integrity, by force of dauntless independence and self-reliance. The contents of that modest opuscle and the features of that unconsciously self-drawn portrait came back to me yesterday morning when I read the account of the transaction which adds the old *Herald* to the older *Sun*.

Starting on page 7 of this highly recommended, if modest, little autobiography, where Mr. Munsey turns to more personal considerations, we read:

It is probable that I never should have found myself in the publishing business but for the fact that the general manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company sent me to Augusta, Maine, to take the management of their office in that city. I was a youngster at that time, with life before me, and with an insatiable ambition. I had picked up telegraphy and was using it as a stepping-stone to something better, as a means to an end. But to get out of one kind of activity and into another for which one has no special training, is not easy. I learned this fact through bitter disappointment and many heartaches.

As Augusta was the capital of the State, and as I lived at the hotel where most of the legislative and other State officers stayed, I very soon acquired a pretty good knowledge of the strong men of the entire commonwealth. Their lives had scope; mine had none. I chafed bitterly under the limited possibilities of my environment, where ambition, and energy, and aspiration counted for little. My very soul cried out for an opportunity to carve out for myself a bigger life.

I lost no chance to make the acquaintance of men prominent in business and in public affairs, through whom I sought the opportunity to throw my life and energy into the work that

they had in hand. I KNEW AT THAT TIME, AS WELL AS I KNOW NOW, THAT I COULD DO THINGS. But the opening did not come my way. There were always sons or relatives, or people of political influence, who stood before me in line for the place.

I was pretty nearly as good a business man at that age, even, as I am now, and the tantalizing part of it was, I knew it. It was more than a conviction with me. It was a certainty. I was so sure of myself that I would willingly have given ten years of my life, without compensation, for a chance with some of the big concerns of the country—railroading, steel-manufacturing, shipping, banking, or any of the great staple industries.

It was more or less by accident that Mr. Munsey decided to carve himself out a larger life in the literary field rather than in railroading, shipping, or some other great business. His formal education had not gone far, but, as he tells us, he "absorbed a considerable superficial knowledge of publishing in Augusta," and conceived the idea of a juvenile magazine, to be conducted along the general lines of that lurid juvenile periodical called *Golden Days*, which, with its wild tales of murders, robberies, and daredeviltry, compared with the perfectly proper *Chatter-box* and *St. Nicholas* juveniles of that time somewhat as Mr. Munsey's contemporary fiction magazines compare with *Harper's* or *The Century*. Both in his magazine and newspaper ventures he has been compared to William Randolph Hearst in his readiness to give the public what a considerable portion of it seems to want. It took much hard work, however, to get the new Munsey ideas in fiction to the public that was waiting for it. Finally, after much tribulation, he managed to raise \$4,000 and went to New York to start *The Golden Argosy*, as his successor to *Golden Days* was to be called. He expatiates, with sincere and deep feeling:

Four thousand dollars! The overwhelming assurance, the audacious hope, the infinite nerve of this proposition astound me to-day, as I look back upon it and know what real publishing means in a town like New York—publishing that has the pretense to reach out for national support! But on such a slender possibility I threw away a certainty, cut myself off from friends and associates, and plunged into this great whirlpool of strenuous activity with a confidence and courage that knew no limitations.

It was pathetic, pitiable even, and the more so because I had barely landed here when I discovered that my plans for *The Argosy* were hopeless. A day's investigation made it clear that the information which had been furnished me, and on which I had based my calculations, was of a hearsay nature. It was worthless, and the difference between these worthless "facts" and the facts I dug out for myself was sufficient to make the whole proposition impracticable and impossible. All had to be discarded—the plans and figures and fancies of anxious months swept away in an instant.

It didn't take me very long to realize what failure meant to me. It meant just what everybody in Augusta had said it would mean. I had carefully concealed the fact that I was going to leave the city until the very day I started for New York. I gave an interview to a reporter of the *Kennebec Journal*, who was a very good friend of mine, and who was of so optimistic a turn of mind that the picture he drew of my forthcoming enterprise eclipsed even my own oversanguine fancies. This account served to heighten for the pessimistic community the ridiculous phase of the whole undertaking.

And while I say pessimistic, I don't say it with any sense of reflection on the people of Augusta. On the contrary, their view was sound and normal. After an experience of a quarter century, knowing the business as I know it, and having gone through it as I have gone through it, I doubt if there was more than one chance in a good many millions of my winning out in the publishing business, starting as I started. I was "up against it" good and hard, and I then learned for the first time the meaning of a sleepless night with that indescribable kind of heartache which makes a man feel that the foundations of everything have given way.

There was no turning back. The bridges had been burned behind me, and if they hadn't been, I wouldn't have gone back. Nothing could have induced me to go back. After a day or two of thought—that kind of intense thought which digs deep furrows into a man's soul—I pulled myself together, and worked out new and simplified plans for *The Argosy* which showed some margin of profit. The original scheme called for an entirely different shape of publication, with lithographed covers and many illustrations.

With my new plans perfected, I engaged a little room for an

office, bought an eight-dollar table and a couple of cheap wooden chairs, paper, pens, and ink. I had a basis to work from now. One can not do much without a focusing-point.

And now a second jolt that was worse than the first. My arrangement with my Augusta partner was that he would forward the twenty-five hundred dollars as soon as I called for it. I wrote for the remittance, but to my amazement he ignored the whole transaction. He had evidently taken fright at what everybody said would happen to me and my enterprise. Relying with childlike faith on this agreement, I had spent over five hundred dollars of my own money before leaving Augusta in the purchase of manuscripts for *The Argosy*. So, on landing in New York, I had with me a gripful of manuscripts and about forty dollars in cash.

Mr. Munsey was not dismayed by this situation. He took his scheme to a publisher, who agreed to bring the magazine out in his own name, retaining Mr. Munsey as editor and manager. Misfortune still pursued, however, and the publisher failed at the end of five months. Mr. Munsey continues the story of his hectic adventures:

My very life was centered in the work I had undertaken. I had been putting eighteen hours a day into it. I had been working with the most intense interest and keenest enthusiasm. The crash came like a bolt from the blue, and again left me pretty nearly high and dry, with but a few dollars in my pocket, as I had drawn only so much of my salary as I needed for my slight expenses.

That was a time of awful suspense, while *The Argosy* was in the hands of the receiver. Once it came pretty near being blotted out when it was offered to a rival publisher, who, if he had taken it over, would have merged it with his own publication. That was a close call, and it had a good many other close calls at that period.

In the end the situation cleared up in this way: I gave my claim against the house, amounting to something more than one thousand dollars, for the good-will of *The Argosy*. Then there began such a struggle as no man is justified in undertaking.

I had no capital, and no means of raising any. A bad phase of the matter was that a good many subscriptions had been received and the money used up. These subscriptions had to be carried out—that is, papers had to be printed and mailed every week to the end of the term paid for. No one had any faith in *The Argosy*, or believed it possible that I could pull it through. I could get no credit anywhere. The proposition was too risky for the paper-dealer, for the printer, and, in fact, for every one from whom I purchased supplies.

From a friend of mine in Maine I borrowed three hundred dollars, and what a tremendous amount of money it seemed! Not only every dollar, but every cent of that three hundred dollars counted vitally in the continuance, the keeping alive of *The Argosy*. And keeping it alive was about all I could hope to do, and about all I did do, for a good many months. It was then that I learned the publishing business basically, learned it as I never could have learned it under other circumstances, learned it in all its economies, in all its shadings and delicacies of shadings.

It was summer, when the publishing business is at its worst, when few subscriptions are coming in, and reading is at its lowest ebb. I was everything from editor and publisher down to office-boy. And editor with me meant writer and contributor as well. I wrote much of the paper myself—freshened and brought up to date old things that had been published years before. They were not quite so good as new material, but they were a great deal better than nothing. The main thought with me was keeping the paper alive, for so long as there was life there were possibilities, and in possibilities there was to me a kind of sustaining hope.

It would be a long story to tell the details of the awful struggle that ensued during the following months, and, in fact, during the three or four following years. There were many times—hundreds of times, I might almost say—when it seemed as if another number of *The Argosy* could not be produced. But with a determination to keep it alive at all hazards, a determination that amounted almost to an insane passion, I went on, and on, and on, confronting defeat on every hand, and yet never recognizing it.

In spite of the press of business matters, Mr. Munsey even found time to write for his magazine. "Afloat in a Great City," "Under Fire," and "The Boy Broker" are among the works he produced at this time. He gives us an intimate glimpse of the composition of one of his literary efforts, which, as he explains, he produced in order to use it as the foundation for an advertising campaign. His idea of literary composition, inter-

THE FRANKLIN CAR

STARTING with right principles is better than trying to modify other principles as time proves them incorrect. This is strikingly shown by the way the Franklin is leading all other fine cars in performance and in growth of sales.

The Franklin Car began with light weight and flexible construction, instead of with heavy weight and rigidity, and has consistently held to these correct principles. That's why it leads in easy riding, safe handling, economy and long life—and has for eighteen years.

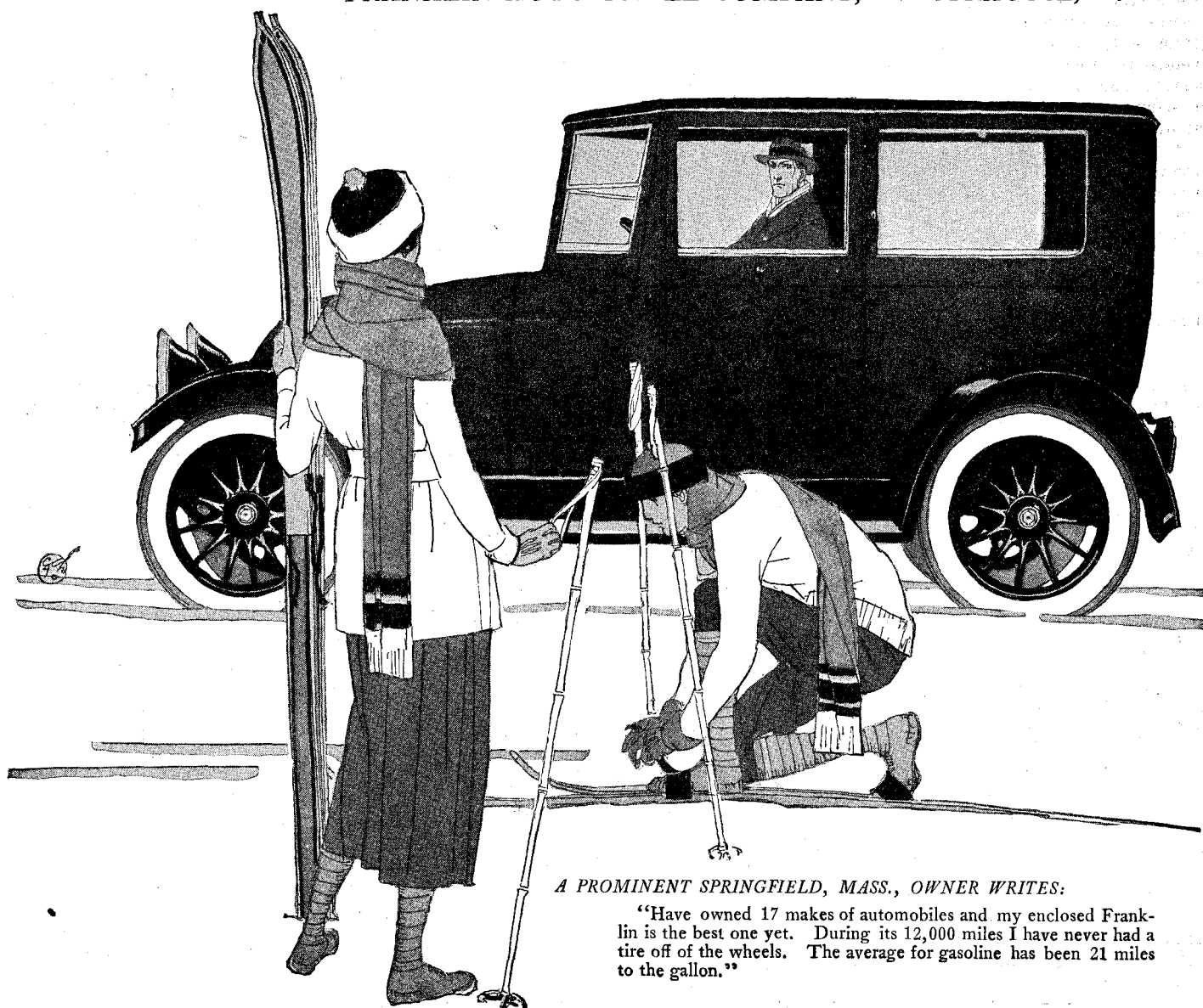
Right principles also account for the Franklin average of but three punctures, with no blowouts, in the life of a set of tires—12,500 miles.

At the outset, it was a Franklin conviction that freedom from temperature trouble could never be achieved with water cooling. Hence Franklin direct air cooling (no water to boil or freeze), which permits Franklin owners to enjoy relief from filling, draining, watching, worry and expense the year round.

This Franklin combination of light weight, flexibility, and direct air cooling gives definite results. Franklin owners can travel longest distances in a day; they enjoy the greatest all-season reliability, and profit by an economy not yet approached in any other fine car.

*20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation*

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



A PROMINENT SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OWNER WRITES:

"Have owned 17 makes of automobiles and my enclosed Franklin is the best one yet. During its 12,000 miles I have never had a tire off of the wheels. The average for gasoline has been 21 miles to the gallon."



LION HATS

LION HATS

The Right Hat for Real Men

GO today into a Lion store. Look over the stock of hats. You will be pleased with the variety of shades and shapes and with the uniform fineness of materials. ¶ Select the Lion Hat which appeals to you. Try it on. You will appreciate the manly, stylish

effect, and the way it *adapts* itself to your *individuality*. ¶ If a Lion store does not happen to be in your locality, let us know the name of your dealer. Next time you pass his store you'll probably find *your* Lion Hat waiting for you.

LANGENBERG HAT Co., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, U. S. A.

Established 1860

Manufacturers of Lion Hats, Caps and Gloves

31A

esting not only for itself but because of the "tips" it may contain for writers anxious to "break into" Mr. Munsey's several magazines, is suggested in the following paragraphs:

In the winter of 1886 I wrote my second serial story for *The Argosy*, to which I gave the title "Afloat in a Great City." I have never worked harder on anything than I did on that story, to put into it elements of dramatic interest that would get a grip on the reader. I wrote and rewrote the early chapters many times. It was midnight toil—work done by candle-light, after long days of struggle at the office. I wrote that story with a special purpose. I wanted something to advertise, and I put my faith to the test by plunging on it to the extent of ten thousand dollars.

I had never advertised before, because I neither had the means nor the credit with which to do it. I owed at this time something like five thousand dollars, and this advertising increased my indebtedness to fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars. I put out one hundred thousand sample copies containing the first instalment of my story. These I had distributed from house to house in New York, Brooklyn, and near-by sections.

Prior to this time *The Argosy* had made no permanent headway. Sometimes it was a little over the paying line, but more frequently on the wrong side, as is evidenced by the fact of my indebtedness. And there is no point in the whole publishing business that is so alluring and so dangerous as BEING ON THE VERGE OF PAYING. It is right here that more blasted hopes and wrecked fortunes are to be found than anywhere else.

The result of this advertising brought new life to *The Argosy*, so far increasing its circulation that it began netting a profit of one hundred dollars a week. Battered and worn by four years of toil and disappointment, with never a vacation, never a day for play, and rarely a night at the theater, I could with difficulty realize that *The Argosy* was actually bringing me in a clean hundred dollars a week. But it was not real profit, for the advertising bills were not yet paid.

I say I wrote that story in the winter. I should have said I began it in the winter and went on with it as it was published from week to week during the spring and summer.

The success of the spring advertising pointed the way to a greater success in the fall, and beginning with the reading season I threw myself into a circulation-building campaign that in its intensity and ferocity crowded a life's work into a few months.

By continuing to crowd lifetimes into months for something like half a year following, and spending ninety-five thousand dollars in advertising, Mr. Munsey made *The Golden Argosy* justify its name in financial returns. He writes vividly of these days of the blending of literature, advertising, and high finance:

I bought paper on time; I bought everything I could get on time. The very audacity of it all gave me credit, and more and more credit all the while. But, merciful Heavens! how the bills fell due, how the notes fell due! The cry from in town and out of town, from men on the road and from all the four corners of the earth, and in a thousand voices, was MONEY, MONEY, MONEY! The whole world had gone money-mad. We were living over a powder-mine and every minute brought a sensation—brought dozens of them—brought one hot upon another.

Five years of poverty, five years of awful struggle, and now the earth was mine—rich at last, richer than I had ever dreamed of being—a thousand dollars a week net, and every week adding to it by leaps and bounds—fifty thousand dollars a year, and all mine—next week sixty thousand, then seventy, and a hundred—a million, maybe—GREAT HEAVENS, AND IT WAS ALL REAL!

Then the powder-mine, the dynamite, the explosion, failure, disgrace, a fortune swept away, and all for the want of ready money to carry on the work. Gambling? No, never for a minute. It was sound to the center; right to the rim. And I had it in hand, on the very tips of my fingers—knew every move in the game—the bounding forward of the circulation proved it; the gold coming in proved it.

But the money to work it out, thousands of dollars every day? Where could I get it? How could I get it? And it meant riches, power, position, the world, the great big world!

With all these thoughts, these feelings, and a thousand others, and the work and the energizing of everybody, the enthusing of everybody, and the tension and intensity of it all, it was one great, dizzy, dazzling, glorious intoxication.

I was never a genius at borrowing money. The extent of my discounts during this period did not at any one time exceed eight thousand dollars at most. But somehow, some way, I always managed to get together the money to keep the wheels moving, to pay my help, and to throttle disaster.

During this campaign any one branch of my business was dramatic enough, and exacting enough on the nerves and physical endurance, to satisfy any normal man. But every branch was mine. The sensations all focused with me.

And in the very center of this frenzy, when the fight was hottest, I plunged in on another serial story. Night work? Of course, it was night work, midnight work, but I HAD TO HAVE IT—I wanted it for advertising.

I called the story "The Boy Broker." It alone added twenty thousand to the circulation. Six thousand words a week dragged out of me—dragged out at night after the awful activities of the day—a complete switch from red-hot actualities to the world of fancy, where by sheer will force I centered my thoughts on creative work and compelled myself to produce the copy. What a winter, what awful chances, and what a strain on vital energy and human endurance!

At the close of this campaign, early in May, 1887, *The Argosy* had reached the splendid circulation of one hundred and fifteen thousand copies, and was paying me a net income of fifteen hundred dollars a week. But my ambition was TO BUILD BIGGER, AND TO BUILD STRONGER.

Mr. Munsey, in part, realized this bigger and stronger ambition in *Munsey's Magazine*, which, as he says, "blazed the way for . . . most of the other magazines of the country." The publisher was always an experimenter, always ready to try some new trick if things went wrong. *Munsey's* was reduced from twenty-five cents to ten cents per copy, in the face of protests by the American News Company, and Mr. Munsey took it direct to the newsdealers of the country. "No human being except myself believed I could win out" in the fight with "this giant monopoly," writes Mr. Munsey. "I had no doubt about it. I was sure I had the combination to the vaults of success." Every one knows how thoroughly Mr. Munsey's theory, "the theory of giving the people what they wanted, and giving it to them at the right price," won out, financially at least, in spite of handicaps. *Munsey's* became, in several ways, the foremost American magazine. He concludes with these words of appreciation for himself:

If there has been any luck about this development, I can not tell you where it came in. I have told you of one or two of the fights, out of the many—one or two of the most dramatic scenes—but as a matter of fact it has been a fight all along the line. A business like this requires constant thought, constant watching, constant truing up, and constant energizing. And to do this successfully—to make the wheels go round—one must himself become a kind of human dynamo.

Some commentators fear, in considering Mr. Munsey's latest venture in the New York newspaper field, that the character of *The Herald* will be lost, in spite of the new publisher's assurance in his announcement of the merger that *Herald* readers will continue to have "a New York *Herald* as it was at its best, when Mr. Bennett was in his prime." Mr. Munsey has a strong character and, as might be expected, his magazines and newspapers partake strongly of it. *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston) remarks, "Mr. Munsey is a Republican in politics, while *The Herald* has always been regarded as a staunch organ of the Democratic party." Also, it is pointed out that Mr. Munsey has expressly declared against newspaper departments, for which *The Herald* was long famous, and against cartoons, which the veteran W. A. Rogers produced for *The Herald* up to the time of the merger. The New York *World* remarks:

The merger of *The Sun* and *The Herald* may, as Mr. Munsey says, result in "one very great newspaper." We wish him well in his undertaking, but the product will not be either *The Sun* or *The Herald*. In their time both of these newspapers were institutional. Whatever their decline may have been from the standards of Dana and the Bennetts, complete restoration under proper direction was always possible. What Mr. Munsey has done for *The Sun* he or somebody else might have done for *The Herald*.

New York journalism is to be emphatically the poorer by the loss of two such historic entities. In the case of *The Herald*, its elimination is a tragedy. The excellence of the surviving publication, no matter how pronounced, will hardly be a compensation for the removal of landmarks that ought to have endured.

In a similar, altho slightly more caustic, vein, the Rochester

Herald considers the subject, under a head-line reading "Mosaics of the Press":

It did not take long for Mr. Munsey, the Santa Claus of poor or orphaned newspapers, to conclude that the best way to "preserve the memory of the Bennetts" would be to annex what remained of their New York *Herald* to his New York *Sun*. No doubt this was a prudent decision. For Mr. Munsey's talents, as thus far revealed in the sphere of newspaper-making, do not lie in the direction of preserving the character and traditions of any of the numerous journals which his plethoric purse has acquired. Rather, they seem to shine most conspicuously in the process of throwing a variegated collection of newspapers together into one melting-pot, in the confident expectation that out of the fused mass in which all original individualities have been obliterated, there will emerge something new and strange and more to the public taste. . . . Few of these journalistic experiments have been profitable. . . .

Still, any field of adventure has its charm for Mr. Munsey, and the stories of his romantic experiments will probably long continue to entertain a lot of people. So long as his spirits continue to be those of unquenchable youth and unabashed ambition, the public, tho stubbornly declining to be drawn to most of his mosaically composed newspapers, is certain to derive refreshment from reading about them. Stories about Mr. Munsey and his doings with and to newspapers will always be good reading.

The story of the New York *Herald* is a fragment of history impossible to be neglected by any student of the American newspaper's development. So, in a different, tho no less significant sense, is the story of the New York *Sun*. Perhaps it is just as well for both the present generation and posterity that the story of *The Herald* is to end with its last chapter and is not to be mutilated and obscured as *The Sun's* has been by a grotesque and pitiful sequel.

JENKINS'S OWN STORY OF HIS KIDNAPING

WE NOW HAVE A CLEAR, concise, and convincing account of the kidnaping of W. O. Jenkins, American consular agent at Puebla, and of his subsequent arrest and imprisonment by the Mexican Government on the charge of conniving at his own kidnaping, given in his own words. Jenkins is still suffering from the shock and hardship incident to his capture. Mrs. Jenkins is also suffering from extreme nervousness as a result of anxiety over her husband's fate. It was a dejected household into which Wilbur Forrest, special correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, went to obtain an interview for his paper with the consular agent. *The Tribune* is the first newspaper to present Jenkins's complete version of his kidnaping. We read first a copy of the bulletin issued by the Mexican Secretary of the Interior setting forth the charge against Jenkins:

The Governor of Puebla has notified this department that in view of the investigations carried out by the criminal court of that city it is clearly proved that Mr. William O. Jenkins was in the towns of Santa Marta and San Barnabe during the period of his presumed abduction, in the amicable company of the rebel leader, Federico Cordova. Various witnesses presented themselves and sustained the charges against Mr. Jenkins that he was not with the rebels as a prisoner. It is proved, therefore, that the assertions made by the consular agent are false; that is, that he was unaware of the places he was taken to by the rebels and that he was blindfolded. Furthermore, numerous witnesses have declared that Mr. Jenkins had, before his disappearance, personally furnished the rebels with arms and ammunition. The authorities, according to law, are continuing their investigations in this matter.

Because he has the force of all the Mexican governments against him, Americans who are watching the case believe that Jenkins will be convicted and that his only hope is that the American Government will intervene and put a stop to an impending tragedy. Jenkins's story as it is given by Mr. Forrest follows:

It was on Sunday night, October 19, about nine o'clock, that we had just finished playing cards, and before retiring I started out to inspect the factory. This has been my custom every Sunday night for years. I retire early because the mill does not operate on Sunday night, and I must arise early to begin the

week. As I entered the factory door I was attacked by five men, all armed with pistols, and was told by the leader that if I made any resistance or sound I would be immediately killed. Knowing the desperate character of such men, and with the odds completely against me, I considered it useless to attempt any resistance and was searched for weapons; none being found, my hands were tied. I thought that these men were mere robbers, as there had recently been in Puebla as well as in Mexico City innumerable cases of hold-ups, and I thought I was dealing with one of these bands. We have, as you will see, no neighbors within a block.

Upon having my hands tied, I was told by the leader of the bandits to accompany them to the office, and there the keys to the safes were taken from my pocket and the entire contents of the two safes were taken, consisting of the sum of 50,263 pesos and sixty-five cents in Mexican gold and silver coin. Watches and pistols which also were in the safe were taken, and even the watchman's clock. Incidentally, the watchman, I have forgotten to mention, was bound and gagged before I had entered the factory.

There are no banks in Mexico at the present time, as the Government confiscated them long ago, and there is no paper money, so it is necessary for every business man to be his own banker. In one of the safes was 105 pesos of American consular funds in gold, and this was taken along with the rest.

As soon as the money had been taken from the safes the leader of the band sent two of the men ahead with it, and I did not see them again. I was then informed that I also was to be taken, and I used every possible argument to dissuade the leader, explaining to him that my father had just suffered an apoplectic stroke and any great worry might prove fatal; that my wife was not well and could not stand any great nervous shock; that he had already taken an enormous sum of money from me and that I was not in a position to pay any further ransom. He immediately replied that so far as the payment of any further sum was concerned I need not worry, as he did not want my money, but wanted the Mexican Government to pay not only the ransom he would demand but the money he had taken from my safes as well, and it was absolutely necessary for him to carry me away, on account of the fact that he desired to give a severe blow to the actual government, and could do that only by taking some one with an official character, and that he felt sure that the United States Government would exact of the Mexican Government immediate reparation for all loss.

I tried to explain to him that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to make the Mexican Government pay any ransom; that such a proceeding would be very long and tedious and that, in the meantime, I, an innocent object of his political plans, would suffer greatly, and probably lose my life.

He was very profuse in his explanation that he meant no harm to me personally, but that it was indispensable to carry away a "consul" to make his blow properly felt. Seeing the futility of further argument, I asked to be allowed to speak to my wife, which he reluctantly permitted.

The leader accompanied me, with his pistol constantly covering my body, to a point near the house where I could call my wife, and then he immediately made me return to the office, where we awaited her coming. When she came, I explained to her as best I could, considering the state of her excitement and my own, what had happened and what the men proposed to do. She united her pleas with mine, offering the leader everything we had that he wanted if he would desist, but it was entirely useless.

Mrs. Jenkins was ordered by the leader to telephone to the British Vice-Consul, William Hardaker, an intimate friend of the Jenkins family, and tell him of the proposed kidnaping. But Hardaker was in Mexico City at the time. Soon after captors and captive started on the trip to the back country, where Jenkins was kept in hiding. He was transferred at frequent intervals so that other outlaw bands roaming in the neighborhood would not learn of his identity and attempt to capture him as a prize for themselves. At last, forced to endure many hardships, Jenkins was completely worn down, and was suffering with rheumatism. He was satisfied that the leader of the band was Federico Cordova. His story continues:

During captivity I frequently talked to the coronel and discuss my status. He was very angry that the Mexican Government had not offered at once to pay the 300,000 pesos demanded for my ransom. I have neglected to mention that the coronel had instructed me to inform my wife in my letters that I would be immediately shot if any attempt was made to follow the bandits or attack them while I was a prisoner. He also instructed me to tell Mrs. Jenkins to hurry as much as

OUTLINE OF HY-TEMP CONVEYOR BELT STANDARD PORTLAND CEMENT CO. LEEDS, ALA.

LOADING
HOPPER

CROSS-SECTION OF
CONCRETE WATER TANK

20

16"

**Specified GOODYEAR HY-TEMP
CONVEYOR BELT 16" 5 PLY.**

TOTAL LENGTH 72'-2"
HEAD PULLEY 20"x18" TAIL PULLEY 16"x18"
6 TROUGHING IDLERS UNEQUALLY SPACED
TOP COVER 1/8" PULLEY SIDE 1/16"
CRESCENT FASTENERS USED
F.P.M. 196.3 T.P.H. 60 TEMP 200° UP
MATERIAL DELIVERED 30" FROM TAIL
POWER DELIVERED AT HEAD PULLEY
LUMPS VARY IN SIZE FROM 1/4" to 5"
ANGLE OF INCLINATION 12°

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Hot Clinker, a Conveyor—and the G.T.M.

Hot cement clinkers, 200° and over, to be carried from open storage to the grinding mills, were the crux of the conveying problem put up by the plant superintendent to the G. T. M.

The G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—gave that situation expert study embracing every process in cement manufacture at the plant of the Standard Portland Cement Co., Leeds, Ala. He realized that here was an unusual problem. The clinker could not be cooled sufficiently in the processes previous to conveying. The best thing to do would be to provide some means of cooling it as it came onto the belt.

So he made two recommendations: a heat-resistant Goodyear Hy-Temp Conveyor Belt, known to be capable of withstanding as much as 200°; and a cooling vat through which the belt might run as it struck the tail pulley and come up dripping with a film of cold water that would cool the clinker dropping from the hopper. Both recommendations were approved.

Up to September 1, 1919—after six months of operation—this Goodyear Hy-Temp Conveyor had carried 61,000 tons of clinker. The Standard

Portland Cement Co. credits a saving of \$300 in belt cost alone to this Goodyear Conveyor. Besides, it has effected a high operating economy. A letter from them states that the Company is "so pleased with its performance that we have ordered a duplicate for replacement, although from present appearances this belt will continue to give good service for some time."

Wherever heats up to 200° are registered on conveying jobs, in mines, in coking plants, in cement factories, Goodyear Hy-Temp Conveyor's special construction sets up new records in heat-resistance, ability to withstand abrasion, and quantity of tonnage delivered.

Working with your own plant superintendent, the G. T. M. can make an analysis that assures intelligent specification of the belt to the duty required. The G. T. M.'s services are yours without charge or obligation. If his suggestions and the Goodyear Belt he recommends prove as valuable in your service as in the instance cited here, and in hundreds of similar cases the country over, our return will be amply guaranteed by your satisfaction.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World

BELTING · PACKING GOODYEAR HOSE · VALVES

possible the arrangement for my ransom, and gave me a copy of certain conditions that he said had been sent to her. These conditions stated that unless the money was paid by a certain date I would be shot.

In the meantime, due to great activity on the part of Señor Eduardo Mestre, my intimate friend and attorney, I was located by my friends on the Friday following my capture, that is, on the day Mestre, in a conversation with Cordova in his camp, gained Cordova's admission that he was holding me. I knew nothing of this until Saturday, when Cordova himself, accompanied by Mestre, came to the place where I was being kept. Cordova repeated in Mestre's presence what he had told me on the night of my abduction: that he regretted causing me so much trouble, but that he was only an intermediary and could not release me until the entire 300,000 pesos was paid. Mestre saw my deplorable condition, and I felt I could not live much longer without medical attention, as my leg was growing worse constantly. I told Mestre that something must be done, and while I resisted the idea of paying the ransom, still I agreed to it in view of my condition. Mestre explained to Cordova the impossibility of raising such a sum on short notice and the inconvenience of bringing out such an amount in gold, pointing out that the gold would weigh several hundred pounds. Also it was pointed out to Cordova that in case of my death no ransom could be collected, and that Mestre saw I was very ill.

He wanted to take me with him at once, but Cordova flatly refused, but after leaving me he and Mestre came to an agreement to deliver me the next day against the payment of at least 30,000 pesos in gold, all the drafts that could be secured, and a document signed by friends of mine, responding with their lives for the payment of the balance.

On Sunday morning Cordova started with Jenkins in the direction of Puebla, and eventually, after much suffering, Jenkins got through. The initial payment on the ransom was made, and the consular agent was taken to the American hospital. There he read in an official government paper the charge that he had connived at his own kidnaping. The story continues:

After being discharged from the hospital and recovering sufficiently to travel I went to Mexico City, where I explained all the circumstances to those in the American Embassy. When I returned home I learned that the authorities had sent to a former plantation of mine, Santa Lucia, and arrested a number of peons, who live on the plantation, and taken them to Atlixco, a village not far away. After trying for several days to make them testify in the Atlixco court that they had seen me during my abduction in amicable company with the rebels, they resorted to other means. Three of the peons were taken outside the prison, while others were left inside, in the presence of a Carranza officer, who had been trying to force them to agree to testify against me. A volley was heard outside, and a Carranza soldier entered to tell the officer that his orders had been complied with and that Ignacio Justo, one of the prisoners taken out, had been shot. Another volley, and it was announced that José Ascension had been shot. A few moments later another volley was solemnly reported to have disposed of the third prisoner.

The officer notified the remaining ones that such treatment would be theirs unless they testified they had seen me on Santa Lucia plantation. Of course, they agreed to testify. I was confronted with this evidence in the Puebla criminal court when I returned from Mexico City. The judge of the Atlixco court was there with written declarations to prompt the peons in their testimony. I questioned them until it was too apparent that the evidence had been forced, and then I declined to question them further. An order was made for my arrest, but the authorities late in the afternoon changed their minds and allowed me to go home.

It was apparent that the civil and military authorities had combined against me. I tried to send a message to the American Embassy in Mexico City by special messenger, but he was stopped and not allowed to go.

For two days they held their peon witnesses *incomunicado*. I was haled into court by the judge, who advised me that I was under arrest for false judicial testimony, on the basis of my denial that I had been on Santa Lucia farm with the rebels, as the peons had testified. I was also advised that I was charged with having threatened peons on the same farm if they told of my having been there, and that I had defrauded the nation and was guilty of rebellion. I protested against this charge, and when advised by the judge that I could secure my release on bail I refused to accept bail, telling the judge that if I was guilty I wanted to be punished, and if not guilty I wanted to be free. However, I assured him in no uncertain terms that I was not guilty, and that I would rot in jail before I would ask him for any favor at all.

In order to get my testimony before the United States Government at least, I requested that some one from the American Embassy in Mexico City come to Puebla to take the depositions of my witnesses. This was done, and the State Department has this evidence.

On Wednesday, November 19, about two o'clock, the backbone of the Puebla authorities seemed to have stiffened sufficiently to make another move. Governor Cabrera himself notified the court that he would no longer assume personal responsibility for me, and I was arrested and taken again to the state penitentiary.

On Thursday I received a visit from Mr. Hanna, of the American Embassy in Mexico City, but the authorities refused to allow us to speak in private, and Mr. Hanna left. He returned again, however, on Friday, and this time they allowed us to converse alone.

On Thursday night, the 20th, I was taken from the penitentiary about eight o'clock, and conducted to the court, but as my attorney had not been notified I refused to have any connection with the proceedings. After standing around in the cold until after ten o'clock I was taken back to the penitentiary.

On the morning of the 21st Jenkins was taken to court again. Here he was confronted by another set of witnesses from the Santa Lucia plantation. Many were wives of former ignorant witnesses, and their evidence was absurd in the extreme. The declaration of one woman was in Spanish, and when, after it had been read to her, she was asked to ratify it, it developed that she had no knowledge of that language and spoke Aztec only. This was too much for the judge himself, and he suspended the case. Jenkins was advised that he could present his own witnesses. These he had been unable to hold in the city because of the refusal of the court to hear their testimony. Effort was made to change the court on the ground of juridical incompetence, but to no avail. On December 4 Jenkins was allowed to go home to procure letters he had written to his wife during captivity, and returned to court that evening at seven o'clock. He was again confronted with false witnesses. But it was noted that they were inclined to contradict their evidence, and, under cross-examination, it developed that they had been forced under threats of death at Cholula, to make their statements. The story proceeds:

Justino Fernandez, the secretary of the village, confessed that he had been forced to sign his statement because they had hanged him by the neck to a rafter of a stable adjoining the court-room and told him that unless he signed he would immediately be killed. He confessed that he had never seen me in his village or anywhere else. I personally examined the rope-marks on his neck and so did the judge.

At this stage of the game the court was dismissed without examining more witnesses, but the remainder undoubtedly would have had more stories of torture to tell if they had been allowed to talk.

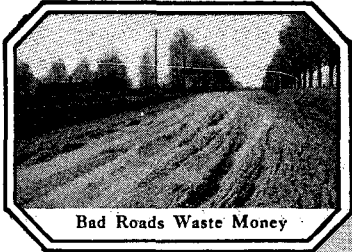
During the examination the judge manifested the greatest excitement, repeatedly exclaiming that this would cause a great scandal.

The judge informed me that I might present my witnesses at ten o'clock the following day.

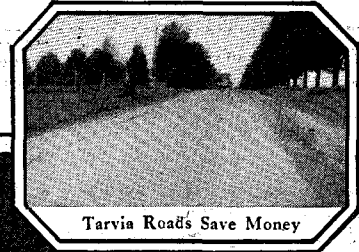
On Thursday night, December 4, at midnight, I was aroused in the penitentiary by the Puebla inspector of police and advised that I was needed urgently in court. At first I refused to go, protesting that the hour was entirely inappropriate. The inspector, however, told me that he had orders to take me, whether I wanted to go or not.

You may imagine my feelings and misgivings at being aroused at midnight, the blackest hour of the night, to accompany men in whose country the *ley fuga*—the law of flight—is often invoked to rid prisoners of their lives on the illegal pretense that they have tried to escape. It was creepy, and I felt that my life was in danger. I could not conceive that a court of law would be open at midnight, even in Mexico. However, there was nothing to do but go. I finally dressed and accompanied him, not without asking him repeatedly for what purpose I was required at such an unearthly hour. He persistently refused to tell me.

I was conducted out in the darkness, and it was the darkest night I had ever seen during nineteen years in Mexico. But it was to my home that I went. I was told that I was free, but on what grounds I have been freed I could not ascertain even tho I asked repeated questions. I thought that on account of the sensational revelations of the Santa Marta Indians the Government had decided to cease its persecutions, or possibly that I had been freed by express orders of the authorities at

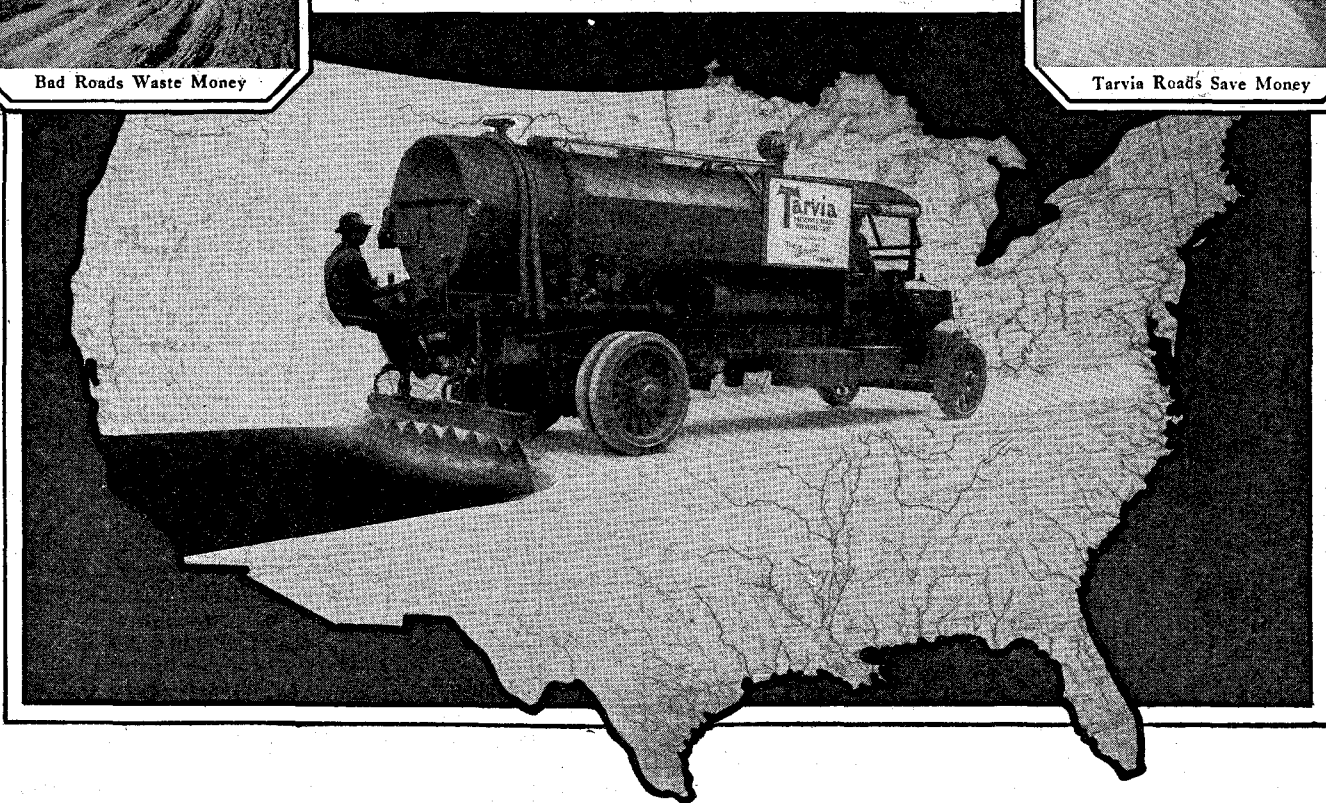


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Mexico City. I was naturally glad to be free, after sixteen days in prison.

The following day I presented my witnesses to the court. It was impossible to get them examined, because, to my great astonishment, I learned that Judge Gonzales Franco had been removed. Why the judge who had heard the confessions of the Santa Marta Indians, thereby exploding the Government's charges, should have been removed it was impossible to say. There were rumors, however, that he had been ordered by the Governor to destroy the records of the testimony of the Santa Marta Indians, and had refused—this refusal resulting in his removal. It was also rumored that he was suspected of being in my pay.

The judge's successor was the judge from Atlitico, the same one who had seen the Santa Lucia Indians tortured to make them declare falsely.

It was wholly apparent, at this time, that no justice could be procured in this court, and I determined to have little to do with the new judge pending a decision on our appeal for a change of venue to the federal court. Decision on the appeal has been left to the Supreme Court at Mexico City.

I, however, demanded of the court the reason for my release. I was told that I had been released on bail, a certain American, J. Salter Hanson by name, having signed my bond. When I became aware of this I was furious. I had never heard of Hanson in my life and to this day know nothing about him. If I see him I shall try to restrain myself from punching his head. There could be little doubt that he came here at the instance of the Mexican authorities.

I immediately made application in writing, for the cancellation of the bond and presented it to the judge. I was told that I would be sent for when needed. Up to now they have not seen fit to need me except to call me into court frequently for minor things just to keep me in hot water.

Jenkins made constant applications to the new judge for certified copies of the evidence containing the confessions of the tortured Indians. The judge made excuses that no copies had been taken. Eventually Jenkins demanded to be shown the book in which the official reporter had copied the evidence. To the mock amazement of the judge and to the utter amazement of Jenkins, the evidence had disappeared.

Shortly before the *Tribune* correspondent left Mexico the Supreme Court handed down its decision with regard to the jurisdiction of the Jenkins case. The appeal to the federal court was answered by a meaningless decision, which said, in effect, that the federal court "had jurisdiction." It failed to state whether the Puebla criminal court did not have jurisdiction, and Jenkins and his attorney, the latter also arrested, the released on bail, for various offenses similar to those charged against Jenkins, were in ignorance as to what court would try them.

"CHARLIE" SCHWAB'S VIEW OF ANDREW CARNEGIE

ANDREW CARNEGIE as a captain of industry is a character that we know little about. We know him chiefly as a donor, that having been his chief business since his retirement many years ago. Interest, therefore, attaches to an article by his chief lieutenant, Charles M. Schwab, on "Carnegie's Way," printed in *The Nation's Business* (Washington). In it Mr. Schwab tells how the ironmaster enlisted in his service the skilled men of his trade and brought out the best that was in them by methods that other executives might follow. Mr. Schwab's acquaintance with his former chief extended, he tells us, over a period of forty years. They met first when Schwab was a boy and Carnegie a summer visitor to the Alleghenies. Even in those early days, we are told, his personality was such as to inspire to better efforts and an appreciation of the finer things in life—not by written or spoken words, but by his attitude toward life. We read further:

"Never before perhaps in the history of industry has a man who did not understand the business in its working details, who made no pretense of being a technical steel-manufacturer, or a special engineer, built up such a great and wonderfully successful enterprise as did Mr. Carnegie. It was not because he was a skilled chemist or a skilled mechanic, a skilled engineer or a skilled metallurgist; it was because he had the faculty of enlisting people who were skilled in those arts.

"While it may be an easy thing to enlist the interest of such men, it is quite a different thing to get their best efforts and loyal support. In that Mr. Carnegie was paramount over all men that I have ever known.

"The tremendous results which Mr. Carnegie secured were always obtained through a spirit of approval and never of criticism. Mr. Carnegie was always one to take you by the hand and encourage and approve. It was the rarest thing in the world to hear him criticize the actions of others, especially in a business sense.

"How every man responds with his best efforts under such conditions! In my wide association in life, meeting with many and great men in various parts of the world, I have yet to find the man, however great or exalted his station, who did not do better work and put forth greater effort under a spirit of approval than he would ever do under a spirit of criticism.

"Many years ago when I was manager of the Braddock works, at a time when money was not too plentiful in the Carnegie Company, I had asked permission to put up a new converting-mill, and it had been built. It was everything I expected it to be, everything I promised Mr. Carnegie it should be, and he came out to Braddock to see it.

"As I was showing him around the works and explaining the new mill he looked into my face and said: 'Charlie, there is something wrong about this. I can see by your expression that you are disappointed. There is something wrong with this mill.'

"I said: 'No, Mr. Carnegie; it is just exactly what I told you it would be, and we have reduced our cost to the point that I said we would. But if I had it all to do again there is one thing which has just recently been discovered that I would introduce here, and that I am sure would result in further economy.'

"He said: 'Well, what does that mean? Can you change this work?'

"I said: 'No, it would mean tearing this down and rebuilding it.'

"'Why,' he said, 'then that's the right thing to do. It's only a fool who will not profit by anything that may have been overlooked and discovered after the work is done. Tear it down and do it again.'

"And altho that converting-mill had been running two months we did tear it down and we did rebuild it, and the return upon the capital thus expended repaid the great firm many fold.

"That spirit was characteristic of Mr. Carnegie. He did not say in criticism, 'Why didn't you think of this before?' If he had been that type of man, who would say that sort of thing to me or to any manager, he would never have learned of this new idea that had developed, and as a result the firm would not have reaped the benefit of the better mill. But that is the way Mr. Carnegie inspired us all.

"Another phase of his character was thoroughness, and that may be illustrated by this, which shows how his mind worked all around a subject. In those olden days when perhaps we had a profit statement which showed that the firm had made five or six hundred thousand dollars in a month, or possibly more, and I would go to him with pride and say, 'Mr. Carnegie, we have made \$500,000 this month,' it would not be a spirit of gratification alone that he manifested.

"He would say: 'Show me your cost sheets. It is more interesting to know how cheaply and how well you have done this thing than how much money you have made, because the one is a temporary result, due possibly to special conditions of trade, but the other means a permanency that will go on with the works as long as they last.'

"During the Great War the one spirit that seemed to animate every man, no matter how great his station in life—and indeed, the greater or the more aristocratic that was, the more he tried to live up to it—was the spirit of democracy. Mr. Carnegie all the years of his life was the simple democrat that we preach of to-day. He never had a particle of snobbishness in his character, nor could he tolerate it in others.

"He numbered among his friends not alone the great and the rich and the powerful of the world, but the honest workingman and woman in any capacity who was truly doing the best possible in a straightforward way to accomplish something.

"Among Mr. Carnegie's best friends were those he made in business. He had no weak sentiment as to business, but he believed that it was best accomplished under happy conditions. A certain picture used to hang on the wall in the directors' room of the Carnegie mill.

"It seems that some criticism was made that it was not sufficiently dignified for the place. That reached Mr. Carnegie's ears and he sent the picture to me and said, 'Hang this in your room.' It was a picture of a jolly old monk who owned nothing but the robe on his back. Mr. Carnegie added, 'Any time that you feel blue or inclined to be despondent just look at

When the Boss Hits the Ceiling



When you hand the boss a bunch of bills, instead of glancing at them and scribbling his O.K. as in the good old days, he just roars and GOES UP IN THE AIR!

And no wonder! Everything has been going up and up! And the situation has been growing worse and WORSE, with no improvement in sight, and—

Well, when the boss gets down somewhere near terra firma again, why don't you take him one side and explain gently but firmly,

That you know one big thing that can be done. That it may not solve all his troubles, but that it certainly will as far as printing is concerned.

That if he agrees to it he can begin right then and there to SAVE MONEY on printing instead of losing it—That printing delays will be turned into johnny-on-the-spot deliveries—

That the work can all be done by his own help, in his own office under closest supervision—That it will enable him to take advantage of sales opportunities he can't look at now—That it will build new business, and help land the old.

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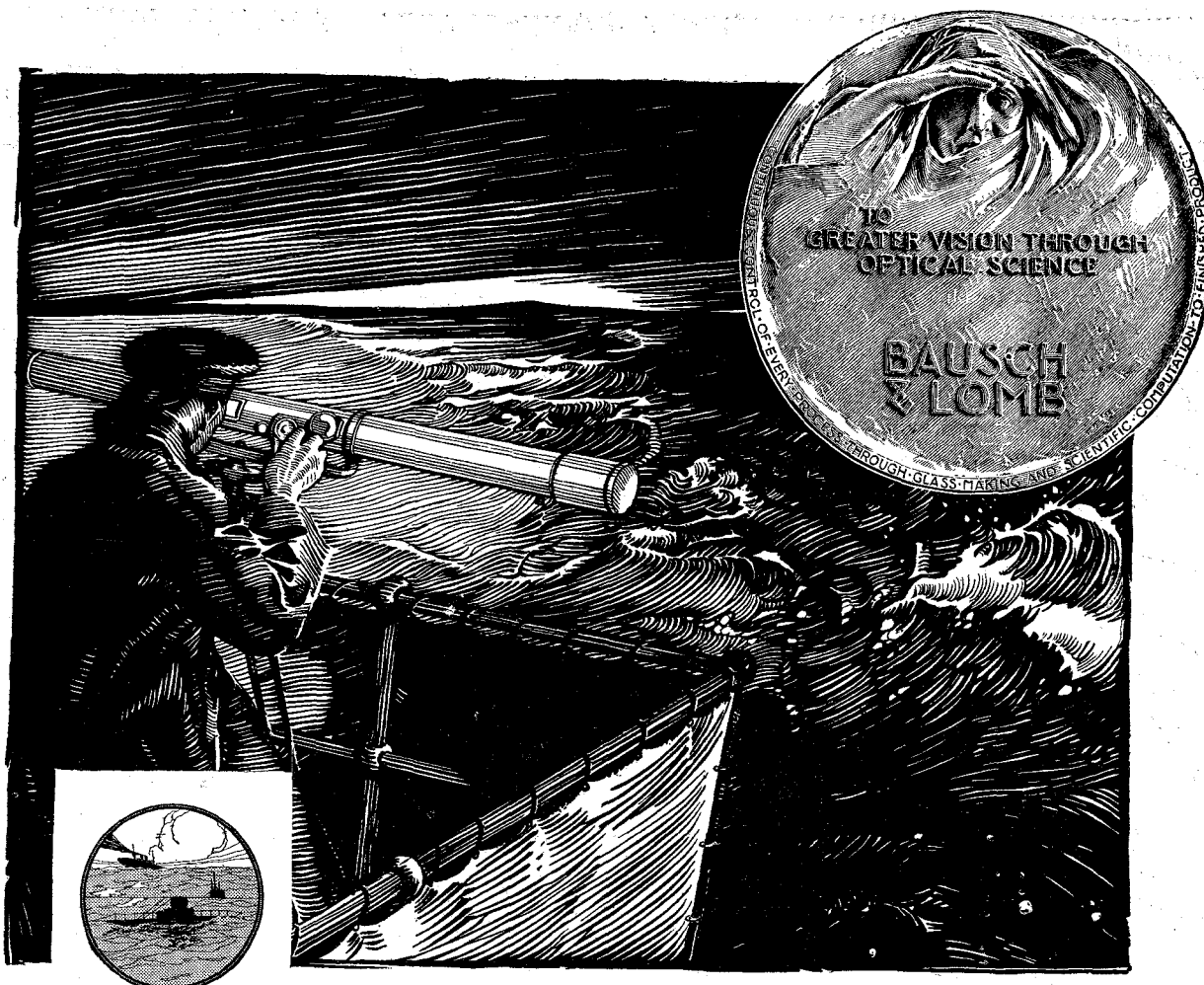
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Do you know how our gunners find the range or distance of an enemy target—a submarine far off in gray wastes of sea, or an enemy post on a distant hill-side? They train a "range-finder" on it, turn a screw till the halves of the image meet, and read the distance in yards or meters directly from a scale.

It is a matter of seconds only. Through deflection of light rays by a movable prism, the instrument measures angles and computes the distance, mechanically, accurately, instantly.

But distances are so great, and angles so infinitesimally small, that the slightest flaw in the glass, the slightest error in computation or formula, the tiniest deviation in edge or side of the many-angled prisms, will destroy the instrument's usefulness—turn a hit into a miss, perhaps victory to defeat.

That we were able in a great emergency to supply our Government not with the usual few

score, as in former years, but literally with thousands of range-finders, and at no sacrifice of Bausch & Lomb scientific standards—

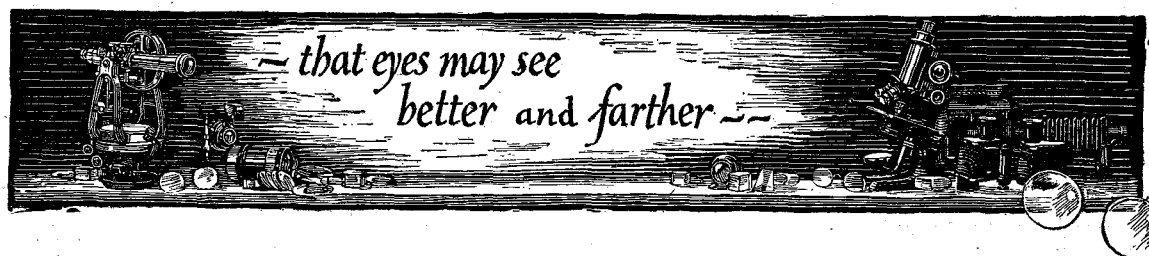
That even when working to a thousandth part of a millimeter we have been able to devise *machines* for large-scale production of range-finders, binoculars, gun-sights, aiming-circles, searchlight mirrors, periscopes—all the optical instruments of modern warfare—

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this old monk's happy countenance and your depression will disappear.'

"He used to say, 'Always remember that good business is never done except in a happy and contented frame of mind.' That was Mr. Carnegie's philosophy; that is the way he acted with all of us boys, and that is the reason we loved him so much.

"Mr. Carnegie has not departed, except in the body; his influence and the imprint that he made on the minds of all of us live with us to-day just as strongly as ever. He was a great man among men. He has left his influence and the force of his personal philosophy upon thousands, not because of his great business ability nor his vast philanthropies, but because of the ideals that he practised and that he set for every man who has his life to live."

THE UNSKILLED WORKER'S PLACE IN MODERN INDUSTRY

IN THE FIRST PLACE, he ought not to exist. Work that demands no skill should be done, not by men, but by machinery, says Harry W. Kimball, employment manager of the Arnold Print Works. If work can not be done by a machine it is really skilled labor and should be classed as such. All such work can be developed and trained. There is a right and a wrong way, even of shoveling coal. Yet in every industry, Mr. Kimball reminds us, there are still jobs classed as "unskilled." The problems of this unskilled labor, and the changed conditions under which it must be employed and controlled are set forth in his article. The "unskilled" man in flannel shirt and overalls is now frequently paid more, Mr. Kimball says, than the clerk in "boiled shirt" and stiff white collar. The latter may have to drop into the unskilled class to better himself. The really unskilled man is a drifter. We read thus of him in Mr. Kimball's article, which we quote and condense from *Industrial Management* (New York):

The real problem of the unskilled worker is how to keep a good one when you get him. Every employment manager recognizes that if you get a man with a family he is likely to stay. Such a man has given hostages to fortune. It is foolish to employ for an inside task the man who likes an outside job. There are many men who feel stifled under cover and are restless when working indoors. Another kind of unskilled worker is the man who wants an easy place. He is constitutionally tired.

There are certain jobs where the main necessity is simply continual presence and a fair amount of attention to simple processes, and in such jobs these men often make good.

Men without families often have other ties to hold them. In one plant I know of there are many Italians who have on the whole proved good workers and dependable. They have brought their friends to the plant from many other places and thus have aided in maintaining the supply of unskilled labor. The companionship of fellow workers of their own nationality has proved one of the forces which has kept them from wandering. While an undue emphasis upon racial spirit is not wanted in these days when Americanization is the dominant note, yet a wise recognition of deep racial instincts and feelings, and a sympathy with these, may be effective in dealing with groups of workers in whose hearts the sense of nationality is still strong.

The way in which the unskilled worker is introduced to the plant is important. Far more than with the skilled employee, a congenial environment will be apt to make him contented. The lunch-room should not be overlooked. If these men can get something good to eat and something hot to drink it will be considered as an asset of the job.

The unskilled worker too often is treated as tho he were not a human being. He is known by a number, sworn at by irritated foremen, ordered about as tho he were a dog, and fired as tho the welfare of himself and family was not worthy of consideration. Recognition of his selfhood is what he wants.

Men are more insistent to-day that they be treated as men and not as mere cogs in the machinery. The unskilled workers to-day demand good working conditions. The very latest and the very best in plant equipment is required, else your unskilled workers will inevitably gravitate to plants where working conditions are better.

If the unskilled worker is to be kept on his job there must also be a recognition of the monotony of his task. He will do more and better work if he is allowed to relax now and then during his day of toil. Let him stop for a moment's chat with a fellow worker, for a visit to the lunch-room, for a refreshing drink, or, better still, have the drink brought to where he is,

or even let him rest for a few moments of smoking where this is practical.

Many salaried men have felt a little jealous as they have seen the wages of the unskilled worker mount to an equality with their own and even beyond. For the first time ordinary disagreeable work is being paid for at a high rate. The pleasant jobs where white collars can be worn and where the surroundings are cleanly are now no longer more highly paid than the dirty task. The fact that a certain amount of responsibility goes usually with these pleasant jobs is no longer considered a sufficient reason why more pay should be given than to the unskilled worker. There is a rude sort of justice in this swing of the pendulum.

In a way education should be its own reward. The appreciation of books, music, and nature, and the ability because of education to find your friends on high levels is rich compensation for the opportunities of study. The field of the unskilled worker is open. Hours are short, pay is good, responsibility is not required. The salaried class is at liberty at any time to seek this work. They would be welcomed, and for many of them it would be the way out to a more effective life than that in office or at a desk. The law of supply and demand has brought the unskilled worker into his own. He can now obtain a good price for his labor and will continue to do so for a long time to come. Only a large influx of immigration would affect his present standing.

The emphasis just now is on efficiency, the training of the worker for his job, the stimulating of ambition in the hearts of both young and old, classes and instruction for those who would climb, rewards for those who push on and up. But it will not do to forget those who plod in the lower ranks, and who must stay there because they can do nothing else. The study of their welfare, the understanding of their minds, and accurate knowledge of their feelings are very important, and are deserving of much more attention than is usually given. Perhaps they should have our best thought, because they need it most.

NEW YORK'S FIRST WOMAN MAGISTRATE MIXES JUSTICE WITH COMMON SENSE

"IT CAN'T BE DONE," asseverated the wiseacres and old-time politicians when it was proposed to make a woman the magistrate of the Woman's Court of New York City. It made no difference that only women were to be tried in this court. A lot of people thought that no woman could deal out even-handed justice in any court, no matter what sex the culprits appearing therein might be. "A woman," quoth they, "would either be wishy-washy or merciless." Nevertheless a woman was finally appointed to preside over this court. She was Mrs. Jean Norris, a lawyer and the founder of the National Federation of Professional and Business Women. Mrs. Norris has held the job for several months now, and it seems that so far no charges of wishy-washiness, mercilessness, sentimentality, or other judicial shortcomings have been lodged against her. It is apparent that she is making good, as is evidenced by the fact that, while her first appointment was temporary, she has recently been appointed to fill a vacancy caused by the election of a man judge to another office, this unexpired term ending in April, 1927. The court over which Mrs. Norris presides is in a section of lower New York not particularly distinguished for its beauty. The building itself is described as "a gloomy pile at best," in close proximity to roaring elevated-trains. About its walls surges the congested life of the city, "in all the sordid vehemence which congestion linked with poverty can bring." Within the court-room there passes before this woman judge a constant stream of wretched human beings reflecting the seamiest side of the life without. Some of them are classified as wreckage beyond the hope of redemption. But others are worth salvaging, and we are told that this is the part of her work which enables Mrs. Norris to endure the depression and strain of her job without losing faith in her sex. It seems also that the judge is so fortunate as to possess a sense of humor which is of much assistance to her. "The constructive work is what keeps you hopeful," she says, "and the funny things are what preserve your sanity." In an article in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* H. C. Norris describes a day in the court of

this woman magistrate and the work she is called upon to do. He says:

Gloom fills the place. On the benches are seated anxious relatives of prisoners and anxious witnesses, nervously waiting to be summoned to the stand.

Court guards in their trim blue uniforms loom forbiddingly near the door, or tiptoe toward the front of the room to confer in whispers with other guards beyond the railing. It is all very solemn and churchlike and not a little appalling.

The center round which the tiptoes and whispers move is a wide desk, raised from the floor by two or three carpeted steps. Up these steps go the uniformed men—to speak with deference to a central figure under the orange glow of green-shaded electric lamps, a figure to whose remarks they listen carefully, nodding deferential assent. And then you see that the central figure in this imposing court is a woman. It is a little shock to notice how small she is—a neat, slim lady in a judge's black gown, at the neck of which is a wisp of lawn collar of impeccable whiteness. A great deal of sleek hair, apparently black, surrounding a small, ruddy face—this is the impression you get at first glance.

A little later you see the eyes and eyebrows. About this time you readjust your notion that no magistrate could possibly be so trimly dainty and feminine; you readjust it into a conviction that behind such honest and fearless blue-gray eyes there is a habit of looking facts in the face, and the further conviction that the heavy, curved eyebrows sweeping down almost to the outer corner of each eye bespeak a steadiness and strength of character very desirable in the ruler of a court-room.

Her forehead is broad, calm, thoughtful. Her gestures, as she reaches for this legal document or that written plea for clemency, are swift but unfurried. The voice in which she questions prisoners and policemen—the latter replying “yes, ma’am,” when from force of habit they don’t answer with an inadvertent “yes, sir”—is clear and low and beautifully cultivated. In her personality there is so much of quiet force that instinctively you give her your confidence, the more quickly perhaps because at the back of her serious eyes and round the corners of her firm mouth there is a glint of humor quick to spring into life when the situation grows comic.

The women brought before Magistrate Norris are accused of nearly every unsavory crime short of murder. The least malodorous, it is said, is perhaps shoplifting. They are in every state of mental condition from wild hysteria to cold apathy, defiant, cringing, courageous, fearful, guilty or half guilty. Some sample cases are submitted:

There was the woman with hair bleached to conceal its grayness and face rouged and powdered to fill in the wrinkles—a woman fifty-eight years old, who on a wicked side-street had smirked at the wrong man; he happened to be a member of the vice squad. Horrified indignation bloomed in the pitifully painted face as the detective told the story. A bit too vehemently the prisoner protested innocence. “Why, I’m a lady, judge. I ain’t no —. Why, the idea of that man settin’ there and sayin’ to my very face —. Why, I’m a lady, judge; honest to Gawd, I am.”

Lady or no lady, the prisoner was quite evidently a trifle crazed and therefore not responsible. She was discharged with a serious warning and trotted away in some agitation, followed by a thoughtful glance from the probation officers which seemed to promise future surveillance.

Hardly did the door click behind her when forth from the direction of the detention-room came a shivering, shaking colored woman who shrieked when somebody overturned a chair. “Lemme go to the hospital, judge,” she said, gasping as long shudders ran through her withered frame, “let ‘em take me to the hospital. I’m dying.”

“Oh, no, you’re not dying,” the magistrate answered cheerily. “They’ll fix you up all right and then you come back and see me when you’re strong again.”

Somebody telephoned for an ambulance. The half-mad drug-addict collapsed beneath this mercy and was carried, with surprising gentleness, toward the hospital and health. A few weeks later she would be strong enough for sentence or probation, as the facts in her case might determine. At present the law remembered only that she was sick and friendless.

“Kin I spake to yez, judge?” the next offender was already asking, with an ingratiating smile. She was old, she was wicked, but a twinkle of good humor shone from the faded eyes beneath the greenish-black shawl.

At the magistrate’s nod the prisoner went close to the desk, and, leaning a gnarled hand upon it, beamed blinkingly beneath the light. “Judge, niver mind what thim ossifiers tells yez, be aisy. That’s all I ask, be aisy with me.”

Magistrate Norris smiled. “But I haven’t even looked at the papers in your case yet.”

“Don’t look at ‘em!” the old sealawag interposed with a winning glance.

The magistrate took them in her hands and began to read.

“Just skim thim,” begged the old woman, hastily.

The magistrate laughed outright. She pointed to the record, in inexorable black and white. “Twenty-two previous convictions!” cried the judge; “and you ask me to be easy! Twenty-two. What can I do with you, in the face of that? Just tell me, what can I do?”

“Well,” the ancient offender hesitated in droll perplexity, her good nature unshaken, “whativer ye do, judge, go aisy!”

The magistrate named a term on Blackwell’s which caused the offender to raise her faded eyes in mock despair. “Aw, well!” she answered complacently, acknowledging the justice of it, and went toward her oft-repeated penance still smiling.

Three women flashily dressed ranged themselves before the desk. A very few minutes served to settle their case. A policeman had arrested them because, forsooth, they were seen talking with a man for whom a warrant had been issued “on sight.”

“But that in itself does not constitute any offense,” the magistrate said, and asked the officer “what on earth” he had arrested them for. It was evidently a case of too much zeal on the policeman’s part. “You must know the law,” said the magistrate in commenting on it later, “as well as many other things.”

Came next a colored girl, charged with stealing a coat from a department-store. She spoke in an injured and astonished tone.

“Judge, you don’t know anything about the East Side.”

“No?” replied Magistrate Norris, who knows the East Side’s every crevice.

“No, you don’t,” the girl asserted, jauntily. “Judge, let me tell you about the East Side —”

“First tell me a little about this coat,” suggested the magistrate, not to be lured from the chief topic of conversation.

“Why, judge, I don’t understand at all why they took me up for looking at that coat. I went up to the coat department in the store, and nobody seemed ready to wait on me, so I tried on this coat, and it looked nice and I thought: ‘Well, I guess I’ll show it to my gentleman friend and see if he likes it.’”

“So I goes down-stairs —”

The magistrate interposed. “Then your gentleman friend was not with you at the time?”

“No, ma’am. He was waiting down-stairs. So I went down-stairs and outdoors —”

“Outdoors? Then your gentleman friend wasn’t down-stairs?”

“Yes, he was, judge—not down-stairs in the store, but down-stairs a couple of doors along the street. And I was just leaving the store to go show my gentleman friefd how good I looked in the coat, when she”—turning upon the store detective with superb scorn and indignation—“arrested me!”

The glint of humor had leapt from the back to the front of the magisterial eyes. “You put on a coat, walked down three flights of stairs instead of taking the elevator, went out of the store, and actually started down the street wearing the coat, without saying a word to any floorwalker or saleswoman?”

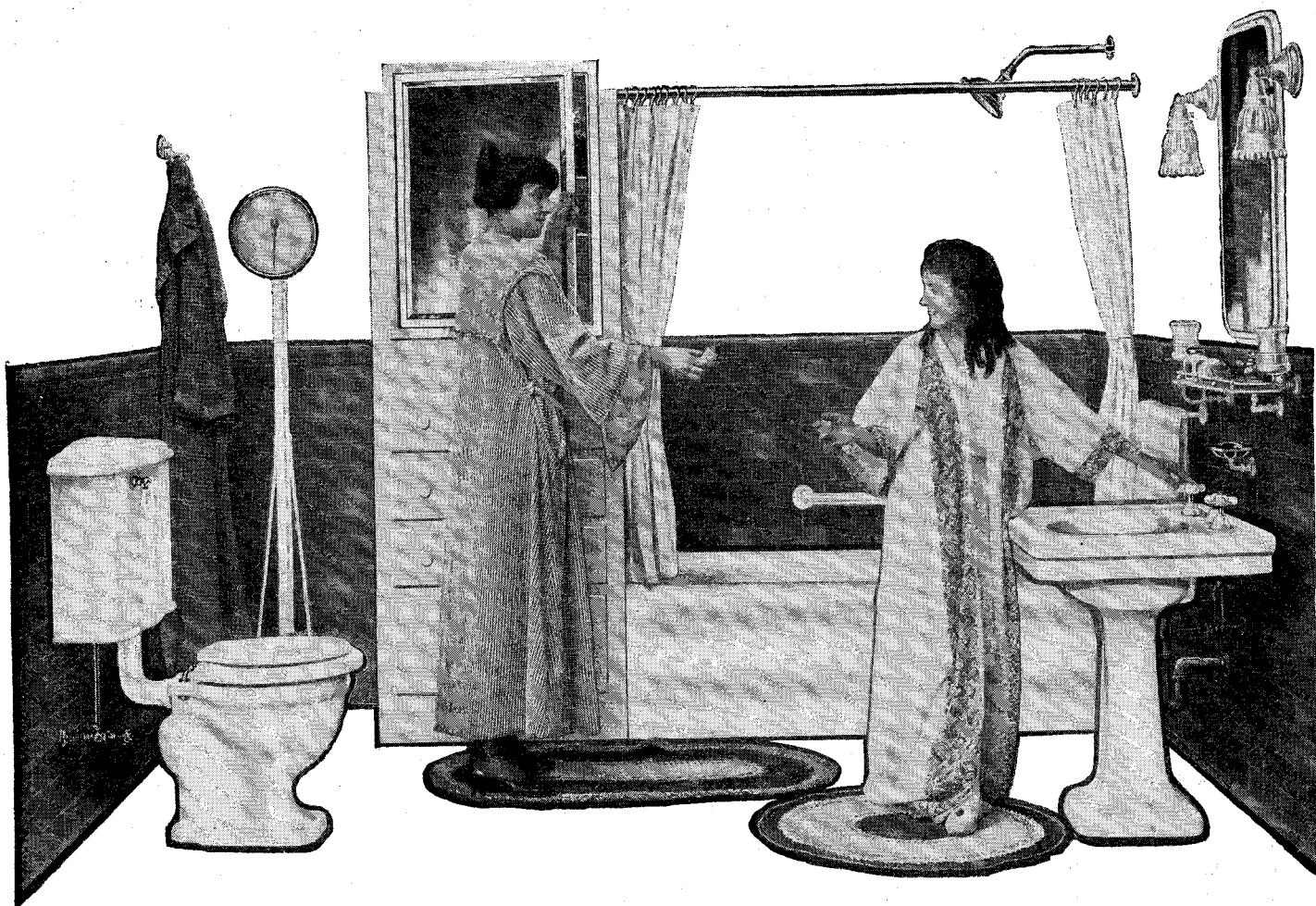
“Well, judge, you see, my gentleman friend, he —” The prisoner’s flow of imagination went suddenly dry.

“And is that the way you do your shopping on the East Side?” inquired the magistrate, imposing sentence.

Next to appear before the desk were two women in fine fur coats beneath which shone a glimmer of velvet gowns. Their eyes were bright and hard as the jewels on their hands. From their sullen faces all evil looked slyly forth. The magistrate’s gaze narrowed as she discharged them because of “insufficient evidence.” They had been accused by the detective of running a house of unsavory repute, and the proofs brought into court by the detective had fallen only a little short of those necessary to conviction. It’s a thankless job, a detective’s. “By Jove, it is!” agrees the magistrate a little later, talking over the day from the retirement of her office, and the “by Jove” from her lips sounds not at all unfeminine.

The usual procedure in Judge Norris’s court is to place a woman on probation for forty-eight hours when she is arrested for loitering, disorderly conduct, or shoplifting. During this time her record is looked up and she is then brought into court for disposal of her case. The judge always favors probation in every case where the offender’s previous record is such that it can be granted. A typical probation case is given, involving a girl of sixteen brought into court charged with being “incorrigible.” We read:

The father, who himself had brought the charge when all other methods failed, stepped up to the desk to talk for many minutes in low tones. He wore the Sunday-best clothes of the



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middle class, and the shamefaced air of a respectable man whose daughter turns wild.

Obstinate, pale as death, eyes fastened on the floor, the girl faced the judge. A neatly drest woman on the front bench suddenly burst into dreadful but silent weeping. She was the girl's mother, on whose naked heart most of the punishment must fall. A woman probation officer put an arm around the shaking shoulders, and the mother continued to weep silently and wretchedly.

The heads bent over the magistrate's desk straightened at last. The group separated. From its midst came the pale, obstinate girl. Her mother rose, put a mute question with her streaming eyes. "Probation," the father reassured. Some knife-point of her mother's agony seemed to pierce the girl's breast; she watched the older woman's face, her own a shade more pale than before, with a softening of the stubborn look. As the melancholy group passed out of the court-room the mother's control snapped. Scream after scream came from her twisted lips. "You're killing me!" she raved at the obstinate girl, "you're killing me—"

Magistrate Norris gazed after the tragic figures with an understanding glance. What penalty which the court might inflict could equal in poignancy and salutary correction the effect which this mother's grief must have on the girl who caused it? The magistrate sighed, gathered up her papers as the shadows against the windows grew gloomier, and called it a day.

Probably the pale girl will not look back on Jefferson Market Court as a pleasant episode in her career. But perhaps some day, when the probation officers have helped her toward better things than incorrigible conduct, she may be given the grace to understand that for many minutes her whole future lay in the hands of the woman magistrate who decided to give her—a chance.

Judge Norris characterizes as "fiction" the belief that a woman is pitiless in her judgment of other women. "Women understand their own kind better than men do, and this makes the judgment more fair," she says. The judge, therefore, is in favor, wherever possible, of permitting the offenders that come before her to "work out their own salvation." This is why she is always disposed to give them "another chance." She says:

"The probation system has been carefully worked out, and it is a hopefully constructive thing. After a girl is once arrested, she must report to a probation officer once a week for a certain length of time. Or, if she's a girl from out of town, I send her home if possible and tell her she must not return to New York within six months, or whatever the term of probation may be. Last Sunday—our work goes on whether it's Sunday or not—I was coming down the stairs of the court when I met a girl coming up. She looked happy, but self-conscious. Her face seemed familiar, so I said, 'Good morning.' 'Oh, judge,' she said, 'good morning! Oh, you did such a lovely thing for me, giving me another chance. I'm on my way to report to the probation officer now, and my record's clean.'

"It's worth while, giving another chance in a case like that."

Judge Norris tells the following story to illustrate one of the phases of her work which she says makes her feel satisfied with her job:

A very young girl—sixteen or seventeen—had been found asleep in the subway at four in the morning. For the sake of her own safety she was brought in here. When she came before me, later that morning, she was very impertinent and defiant.

"You have no right to keep me here!" she cried. "No, I won't tell you who I am—you women are just trying to railroad me."

"My dear," I said, "I think you'll find that all of us women here are trying to help you. I am going to give you a few days to think things over."

I realized that she didn't know how very impertinent she had been. It was evidently her first appearance in a court, and it hadn't occurred to her that it wasn't etiquette to be impudent to the judge. I didn't send her to a cell, for she was too young and inexperienced for such treatment, but I did send her to the Florence Crittenton Home. After three days of kind treatment in the home, the girl's defiance vanished. She told her name, and her home town—which, as it happened, was a little country settlement in Pennsylvania. Word was sent to her family, and one day a brother arrived to take her home.

It came out that the girl had been brought up very strictly, grew tired of discipline, and ran away. She was a wo-begone and repentant little thing when she came back to my office from the Crittenton Home, and very reluctant to meet my eye.

"You see," I said to her, "we haven't tried to railroad you."

"No," she said.

"And you believe now that we aren't trying to do you any harm after all?"

"Oh, judge, I'm so ashamed of having said that," she answered. I could see her biting her lip to try to keep back the tears that were pouring down her face.

The brother, a fine, manly fellow, stood up and put his arm round her waist. "Take her home," I said, "and tell your mother I say she herself was partly to blame because she has been too severe with this girl. And tell your mother, as I tell you, that you must all act as if nothing had happened; you mustn't refer to it, or cast it up at her, for she's going to be all right now."

It was splendid to see them go away together, their arms round each other; the girl so repentant and the brother so protecting.

YANKEE FILMS THAT DISAGREE WITH JOHN BULL

JOHN BULL usually has a healthy digestion, but the American "movie" has, so to speak, stuck in his craw, and he is suffering from dyspepsia. American films are not difficult of digestion in themselves as a usual thing, but they have been displaying too much American patriotism, and John Bull is unable to see why he should continually have the Stars and Stripes flaunting in his face when he has his own Union Jack flapping in the breeze near by. He may grant you, with an ironical wave of his hand, that the Yanks did their part in the war; but, as he did a little in that direction himself, he doesn't care to have his own valor flouted by too much stress on that of his cousin across the seas. What is good for domestic consumption is not always good for the foreign palate. For that reason European representatives of American film companies are sending home word to "can the patriotic stuff." There have been too many American flag-waving scenes for foreign markets. There is also in England a growing suspicion that the "dry" scenes form part of an insidious propaganda against the national beverages (tea not included), and John Bull is not yet ready to accept the word of "Pussyfoot" Johnson that what is, as we are assured, good for America will necessarily be good for the British Isles. The Briton is not yet ready to give up his "pub" and the satisfaction he can get from a glass of ale, stout, or porter. This is the burden of an article by Joseph W. Grigg, staff correspondent of *The World* (New York), who goes on to say:

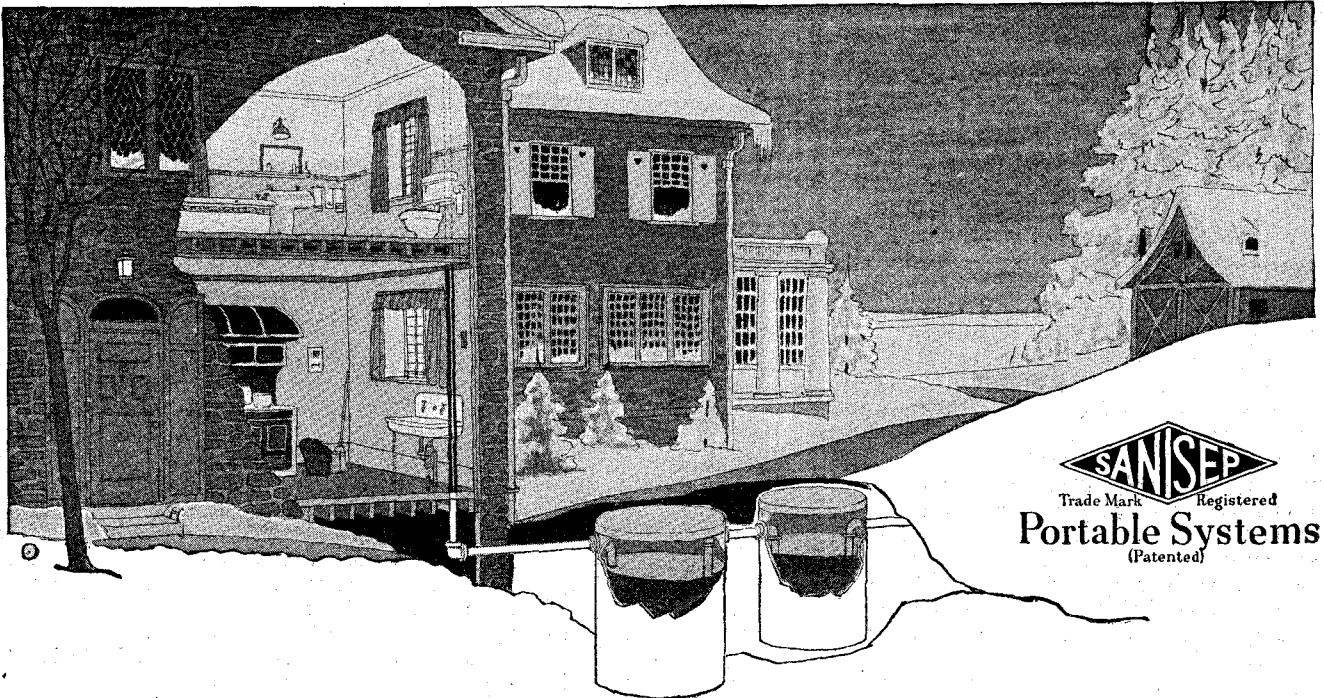
There has been no diplomatic remonstrance from Great Britain, but American officials here have also given the hint that the "fade-out" might well be used on patriotic scenes in which the Stars and Stripes are heralded as the hope of mankind or where an American dough-boy is seen in single-handed and successful combat with the whole German Army.

From the American film-makers' standpoint, that is, from the standpoint of the foreign representatives of American films, it is bad business, even when Americans still have a film monopoly, to let all these home-productions come abroad with all their local appeals uncensored.

During the war there was some irritation before America came in, when films were shown depicting the profuse expenditure of dollars on what were then unattainable things for Europeans. While London was being bombed its cinema audiences often watched the sea-nymphs disporting themselves at Palm Beach and on the California coast. But they were at least diversions. Then when America entered the war and some of the home-grown propaganda recruiting brands of films got over here they stimulated the war-weary British public, tho in some instances, where films indicated an early arrival of the dough-boys in Berlin, there were some sarcastic smiles.

The war over, this tide of war-brewed American films still continued to come—and some are now making a belated appearance—full of flag-waving and telling their British audiences that there is only one place in the world—the old U. S. A. Consequently, some of the recent grumbling.

There are still some shell-shocked Britons who are willing to believe that American films which depict American heroes and English villains are sent here as an insidious form of enemy propaganda. Lately, with so much attention being devoted to the question of liquor consumption here and the new drought in America, there have been suspicions that films with "dry"



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heroes are a part of an equally insidious "dry" propaganda. The average Briton is becoming worried about his booze supply since the advent of "Pussyfoot" Johnson, and when films constantly show reformed "booze hounds" winning beautiful heroines the more nervous here have an additional suspicion that the "dry" forces in America are slipping over some quiet but effective propaganda.

But it is not this part of the film diet which is the immediate cause of distress to John Bull's film digestion. It is the constant exhibition in the 3,500 cinema palaces throughout the country of films containing scenes justly proper for American audiences, but hardly suited to a British audience.

No American who visits a British cinema can fail to mark the impatience when some of these superpatriotic scenes are shown.

"Sure, the Yanks won the war," says the ex-British Tommy to his neighbor, who smiles ironically.

An educated Englishman's point of view is: "How would you like to see the Union Jack continually waved before your American audiences?"

"I've just written a letter to the home office," said one of the American film representatives in London, "telling them to cut out the flag-waving incidents when shipping these films abroad. From a business standpoint it is bad; from an American standpoint it is bad. We ought not to give Europeans any excuse for saying we are working an insidious propaganda game. We would certainly kick if 90 per cent. of our films were British or Italian or French and had to see a lot of flag-waving by foreigners. The European has a legitimate kick. There is no question about it we've got the world market now, but it will go against us some day if we continue to display our patriotism to European audiences. They will yell for a lot of their own patriotism.

"At the present time most Englishmen prefer an American film to one of their own because it is better produced, has more snap in it, and has a more thrilling plot. The industry in England is in its infancy. Some British producers stubbornly avoid American methods of production, altho they know we have made revolutionary strides in the last five years. They're only hurting their own chances of development. Others are frankly adopting American methods. Some day there will be plenty of British films looking for world markets, and if we rub foreign countries the wrong way when we've got a monopoly, then there will be trouble ahead when fine films are produced in other countries. Let us keep the patriotic scenes for home-consumption and clip them out when the films come abroad."

A GLIMPSE AT THE PERSONAL ECONOMY OF ANY MAN

MARK TWAIN more than once bemoaned the fact that he was a man. Humanity, in his opinion, had few reasons to be proud of itself. In *The Scientific Monthly* (Lancaster, Pa., January), Prof. B. W. Kunkel, of Lafayette College, points out the disadvantages of being human, from a bodily standpoint. Man's eyes are imperfect; his organism includes rudimentary structures that are always getting out of order; his very upright posture was recently acquired and is the cause of numberless defects and weaknesses. He has shed his original hairy coat, so that his skin now imperfectly protects the body. His organ of smell, compared with that of some other animals, is the seat of a sense only by courtesy. His jaws have lost their gripping power, and his teeth have degenerated. His alimentary canal, including his appendix, has become more liable to disease. But despite all this Professor Kunkel warns us that he does not consider man fundamentally "a poorly built machine." To summarize his article:

From certain points of view the human mechanism is marvelously adapted and warrants man's high regard for himself. But in no case is adaptation to environment absolutely perfect. Disharmonies abound in practically all forms of living things. Besides imperfect structures, a great many animals exhibit instincts or reactions to stimuli which seem to go counter to the best interests of the individual and the race. Perverted tastes in man are no less destructive than some perverted reactions in animals. For instance, the moth flying into the candle-flame represents a maladjustment of the moth's mechanism and its environment which results in the destruction of untold myriads of moths.

Many of the defects of the human body may be referred back from the mechanical point of view to the present habit of striding about on two legs, a habit of very recent phylogenetic development—a fact vouchsafed by the length of time the infant

crawls on 'all fours' and the slowness with which it assumes the bipedal method of locomotion and exhibits a fairly well-adapted structure for the upright position. So late in phylogeny has this position been acquired that many parts of the body have not yet become perfectly fitted for this remarkable experiment. The upright posture has affected directly the skeleton, the muscles, the blood-vessels, the jaws and teeth, and probably indirectly other parts of the alimentary canal and the organs of respiration; while many students of human evolution regard the abnormal development of the intellect of man as a direct outcome of the upright position with the freeing of the hands to learn of the environment by handling and the elevation of the principal sense organs in order to give man a broader horizon.

The upright position has brought about several disadvantageous maladjustments in the blood-vessels. Unlike the quadrupeds, in which the axis of the body is carried habitually more nearly parallel with the ground, in man the axis is vertical so that the blood-vessels, especially of the lower part of the leg, must support an unusually tall column of blood and thus be subjected to a relatively great pressure. There are several superficial veins which lie beneath the skin only and so are deprived of the added support of the surrounding muscles. The walls of these vessels frequently give way, particularly in those who stand for long periods and whose blood-vessels may be slightly weak. When these vessels rupture under the pressure of the blood, varicose veins result, which have discommoded thousands upon thousands of human beings.

The veins of man exhibit further lack of adaptation to the upright position by the arrangement of the valves. These valves, which are pockets to prevent the blood from flowing away from the heart, are obviously important only in those veins which have a vertical course and in which the blood flows upward to reach the heart. Were the valves thoroughly adapted to the upright position they would be quite differently distributed. There would be none in the veins between the ribs, which have a nearly horizontal position in man, and there would be an abundance of them in the large vessels entering the heart from the abdominal region. The great vein which receives blood from the legs and kidneys and the great vein which brings blood from the stomach and intestines are both without valves, so that the circulation in the lower extremities and the abdominal organs is retarded and the pressure on the veins of the legs is sometimes seriously increased.

The absence of valves in the great abdominal veins works hardship in another way. In case the extensive vessels of the alimentary canal suddenly enlarge as they do under the stimulus of a blow on the solar plexus, the blood is drained rapidly from the brain and the recipient of the body blow falls in a faint.

Not the least of the disadvantages of the upright position is the exposure of the entire abdominal wall to injury. It is hardly necessary to call attention to the solar plexus which is but poorly protected behind only a moderate rampart of viscera and which must in the history of the human race have caused the downfall of many a fighter before the modern pugilist came to realize the importance of this weak point of human anatomy.

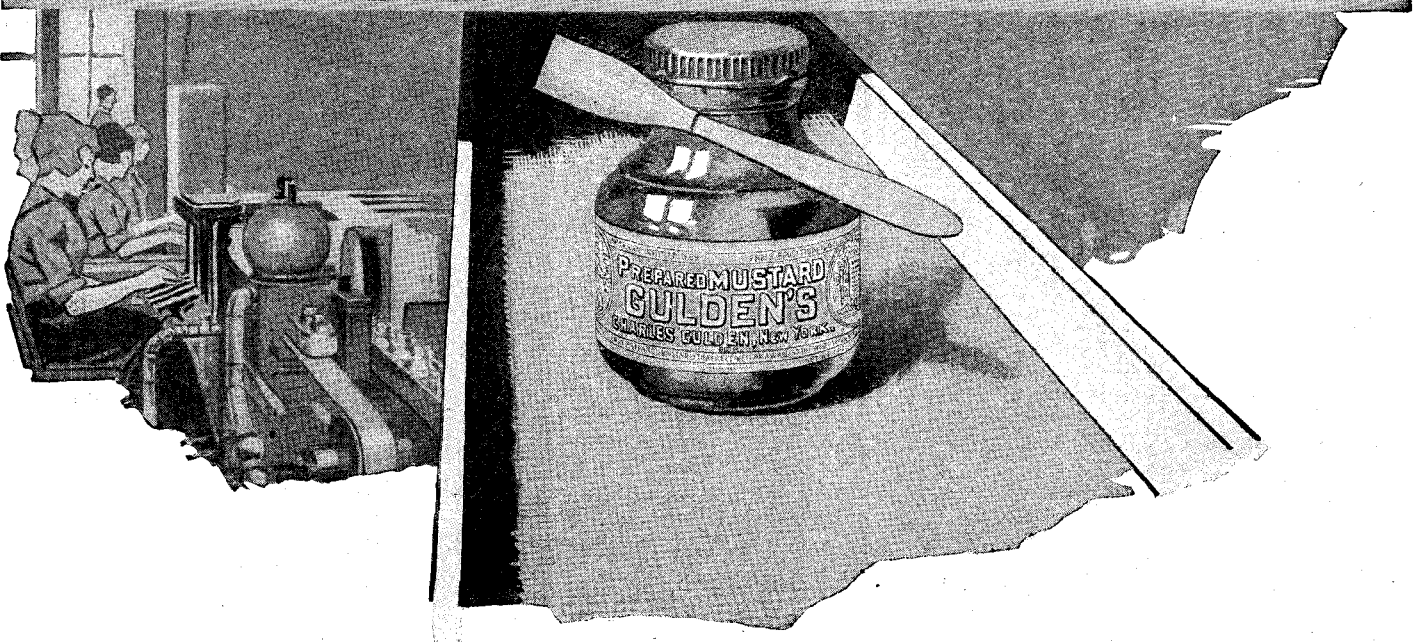
Turning aside from defects which are the immediate outcome of the upright position, Professor Kunkel next turns to some not so closely connected with standing upright. He writes:

The skin of man has lost certain structures which render it a less perfect hull for the internal organs than is the skin of many of the lower mammals. The coat of hair, so scanty over most of the surface, no longer affords a protection. Together with the loss of hair has also gone an extensive loss of dermal musculature by means of which the skin can be twitched, as is well seen in the horse when troubled with flies. This extensive layer of muscle has disappeared from the human species except on the front of the neck and the face and the scalp.

The defects of the eyes as optical instruments are as nothing in comparison with those of the neighboring organ of smell. The delicate odors that are appreciated by many of the lower animals are totally beyond our powers. To the dog with its sense of smell a whole world of sense impressions of which we know absolutely nothing is open.

The respiratory organs have suffered directly as a result of the upright position of man, for the emancipation of the forelimb from supporting the weight of the front part of the body has brought about a great change in the movements of respiration which have not been accompanied by perfectly adapted changes in the lungs. The anthropoid apes in captivity and man are very prone to tuberculosis of the lungs, which gains a foothold generally in the more poorly ventilated parts of the lungs. In some diseased conditions in which shortness of breath is experienced, the patient finds it necessary to rest his hands on the back of a chair or other support in order to get his breath.

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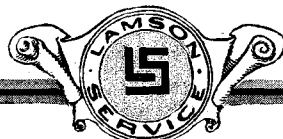
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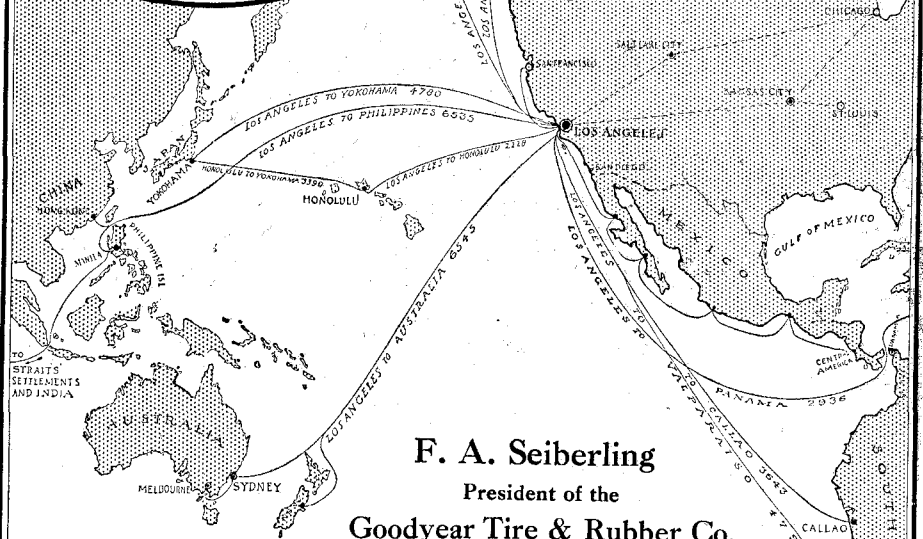
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Los Angeles industrial advantages

STUDY THE MAP

Los Angeles is so located that the markets of the world lie at its door. In the lands bordering on the Pacific lie two-thirds of the world's entire population and much of this territory is more easily reached through Los Angeles Harbor than through any other American port. More than two-thirds of the United States is nearer by rail to Los Angeles than it is to its nearest competitor on the Pacific Coast.



F. A. Seiberling

President of the

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

in speaking of his new Los Angeles plant, said, "We found Los Angeles gave us the cheapest fuel on the Coast, also the cheapest power on the Coast when used in large quantities, and that Los Angeles had the only supply of fresh water sufficient for our needs. Our Factory Manager says that within three years we shall be able to produce the product in Los Angeles, ship it by way of Panama, and take care of the New England trade cheaper than we can from Akron, Ohio."

Ten Points of Advantage

1. Cheap and abundant water supply.
2. Cheap and abundant electric power.
3. Cheap and abundant fuel—natural gas and oil.
4. A mild industrial climate.
5. Raw materials of many descriptions.
6. Low cost of factory construction.
7. Open shop conditions prevail, and labor is free, contented and unhampered.
8. South America and the Orient are demanding our products as well as the Pacific Coast and Eastern Cities.
9. Three Trans-Continental Railway systems, for which Los Angeles is the terminus, all connected through Los Angeles and vicinity by Freight and Passenger Belt Line Railroads.
10. The Municipal Wharfs and Warehouses of Los Angeles Harbor constitute some of the finest port facilities in America.

A Good Place to Work

Here in Los Angeles free American labor finds ideal working conditions, steady employment and good pay.

The mild climatic conditions here tend to economy in clothing, food, fuel and cost of factories and houses.

Thousands of workers own their own homes and have a "year round" vegetable garden in the back yard.

Shops, mills, shipyards and factories are extending and increasing in number.

More than \$50,000,000 is being invested in new buildings and industrial enterprises in Southern California.

THE Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce invites inquiry from manufacturers who desire to expand their business or take advantage of the rapidly growing Pacific Coast trade, or from any concern which is not altogether satisfied with present factory conditions and is looking for a location where modern development and industrial freedom prevail.

We are prepared to furnish you detailed reports covering Fuel, Power, Raw Material, Labor, Rail and Water Transportation, Markets, Etc.

Address

Frank Wiggins, Sec'y Chamber of Commerce

Dept. C, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Los Angeles, California

"Where nature helps industry most"

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

PECULIAR "PROSPECTS" AS SEEN BY THE AUTO SALESMAN

THE American public is likely to regard the salesman, especially the well-groomed automobile salesman, as a kind of he-siren, in whose clutches the befuddled prospect loses all power to say anything except "All right—I'll take it." This is either entirely too complimentary, considered from the view-point of the salesman's purely human powers, or entirely too uncomplimentary, considering the salesman as a very good-hearted chap who is glad to show his wares even when there is no immediate chance of a sale. So at least says Burt P. Garnett, who seems to know the species. The salesman, incidentally, gets a good deal of amusement out of his job, for "queer ones" abound among his "prospects" and no salesman deficient in a sense of humor could remain a salesman very long. Writing in *Motor Life* (New York) Mr. Garnett tells of this amusing incident that occurred during the recent automobile show in New York City:

During a lull in the procession a woman approached—a woman one would immediately describe as a nice old lady. She wore black mittens and she beamed smiles at everybody and everything. She reached over and patted the fender of the coupé that stood near the ropes. We almost expected her to say, "Nice old car," much as such an old lady would say, "Nice old doggie," to a friendly St. Bernard.

Edwards went up to her. Edwards's specialty is making friends with the old ladies.

"Good morning," he said engagingly. "It's a nice tame car, isn't it? Won't you come in and let me show it to you?"

"No, thank you," she said, "I was just looking around."

"Well, you'd better make a thorough job of it," said Edwards. "I'll be very glad to tell you all about it."

She hesitated and seemed slightly frightened. But Edwards's bigness and his particular way with old ladies were too much for her.

"I really shouldn't," she said, half to herself. "But they're so handsome."

We sized her up as a widow, living probably in Fordham, and managing very nicely on the small income from the sound investment of a few thousand dollars left by her husband. A home person, probably with grandchildren who were her chief delight and interest in life.

She enjoyed looking at the coupé. She eagerly took in and appreciated the careful choice we had made of upholstery textures, of the silk poplin curtains, and all of the silver fittings and fixtures that had been so carefully designed and installed for the one purpose of pleasing the ladies.

She surprised us by showing a considerable knowledge of our product.

"My son," she said, "told me—" She stopt, apparently decided not to disclose what her son had said.

Edwards was having a good time, however, talking and joking and sometimes flattering the old lady. After she had seen everything from radiator-cap to tail-light and had been given every possible oppor-

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

tunity to realize the superiority of our car, Edwards halted. A crowd was gathering and he felt that he must answer the questions of others who were evincing an interest.

The old lady looked at him appealingly and suddenly seemed to become agitated.

"I—I—," she began.

"All right," Edwards broke in. "Tell me about it." He smiled in his boyish, good-natured fashion.

She sighed. "All right," she said desperately. "I'll take it!"

Edwards's jaw dropt.

"What?" he asked.

"I'll take it," she repeated, but looking very troubled. "You said six thousand dollars, didn't you?"

Edwards merely stared. He was too astonished to do anything else.

"I—I oughtn't to," she said. "I ought never to have looked at it."

"Why, lady," said Edwards. "You mean you want to buy this car?"

"Don't I have to?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Why, bless your heart, of course you don't have to," said Edwards.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she said, and her expression showed that she was really glad. "Well, thank you so much, so much! You're awfully nice. You see, I can't resist a good salesman, and I thought you were selling me the car."

"My! That's a great compliment," said Edwards. "Bless your heart, I wish I could give you the car."

The old lady blushed.

"Good-by," she said shyly. Then, turning impulsively, she whispered: "You're just as nice as you can be."

It would be a nice ending to the anecdote, observes the writer, to say that the old lady was so pleased with Edwards and his kindness to her that she brought her son to the show next day, and the son turned out to be the president of the First National Bank, or something, and that he bought the coupé and two more cars like it. However, amusement was all the salesman got out of that experience. Ability to enjoy the fun at least was something, for, as the writer continues:

We were in the mood to see the fun in things. Like other hundreds of men behind hundreds of brass railings in the show, we were having a bit of a holiday. We were "factory men." We had superintended the production and finishing of the show cars. We had dispatched them for New York by express freight, we had seen to it that they were delivered, unscratched and beautiful and staged just so in the space allotted for the exhibition of our cars.

Some of us were salesmen, some of us were advertising managers, some assistants, some salesmen or factory representatives, some managers or assistants in the specifications department. In our particular case we were a crew of ten.

We brought our morning coats, our Tuxedos, and evening clothes from Detroit. We were all put up at the Belmont or Astor or Knickerbocker and we took turns serving in the booth. We were mountains of information. We could answer anything—or thought we could. I sup-

DODGE BROTHERS

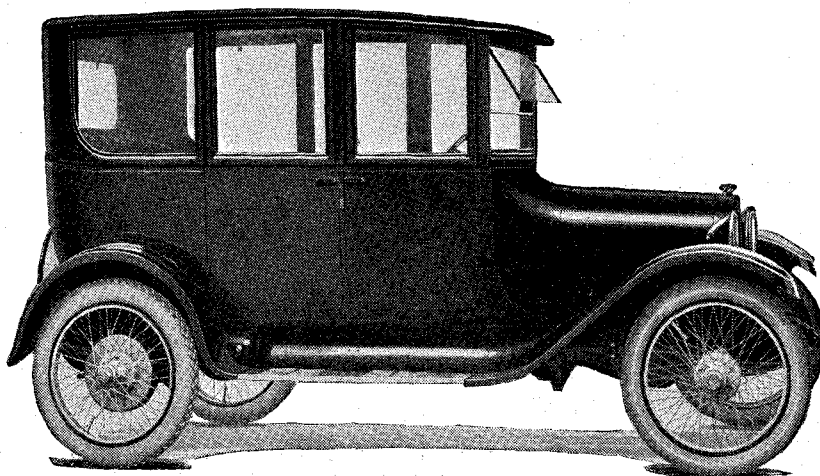
4 DOOR SEDAN

In these days of mounting costs, the steady economy of the Sedan stands out in pleasant relief

Here is comfort of the highest order at a most moderate monthly outlay for operation

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

pose our appearance of utter self-confidence had something to do with the questions asked. We looked as if we knew everything.

But—

"Mister, what's the first subway stop before Wall Street?"

How unfair! Was this designed by some low competitor across the aisle to put us at a disadvantage—to show that we were not native New-Yorkers?

Our quick-witted Edwards saved us.

"My dear sir," said he, smiling, "if you were to use a Blank Eight, you would never need to go into the subway. Now permit me to give—" He was off. The questioner backed away without further questioning.

"Mister, we've been havin' a argument. How many more miles per gallon does a car use going at sixty miles an hour than it does going twenty miles per hour?" We explained that this question depended upon several things. But I'm afraid we left the argument unsettled and permitted the arguers to depart convinced that we were not nearly as wise as we looked.

"Mister, what's the fourth-point dimension?" asks a person who evidently has got motor-car springs mixed with undiscovered fields of mathematics.

A big chap comes up who is after expert information, and he wants it right off, without delay or quibbling.

"Now," he says, "show me where your car's got anything on my Johnndoe Six."

A woman of fashion wants to know if "those sleeve-valves are in the best cars this year."

A social climber, we should say she was, wanted to know if it was really the kindly and democratic thing to have the car equipped with snubbers. We must admit that we got the notion that we were being spoofed.

A seminary-ish young woman, who had "dad" by the wing and was about to make him make good on a promise to buy her a car for her birthday, was looking for a couple with a "real jazzy horn."

"Does this car have a carburetor?" asks a worried-looking woman. We assure her that it has a very good one of our own careful make.

"Oh!" she replied. "I'm sorry, but it won't do then. My husband told me I could have a new one, but I mustn't get one with a carburetor." Just to get even with the wretch of a husband, we sent her to a competitor who makes a decent sort of steam-car.

The best of them make slips. A man and his wife, pleasant, prosperous-looking folk they were, seemed good prospects. One of our best men got their names and I think the New York dealer sold them a Blank Eight. After discussing this and that, Mr. Husband, "as I have decided to call him," expressed approval of the Blank rear axle.

"You must have a pretty good differential," he ventured. "Why don't you get out a model with a differential on the front axles as well as the rear?"

The marvelous Edwards was talking to him.

"Say!" he said, looking at Mr. Husband admiringly. "That's a corking idea. I don't know whether it would work or not. But I'll mention it to our chief engineer." Mr. Husband went away looking as if he had given away a great idea that he

might just as well have sold for a handsome sum.

There are the cranks, of course, who have invented automatic puncture-repairers and those who have schemes for substituting a perpetual motion-machine for our precious eight-cylinder motor.

They are always welcome. The man behind the brass rail is somewhat to be pitied. For there are thousands who ask him identically the same questions and who talk motor-car lingo without a falter for half an hour, only to go away with a handful of our nicely printed brochures. What some of these collectors of catalogs and booklets do with them it is hard to guess. They gather them from almost every booth. Their pockets bulge with them.

Of such are sales made, however. Many mighty fine folk come in. Our crew, I know, reported a goodly number of pleasant friendships started at the show that have continued for a long time. And, inasmuch as we serve in four-hour shifts, we enjoyed it immensely.

THE DRAMATIC RESCUE OF THE
"POWHATAN'S" PASSENGERS

AFTER five days of imminent danger, and constant apprehension lest the bulkheads of their foundering ship give way, the 270 passengers of the army transport *Powhatan*, including several women and the two-year-old baby of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Worden, were transferred at night in the glare of half a dozen ships' search-lights to the commodious *Northern Pacific*, which had steamed a thousand miles to the rescue. The *New York Sun*, in telling the story of the accident to the *Powhatan* and the consequent rescue of the passengers, tells us that when Mrs. Worden received her little Nancy in the life-boat, she took off her own coat and wrapt it about the baby. Now the mother is in a New York hospital suffering from pneumonia.

Among the passengers on the *Northern Pacific* was Brigadier-General Connor, en route home after winding up the affairs of the A. E. F. in France. Col. John Dunn, a *Powhatan* passenger, made a report to his superior officer, from which we learn that after all it was a comparatively trivial accident that disabled the *Powhatan* and compelled the passengers to live mostly on sandwiches for five days, and to exist without heat or light or water to wash with during that period. General Connor, in transmitting the report, says:

On Sunday morning, January 18, the ash-ejection siphon broke and promptly admitted water into the *Powhatan's* boiler-room. In no time at all that swirling water collected coal-dirt, ashes, and all sorts of refuse and carried them to the pumps, which became solidly choked. Meantime water continued to pour in, and since the pumps were useless there was no way to get it out.

Under the drive of Capt. R. C. Randall, of the *Powhatan*, the Chinese firemen, plucky beggars if any ever lived, dived under water in efforts to clear the pump valves and get things going; but that was no go, because the ship was rolling, heavy things were floating and banging about the boiler-room, and the work was too dangerous.

The best they could do after hours of work was to stop the inflow of sea-water.

By that time the water in the boiler-room was very deep. All the fires were out, and of course the engines were dead, the wireless plant was gone, there was no way to make light or heat or to provide most of the necessities and comforts of ship life. It was a bad situation.

Captain Randall succeeded in getting the bulkheads which cut off the boiler-room fore and aft safely closed, solidly locked, and stoutly shored from each end. These worked, and that was the big thing for the time being. The water was confined to the central part of the ship. Then the big question arose: Will the bulkheads hold in such a storm? It was blowing hard on Sunday night, a bad storm indeed, and the *Powhatan* was doing a buck and wing dance, despite the extra water ballast in her.

It was the worst night of all, and there was genuine apprehension that the transport might founder if the storm increased in violence.

On Wednesday morning we attempted to take off the *Powhatan's* people, but the sea was a bit too high and smashed two of our boats, the crews jumping safely to the deck of the destroyer *Leary*. After that we just waited for good weather conditions, which came in the evening last Thursday, and the rest was comparatively easy for good seamen. The whole business of transshipment was accomplished in four hours without slip or accident.

United States torpedo-boat destroyers and other ships called to the exact spot by the wireless of the *Powhatan* before it was put out of order by the intruding tide stood by as the rescue of the passengers was accomplished, throwing an evenly distributed ray of light over the six-hundred-yard stretch which separated the *Northern Pacific* from the *Powhatan*. Of the plight of the passengers after the accident to the *Powhatan*, the *Sun* continues:

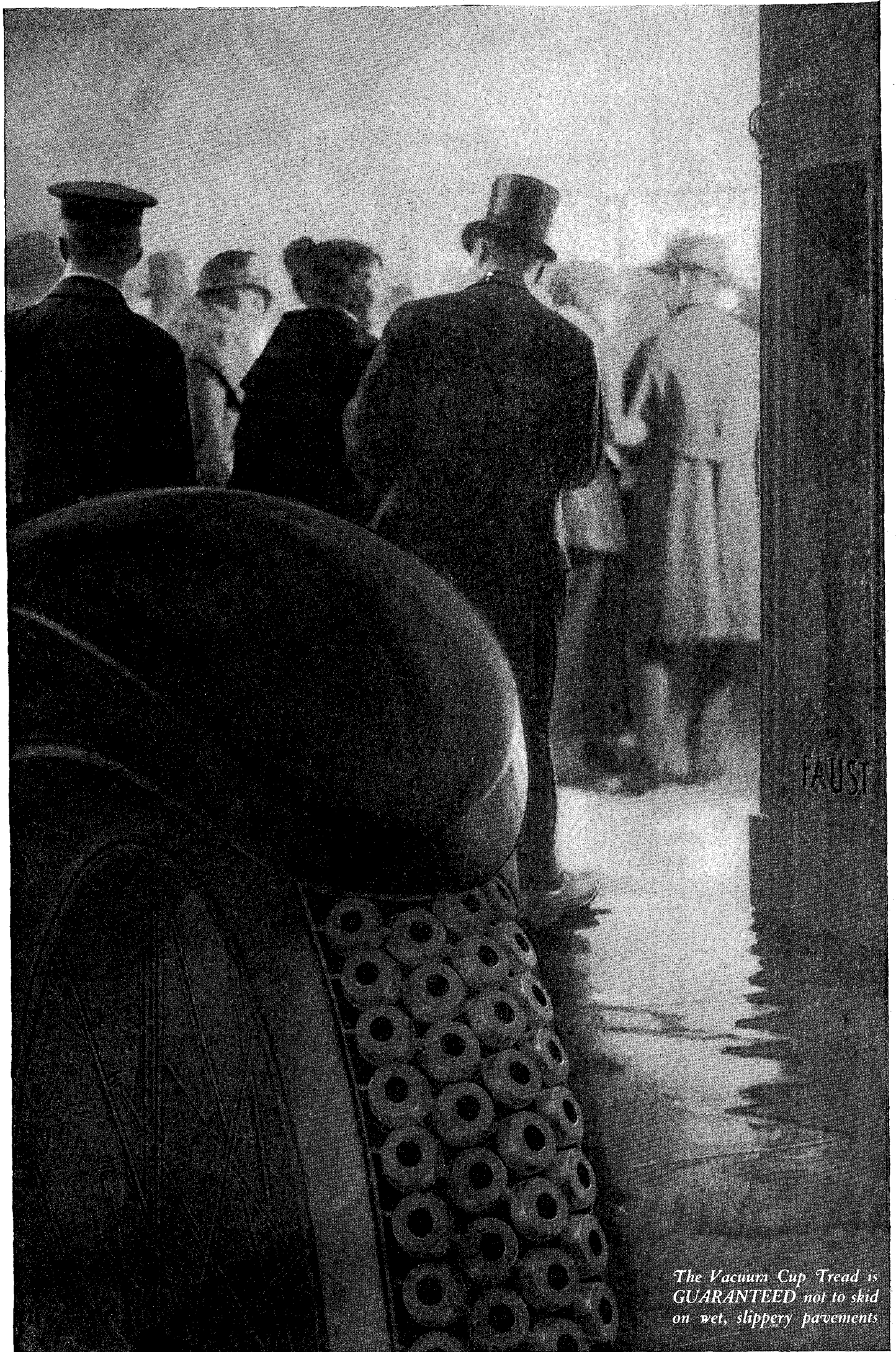
With boilers deep under water and machinery lifeless the pumps could not be worked, no water could be had for cooking or washing, no power could be summoned for dynamos. There was, of course, not a spark of heat except for futile little fires in the galley here and there in the few oil-stoves that could be found.

Of food there was plenty, but the cooking was not up to Atlantic-liner standards and the fare held to a tiresome monotony—sandwiches for whole meals at a time. And above and through and underneath all this was poignant worry on the score of the bulkheads, for who knows what a few bolts and planks will stand after twenty years' service when the North Atlantic is in its winter mood?

For these rescued ones of the *Powhatan* Davy Jones may not have been tolling his bells, but it was a close call—close enough for any farers at sea. There was considerable praying done last Sunday night, the worst time of all.

A good many of the rescued ones admitted quite frankly that they never again expected to see land or anything else worth while] this side of the hereafter. It is a miserable thing, as they all averred, to be imprisoned five days upon a helpless ship, a dumb ship, for the wireless was gone; a blind ship, for the lights were out; a paralyzed ship, for the engines were dead.

One thing is sure, that never a happier company came off the sea than the folk brought back home by that trouble-hunter and speed-burner, the *Northern Pacific*.



*The Vacuum Cup Tread is
GUARANTEED not to skid
on wet, slippery pavements*



That Would Buy 100 Dishes Of Supreme Food—Quaker Oats

Consider that—the steak for an average family meal would serve 100 dishes of the food of foods.

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. One egg would buy five dishes. One chop would buy twelve dishes, based on prices at this writing.

You can serve ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats for about the cost of serving one with meat or eggs or fish.

Saves 90% On Your Breakfast

But the true way to measure foods is by nutrition. The calory—the energy unit—is used for this comparison.

Quaker Oats yield 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890 and eggs 635.

This is the cost per 1000 calories in some necessary foods at this writing:

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	5½c
Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	50c
Hen's Eggs	70c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

So Quaker Oats, compared with average meat foods, saves some 90 per cent on a breakfast.

And the oat is the supreme food. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

It is rich in elements which growing children need. As a vim-food it has age-old fame.

Make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast. Start the day well-fed. Use this saving to bring your average food cost down.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

Serve Quaker Oats for its delightful flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet it costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3271

PERSONAL GLIMPSES *Continued*

A TRAMP OF EIGHT HUNDRED MILES THROUGH THE ANDES

AN eight-hundred-mile tramp through a region where tramping is mostly bad may seem a doubtfully delightful way of spending a vacation, but that was the only thing Harry A. Franek could think of doing when he found himself with a little spare time on his hands a while ago. So he picked out a nice, chaotic piece of territory between Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, South America, and Quito, Ecuador, and started out with one companion. From his account of the trip, appearing in *The Wide World Magazine*, it would seem a jaunt of that kind can be recommended to anybody suffering from *ennui*, yearning for thrills and "something new," and not averse to a bit of strenuousness and some danger. The route lay through the Andes, and the tramps mixed freely with the natives, Indian and white, studying their manners and customs. They were fifty-seven days on the road and found, when they figured up their expenses, that each had spent a dollar a day for each day of the journey. Adventures were plentiful, one of the most sinister happenings taking place just after the wayfarers left Bogotá:

On the morning of the second day after leaving Bogotá I suddenly realized that my companions were not with me and sat down to wait. Half an hour passed. I strolled back along the road and then hurried upward at a sharper pace. Fully a mile up I sighted Hays, driving the wobbly-kneed carrier before him. They had tiptoed on the edge of an adventure. Barely had I passed from view when there had fallen in with them, one by one, four evil-faced fellows carrying sugar-cane staffs. As thirst came, each fell to peeling and sucking his cane. Hays looked up to find the four wayfarers, long sheath-knives in hand, still ostensibly engaged in peeling sugar-cane, but closing in around him and the shivering *cargador*. Hays had taken for fiction the stories of dangers on the road, and his automatic pistol was packed away on the carrier's back. But he had been too long a soldier to betray anxiety in the face of danger. The quartet continued their innocent occupation, crowding ever closer, but had not quite summoned up courage to try their fortunes against so stern-faced a *gringo*, when they fell in with another group of travelers, whereupon the four gradually faded behind. Thenceforth we took care to wear our weapons in plain sight.

They had been a number of days on their journey before they met their first full-blooded Indians. Altho they had heard ominous tales of cannibals while they were at Bogotá, these natives seemed friendly enough, each one greeting the wanderers with a singsong salutation as they passed. Many of these Indians were addicted to the coca habit, the cheeks of a number of those they met being disfigured by coca euds. Says Mr. Franek:

Long before the white man appeared on

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

his shores, the Indian of the Andes, unacquainted with the tobacco of his North-American brother, was addicted to this habit. The leaves—from which is extracted the cocaine of modern days—are plucked from a shrub not unlike the orange in appearance, that grows down in the edge of the hot lands to the east of the Andean chain. Once dried, they are packed in huge bales, or crude baskets made on the spot, and sold in the market-places by old women who weigh out the desired amount in clumsy home-made scales or in handfuls by eye-measure.

The Indians thrust the leaves one by one into their mouths and as they become moistened, add a bit of lime or ashes, dip with what looks like an enlarged toothpick from a tiny calabash, which, with a leather pouch for the leaves themselves, constitutes the most indispensable article of the aboriginal equipment. How harmful the habit may be it is hard to gage. Its devotees are, it is true, languid of manner and slow of intellect; but they show no great contrast in this particular from the *gente decente*, their neighbors, who rarely indulge in the leaves, except on some long and wearisome journey. So marked is this languor in Popayan that, as in most Andean towns, brawls are rare, despite the half-anarchy that reigns; the people are simply too tired to quarrel.

At some places on their journey the natives seemed to hold strangers in great fear, and the travelers had much difficulty in obtaining lodging. They were met with all kinds of excuses on the part of the natives who desired to get rid of them:

At one village hut two women met our plea for lodging with: "*No, señores; los maridos no estan*" ("the husbands are out").

"We are not interested in the husbands, but in a place to sleep."

"Yes, but the husbands will be out all night, and they would make themselves very ugly."

Further on my companion tried his luck again. Two plump girls, not unattractive in appearance, bade him enter. Could they give us lodging? They thought so; mother usually did, but she was out just then.

"All right," said Hayes, sitting down. "I'll wait for her."

Some time had passed when it occurred to him to ask:

"When will mother be back?"

"Oh, perhaps in a week," answered the innocent damsels. "She went to Mojarras with a load of corn."

For days at a time we tramped the trails of the Andes. It was no mountain-flanking road of easy gradient, such as abound in the Alps, but one that had chiefly built itself; so that all day long we climbed and descended stony buttresses of the range. Here and there a hut and clearing hung on the opposite mountain wall, or above us, in places where plows were useless. The Indians cultivated their "farms" by burning off a bit of the swift slope. Then they threw a brush fence about it, dropt their seeds into carelessly dug holes, and sat back to wait for whatever Nature chose to send them.

For days now there had been persistent rumors of *salteadores*, highway robbers, reputed experts in the art of shooting travel-



HEINZ

OVEN BAKED BEANS

There are three strong appeals in Heinz Oven Baked Beans. The appeal to the palate, the appeal to reason, and the appeal to the pocketbook. Selected, first quality beans, baked in the Heinz way—in dry heat, in real ovens—combined with the Heinz rich tomato sauce and tender strips of pork. A ready cooked food that is delicious, nutritive and economical.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce

Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style

Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Some of the
57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Cream Soups
Tomato Ketchup



All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada



Rest as You Ride on three-point suspen- sion *Triplex* Springs

THIS beautiful four-door Sedan saves passengers from the swaying, bobbing and pitching due to ordinary road-jolts, in addition to shielding them from hot sun, rain, cold winds and snow.

Its wonderful three-point suspension *Triplex* Springs cushion the jars and absorb the shocks so that the passengers seem to *glide over* rather than ride up and down the road's unevenness.

No previous motor car experience can convey an adequate idea of the improvement in riding comfort achieved by this compact, yet roomy Overland 4 Four-Door Sedan.

A new note in economy of closed car operation is also introduced by Overland 4 Sedan, as it weighs only 200 pounds more than the touring car. Its light weight effects marked savings in gasoline, oil and tires.

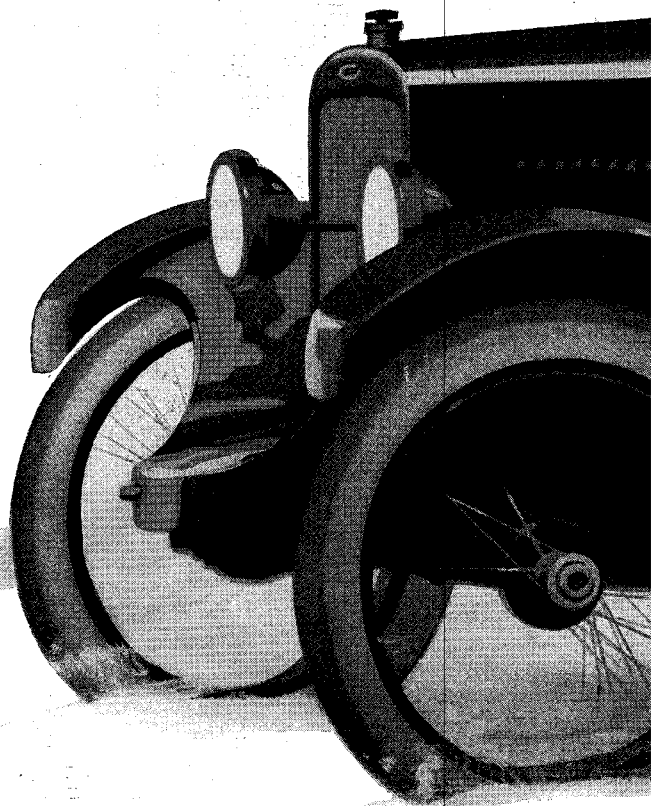
From Auto-Lite starting and lighting to electric horn every detail of equipment is high grade and complete.

The gracefulness of its design and luxuriousness of its appointments together with the fine material and workmanship contribute toward making it a quality car of unusual distinction.

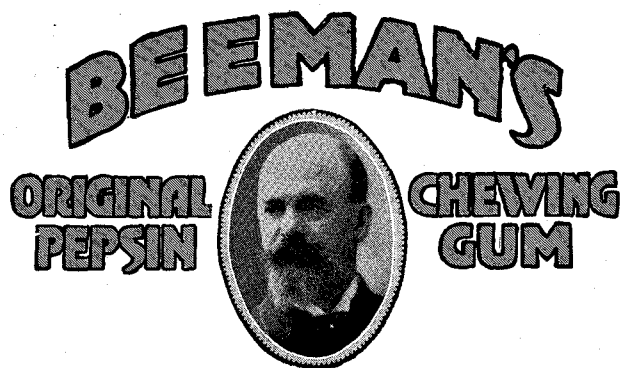
WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters

Willys-Overland, Limited, Toronto, Canada



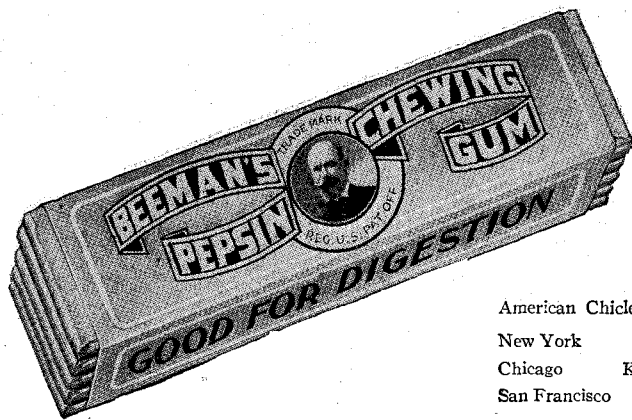




Common Sense and Digestion

The routine use of Beeman's Pepsin Chewing Gum ten minutes after each meal aids digestion by stimulating the flow of saliva which is so essential for the proper digestion of food.

Business men and business women, often attribute to other causes a decrease in their efficiency, when it is really due to a slight indigestion resulting from hasty mastication and insufficient saliva.



American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester



PERSONAL GLIMPSES *Continued*

ers in the back from any of the countless hiding-places along the trail. Every town in turn asserted that its own region was eminently safe; the danger was always in the next one. Each traveler we met—and they were never alone—carried a rifle or a musket. Once, at an awkward defile, we suddenly caught sight of an ugly-looking group of ruffians on a knoll above, and our back muscles twitched uneasily until we had climbed out of range. The fact that our own weapons hung in plain sight may have been the cause of their inaction.

All the processes that go to the making of the festive—and expensive—"Panama" hat were revealed to them at San Pablo, the city where every house is a factory of such hats. We read:

The "straw" is furnished by the toquilla plant, a reed somewhat resembling the sugar-cane in appearance. If left to itself, the plant at length blossoms or "leaves" out in the form of a fan-shaped fern. Once it has reached this stage, it is no longer useful to the weaver of hats. For his purposes the leaves must be nipt in the bud, so to speak—gathered while still in the stalk. The green layers that would, but for this premature end, have expanded later into leaves are spread out and cut into narrow strips with a comb-shaped knife. The finer the cutting, the more expensive the hat. Between the material of a two- and a fifty-dollar "Panama" there is no difference whatever, except in the width of the strips. Boiled and laid out in the sun and wind, these curl tightly together. They are then bleached white in a sulfur-oven and sold to the weaver in the form of tufts not unlike broom-straw or a bunch of prairie-grass.

The weaving of the "Panama" begins at the crown, and the edge of the brim is still unfinished, with protruding "straws," when turned over to the wholesale dealer. Packed one inside the other in bales a yard long, they are carried on mule-back to Pasto. There more skilful workmen bind in and trim the edges. They are then placed in large mud-ovens of beehive shape, in which quantities of sulfur are burned. Next they are laid out in the backyard of the establishment—with chickens, dogs, and other fauna common to the dwellings of the Andes wandering over them, be it said in passing—to bleach in the sun; they are rubbed with starch to give them a false whiteness, and finally men and boys pound and pound them on blocks with heavy wooden mallets, as if bent on their utter destruction, tossing them aside at last, folded and beaten flat, in the form in which they appear eventually in the show-windows of our own land. The best can be woven only at morning or evening, or when the moon is full and bright, the humidity of the air being then just sufficient to give the fiber the required flexibility.

Virtually every inhabitant of San Pablo is, from childhood, an expert weaver of hats. We were told that in all the history of the town only one boy had been too stupid to learn to weave, and he was now the priest of a neighboring hamlet! The government telegraph operator of San Pablo—who probably averages a dozen messages a week—had a record of one hat a day, six hats a week the year round. That was probably at least

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

double the average output, for very few worked with any such marked industry. The overwhelming majority are amateur weavers, making one hat a week merely as a pastime in the intervals of their more regular occupations of cooking, planting, shopkeeping, school-teaching, and loafing. The boy in need of spending-money, the village sport who plans a celebration, the Indian whose iron-lined stomach craves a draft of the fiery *caña*, the pious old woman fearful of losing the good-will of her *cura*, all fall to and weave a hat in time for the Saturday market.

Mr. Franck then gives a description of a brand new game played by the natives, which the tourists observed shortly after crossing the frontier of Ecuador, and he closes his story with an account of a native celebration of one of the numerous *fiesta* days observed in those parts:

In the irregular field that formed the *plaza* before a bulking mud church, half a hundred barefoot Indian men and boys, each in a *ruana* of distinctive gay color reaching to the knees, were pursuing a sphere about half the size of a football. Each player had bound on his right hand, like the *cesta* of the Spanish pelota player, a large round instrument of rawhide, of the form of a flat drum or a double-headed banjo. Suddenly the bell of the white-washed church sounded. The players piled their "gloves" hastily in the form of a cross, and every living person in the *plaza*, male and female, snatched off their hats and poured into the place of worship, from which arose some weird species of music as we pushed on into the town.

We arrived at Ibarra on the day sacred to the "Virgen de la Merced." The celebration began early in the afternoon. An endless train of Indians in a medley of colors trooped across the town under great bundles of dry bush, gathered far away in the hills, a haughty chief on horseback riding up and down the line giving his orders in sputtering Quichua. Men, women, and children deposited their loads on the bare *plaza* before a weather-tarnished old church, and ambled away for more. Five immense heaps had been laid out in the form of a cross when a priest sallied forth to sprinkle them with holy water. In the thickening dusk the entire town gathered amid a deafening din of battered church bells, the explosion of thousands of home-made fireworks and of "cannon crackers," the blare of a tireless band, and the howling of the populace and its swarming curs. The brush cross was lighted by a priest in rich vestments, and pandemonium raged the whole night through.

The driftwood of the festival, in the form of *chicha* victims, sprawled on their backs in streets and gutters, littered the town when we set out to climb to the frozen equator at Cayambe. Far off to the hazy southwest the horizon was walled by a vast range, the highest point of which was evidently Pinchincha, at the foot of which lay the end of our present journey. In a shelter at the roadside an Indian woman, selling steaming soup with bits of meat and tiny potatoes in it, served us in a single earthenware plate with wooden spoons as impassively as she did her own people. Farther on, groups of aborigines were burning off, over brush fires, the bristles of slaughtered pigs that lay in batches of a

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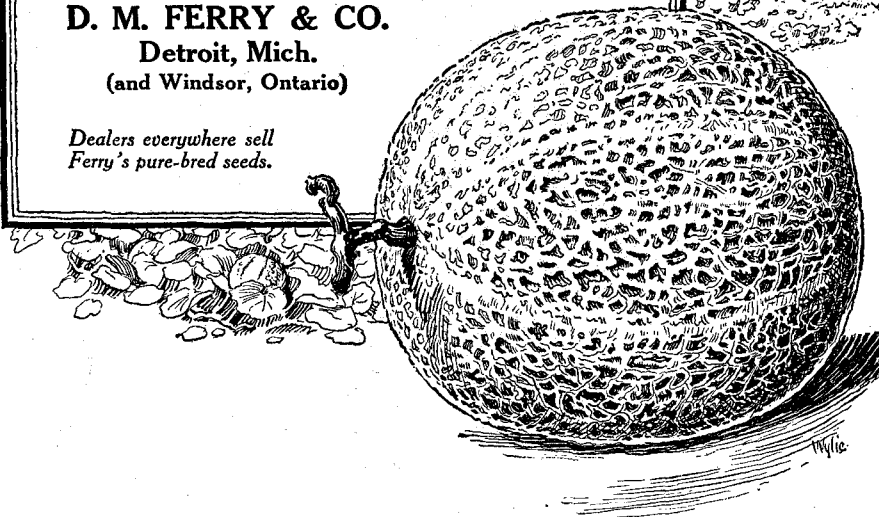
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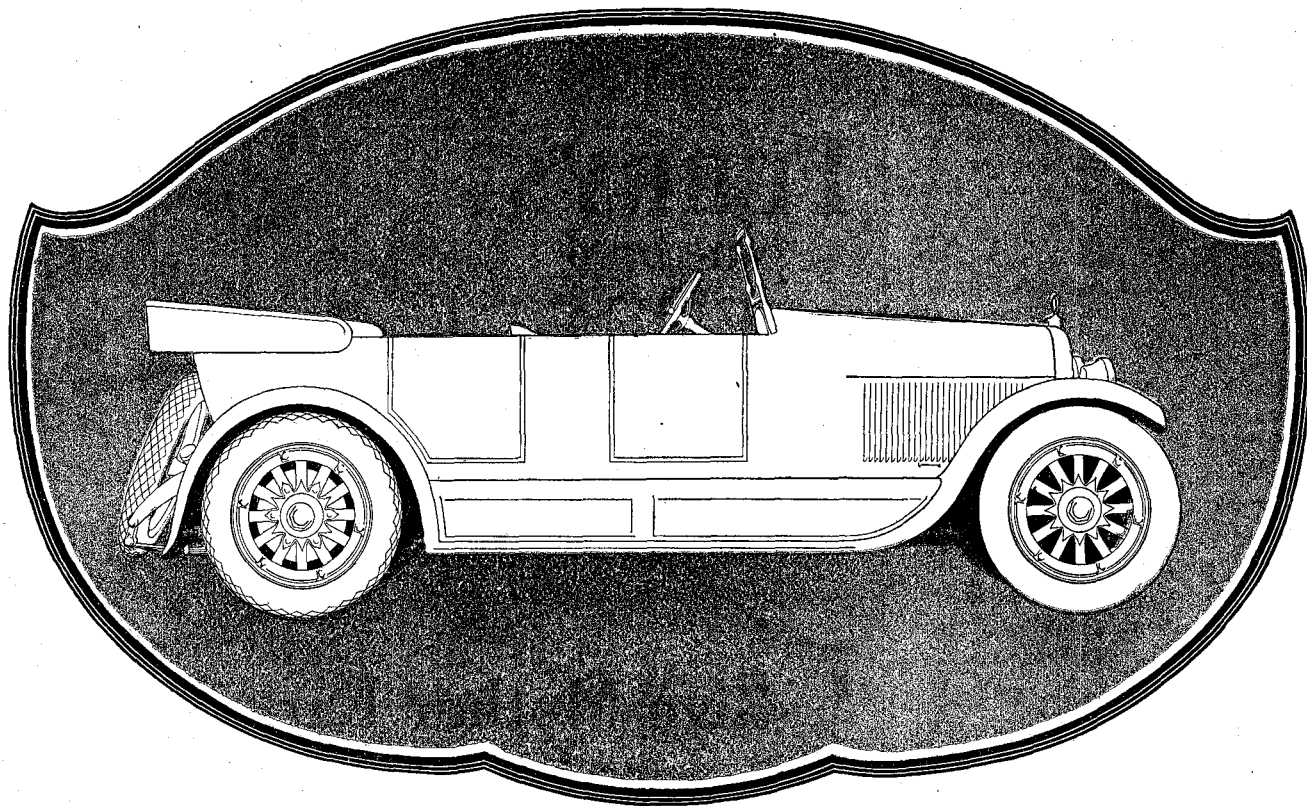
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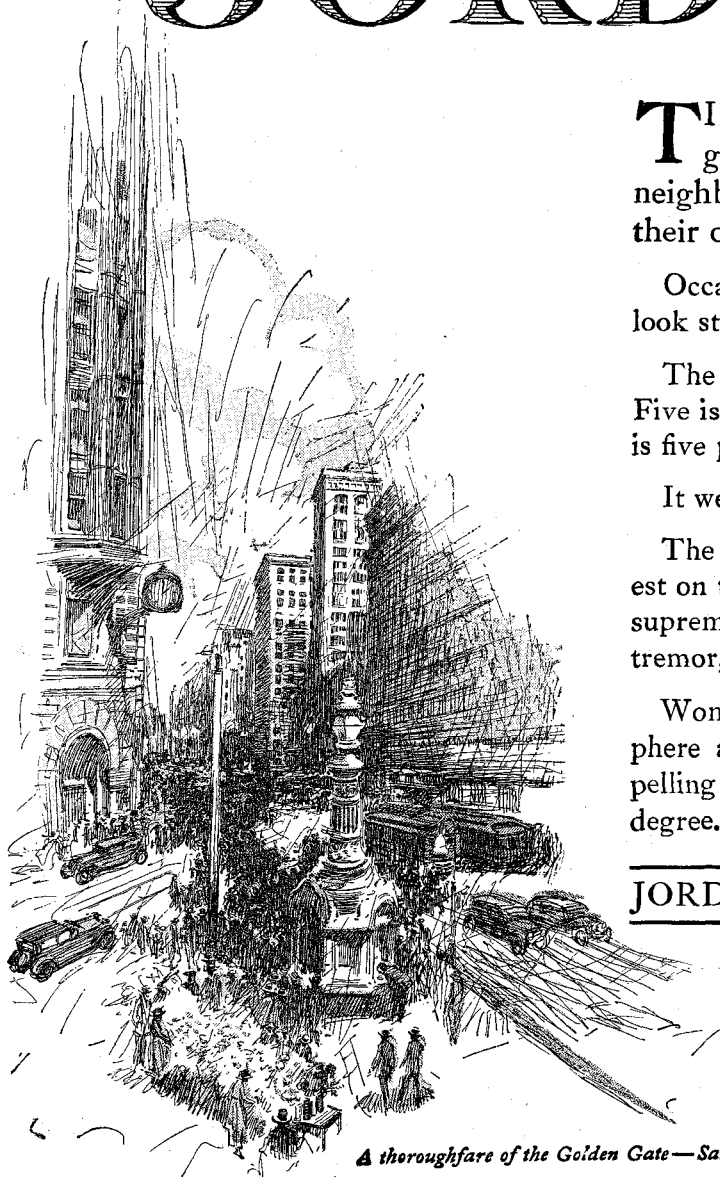
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JORDAN MOTOR CAR CO., Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*



A thoroughfare of the Golden Gate—San Francisco

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

half-dozen, split open, at the road edge. A carriage passed—the first we had seen for weeks; then an automobile; a man in "European" clothes, wearing shoes, yet actually walking; a clean child of well-to-do parents. A motley crowd, chiefly Indians in gaudy *ponchos*, came and went; and all at once Quito in its Maylike afternoon burst out before us in its mountain hollow

THESE MEN ENJOYED THE RARE SPORT OF HUNTING GORILLAS

ELEPHANT, lion, and buffalo figure prominently in African hunting stories, but seldom does a sportsman lay low a gorilla. Only when some adventurous spirit penetrates the deepest fastnesses of the jungle does he come in contact with the great anthropoid, and the experience invariably furnishes a tale full of thrills. Last summer H. G. and R. H. Foster, whose home is at Jinja, Uganda, in eastern Africa, had an opportunity to hunt this rare animal, and among the contents of their game-bag when they returned home were a live baby gorilla and the skins and skeletons of two adults. The gorilla hunt was unexpected, as they had set out to shoot elephant. On the way to the place they had selected as their field of operations, however, they were informed of a rare type of gorilla supposed to have its habitat on Mount Mibreno, about thirty miles from Lake Kivu, where the party made their camp for several days, and as the pursuit of gorillas offered more thrills than elephant, they decided to go after the big apes. Their information, it seems, had not been of a particularly specific character, but on their journey toward Mount Mibreno they found a pigmy village, whose diminutive inhabitants were finally persuaded to act as guides to the party. Their experiences with these shy wood-folk and the further adventures of the expedition are set out in the New York *Herald* by one of the brothers:

We camped that evening on the slope of a mountain, and while sitting outside our tent one of our carriers told us that he had seen two pigmies not far off. Later on we saw them ourselves and they gradually came closer to our tent, evidently being drawn by curiosity, and they eventually squatted down a few yards off. We knew that one of our carriers had a knowledge of their language, and after a time, when we had persuaded them by a gift of food and salt that our intentions were friendly, we got on conversational terms with them. As we were going almost entirely on information received from the natives regarding the existence of gorillas on Mount Mibreno, we were anxious to hear what the pigmies could tell us about them, and after some time we gathered that there were very large monkeys on Mount Mibreno, but there were also larger ones farther up the mountain on the slopes of which we were then camped. We came to the conclusion that these latter would probably be chimpanzees, but decided that we would go up the mountain

the next day, and if we found any would ask the pigmies how they compared with those on Mount Mibreno.

Next morning we got away early with the pigmies in attendance. For the first few hours we were interested in watching the tactics of these diminutive natives of central Africa. They were about four feet in height, absolutely naked, and carried a spear apiece. They were very suspicious of any sound or action on our part which they were unable to account for, and on the slightest sign of danger would vanish into the surrounding forest so silently and quickly that if we were not looking at them we were quite unable to tell in which direction they had gone, but they would always reappear again in a few minutes generally a few yards ahead of us.

As we were making our way through the forest suddenly there was a great crashing of undergrowth. The pigmies, as usual, disappeared, and we stood ready for anything which might appear. However, we saw nothing and came to the conclusion that whatever animal it was had made the noise had decamped. In a few moments the pigmies reappeared and were standing quite close to us when one of them suddenly made a dive into the middle of a thick bush which was growing about two yards away, emerging again almost immediately, holding up a small animal about a foot and a half long, which was squealing and kicking violently. On examination this proved to be a young giant hog. We examined him with interest, as this species of pig is very rare, and we had never seen one before. They grow to a great size and are very shy and difficult to get a shot at. No doubt, it was the old sow which we had heard crashing away. How the pigmy had spotted the young one in the bush we were at a loss to understand, but there is no doubt that they do not miss much in the shape of food when it comes within range of their eyes.

Up till now we had seen nothing of chimpanzees or any large monkeys, but about an hour later we saw one on a large tree which had fallen. The pigmies saw it first and pointed it out to us. We did not shoot it, as we merely wanted to see one and make sure the pigmies had seen it too. When the chimpanzee disappeared the pigmies pointed out to us in some near-by trees the habitations of these wild monkey-men, which, according to our interpreter, was what they called them. These consisted of platforms about three feet square, built, some distance up the trees, of branches and sticks bound together with grass and a vine which we saw growing around some of the trees.

At this juncture the hunters were informed by their pigmy guides that there were certain "man-monkeys" on Mount Mibreno much larger than the animal they had seen. In fact, asserted the pigmy tribe, these apes they spoke of were so large and strong that no pigmy had ever ventured near them. This led to a parley, during which the little men were finally reassured by statements regarding the potency of the hunters' "irons" which enabled them to work vast destruction at a great distance. The pigmies were also promised much meat which the white men intended to shoot. So they continued on their way:

We started at daylight the next morning and reached our next camping-ground without incident. The country we had come

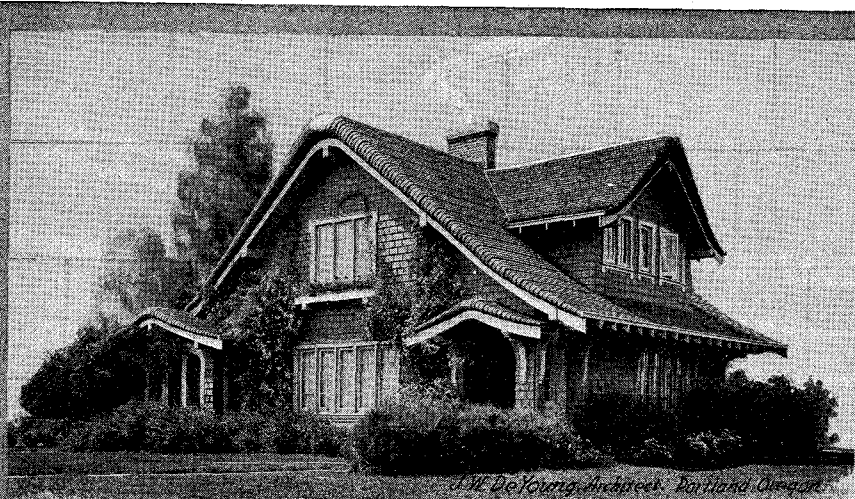
through was similar to that of the day before, but we had to make our way through several large patches of giant nettles. These had caused us great discomfort, as we got stung all over with their bristles, which grew to about half an inch in length and were strong enough to penetrate our clothing.

We found ourselves on Mount Mikero, at an altitude of about eight thousand feet. We had followed the lower edge of the bamboos and had then struck uphill for a little while and arrived at a spot where no bamboos grew, but we had them above and below us. After a talk with the pigmies we decided that this would be a good spot from which to hunt for the gorillas, as they told us they could take us to a spot a few hours away where they knew the gorillas had been in the habit of sleeping every night some months ago, but they thought that they did not stop on one part of the mountain for very long at a time, and as there were only a few of them we might be several days finding them.

Our camp was on the south side of the mountain, and early next morning we started off with the pigmies leading in an easterly and slightly uphill direction. It was hard going and the nettles were almost unbearable. After going steadily for over five hours our two guides, without a word of explanation, suddenly disappeared. We had heard or seen nothing and we expected them to reappear, as they usually did, in one or at most two minutes. However, as they did not turn up, and being in need of a rest we sat down and waited. After about fifteen minutes, when we had begun to think that perhaps they had suddenly got tired of their job and had deserted us for good, they reappeared and beckoned us to follow, which we did, and in about ten minutes they stooped again and pointed to the ground close ahead of them, then said something to our interpreter, who told us that this was where the gorillas had been several months ago. We examined the ground, but all spoor had been washed out and the only peculiarities we could find were several circular-shaped patches about four feet in diameter and scattered over with dried bamboo twigs. On inquiring, the pigmies told us through our interpreter that these were the remains of the gorillas' beds, which they made of bamboo twigs piled up into a heap.

As we could learn nothing from what we saw here as to their present whereabouts we asked the pigmies if they had any idea where we should be likely to find the gorillas now, but they said that as it was well known that they did not stop in one part of the mountain for very long at a time it was impossible for them to say where they were, but they knew this family had been on the mountain for a long time and they thought it was very unlikely they had left it and "if the white men still wanted to shoot this uneatable meat the only chance they had of doing so was to find some fresh spoor, when the gorillas could easily be reached."

On being reassured that if we were successful in finding the gorillas we would shoot them large quantities of meat, the pigmies agreed to remain with us and help us to get on to their tracks. So we decided that we would not move our camp from its present position and that we would search all this side of the mountain systematically, starting from the camp each morning in a new direction. We were satisfied that if we were not actually on the track of gorillas at any rate they must be something new in the ape line. They certainly could not be chimpanzees,



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

as this was not the right sort of country for them and we had never seen their beds anywhere else but up the trees in thick forest, and having come so far and our curiosity being greatly aroused we decided to do all in our power to find them and secure a shim.

For three days they wandered around on the mountain looking for their quarry, but without success. Owing to the altitude it was very cold, and a part of the time the mountain was enveloped in clouds and rain which added to the discomfort of the hunters. On the fourth day they started to explore the part of the mountain directly above them. They found the going hard, and after several hours of strenuous climbing found that they had ascended only about a thousand feet above their camp. Further:

We continued straight up hill and in about ten minutes suddenly came on some of the beds which the pigmies had told us the gorillas make out of bamboo twigs. We found them to be as the pigmies had described, simply bamboo twigs heaped up, on the tops of which the gorillas had sat and so flattened down the tops, which were now about two and one-half feet from the ground. Each bed was about four feet in diameter, and we could see that they were quite new and from the spoor came to the conclusion that the gorillas had left only an hour or two before we arrived.

Most of the beds were fairly close together, but one we saw was several yards away from the rest. We examined the spoor close to this and found that the footprints were larger than any of those of the rest of the family, and in comparison with our own were considerably larger. We both agreed that we were up against something rather formidable in the monkey line and that hostilities at close quarters must at all costs be avoided. We therefore commenced to follow the tracks very cautiously. Apparently they had not been in any hurry, as they had been feeding all the way along on young bamboo shoots and a certain kind of weed which grew very plentifully hereabouts. We found the pigmies very useful now, as they had not the slightest difficulty in keeping on the track, which, of course, was plain enough; but, what was more to the point, we knew we could rely on them to let us know when we were close to the gorillas.

The tracks had led us in an up-hill direction through thick bamboo forest, and we had been going an hour or a little more and had noticed that the forest was getting thinner. We found later that we were on the upper edge of the bamboos.

When the pigmies suddenly vanished we had heard or seen nothing, and after waiting a minute or two they reappeared and beckoned us to follow, which we did; and after going a little further we could see in a clearing of the forest a party of nine or ten huge apes. They were seated on the ground more or less in a circle and appeared to be resting, but one young one about half grown was facing directly our way, and I think must have caught sight of one of us, as he got up with a grunt which apparently put all the rest on the *qui vive*, as they all rose.

One gorilla which was probably the old

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

man of the party, as he was larger and appeared to have become partly gray with age, started to come toward us. We fired and killed him before he had advanced many steps. The remainder, probably surprised and frightened at the sound of our rifles and at seeing their leader fall, hesitated and backed away, making a hideous noise not unlike a frightened baboon but much louder and deeper.

I noticed as they drew off that the gorilla nearest us was holding in her arms a very young one, so I fired and wounded her and she came toward us, still clasping her baby. We both fired again and she dropt. The rest by this time were just disappearing.

We approached the female gorilla and found her lying face down resting on her elbows and still clasping her young one underneath her. We took away the young one, which from indications we thought could not be more than twenty-four hours old. It was a female and quite uninjured. The old man gorilla had never stirred from where he fell when we shot him and we now examined him with interest. We had seen before shooting him that he was a huge beast, but we were hardly prepared for the size and strength which the following measurements indicated:

Height, five feet eleven inches in ordinary standing attitude.

Chest, fifty-eight inches.

Girth around stomach, sixty-seven inches.

Finger-tip to finger-tip, with arms extended, seven feet.

Forearm in thickest part, fifteen inches round.

The female gorilla was a good six inches shorter and smaller in proportion, her color and that of the rest of the herd, with the exception of the old man, which, as I have already said, was partly gray, was black with, in places, a dark brown tinge.

While we were examining our bag, and for some time during subsequent skinning operations we could hear the rest of the gorillas some distance away screaming and making noises unlike any other animal we had heard. We thought they were about seventy-five or a hundred yards off, but they did not attempt to molest us and gradually drew off out of earshot.

We spent the rest of that day skinning the dead gorillas and in cutting the bones out of them, much to the amazement of the natives, who could not understand why we wanted the bones at all, and when we told them that we were going to cook and eat the flesh they were plainly disgusted, as apparently even they never dared to eat gorilla meat. We afterward offered it to the pigmies in lieu of the buffalo meat which we had promised them.

This promise we afterward carried out and shot them two buffaloes, having first been careful to get directions from them as to the whereabouts of the nearest village; thereafter we did not see our pigmies again. We had to wait several days at our present camp to dry the skins and bones and during this time the baby gorilla kept very fit, altho we only had canned milk to feed her on and a Worcester-sauce bottle fitted with a piece of hollow stick and a small piece of rubber tubing for a feeding-bottle. However, she managed to empty it two or three times every day and was a great nuisance at night, as one or the other of us had to get up every two or three hours to heat her



The Unread Clause

If Fire Destroyed Your Records What Proof of Loss Would You Have?

Have you read these two vital clauses in your fire insurance policy?

- | | | |
|-----|---|--|
| 7 | Uninsurable | This policy shall not cover accounts, bills, currency, deeds, evidences of debt, money, notes or securities; nor, unless specifically named hereon in writing, bullion, mechanical drawings, dies or patterns. |
| 8 | and excepted | |
| 9 | property | |
| 10 | | |
| 11 | manuscripts | |
| 154 | The insured shall produce for examination all books of account, | |
| 155 | bills, invoices, and other vouchers, or certified copies thereof, | |
| 156 | if originals be lost, at such reasonable time and place as may be | |
| 157 | designated by this company or its representative. | |

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How are you safeguarding these records?

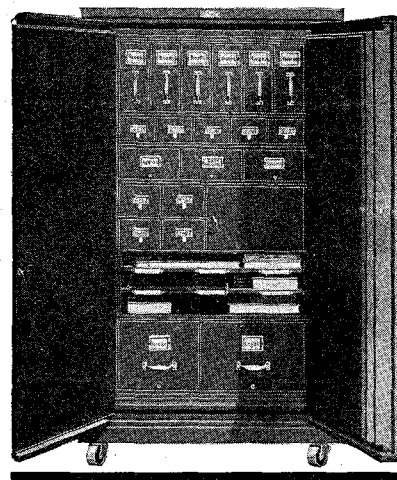
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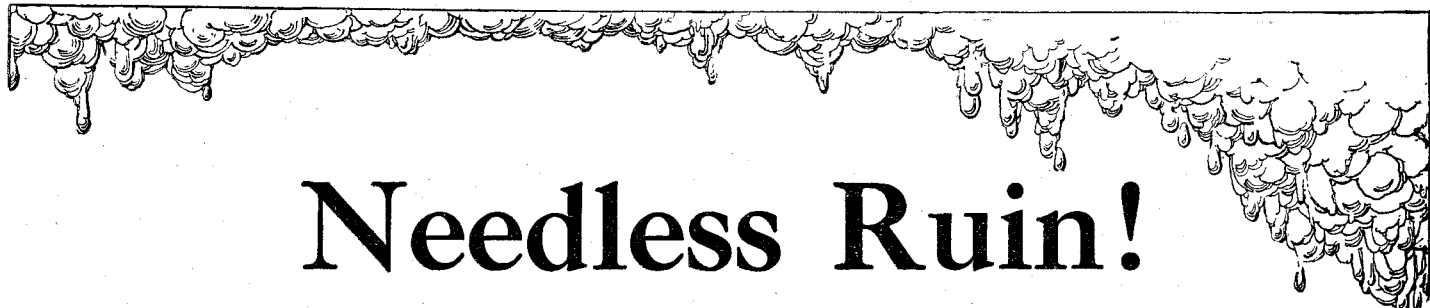
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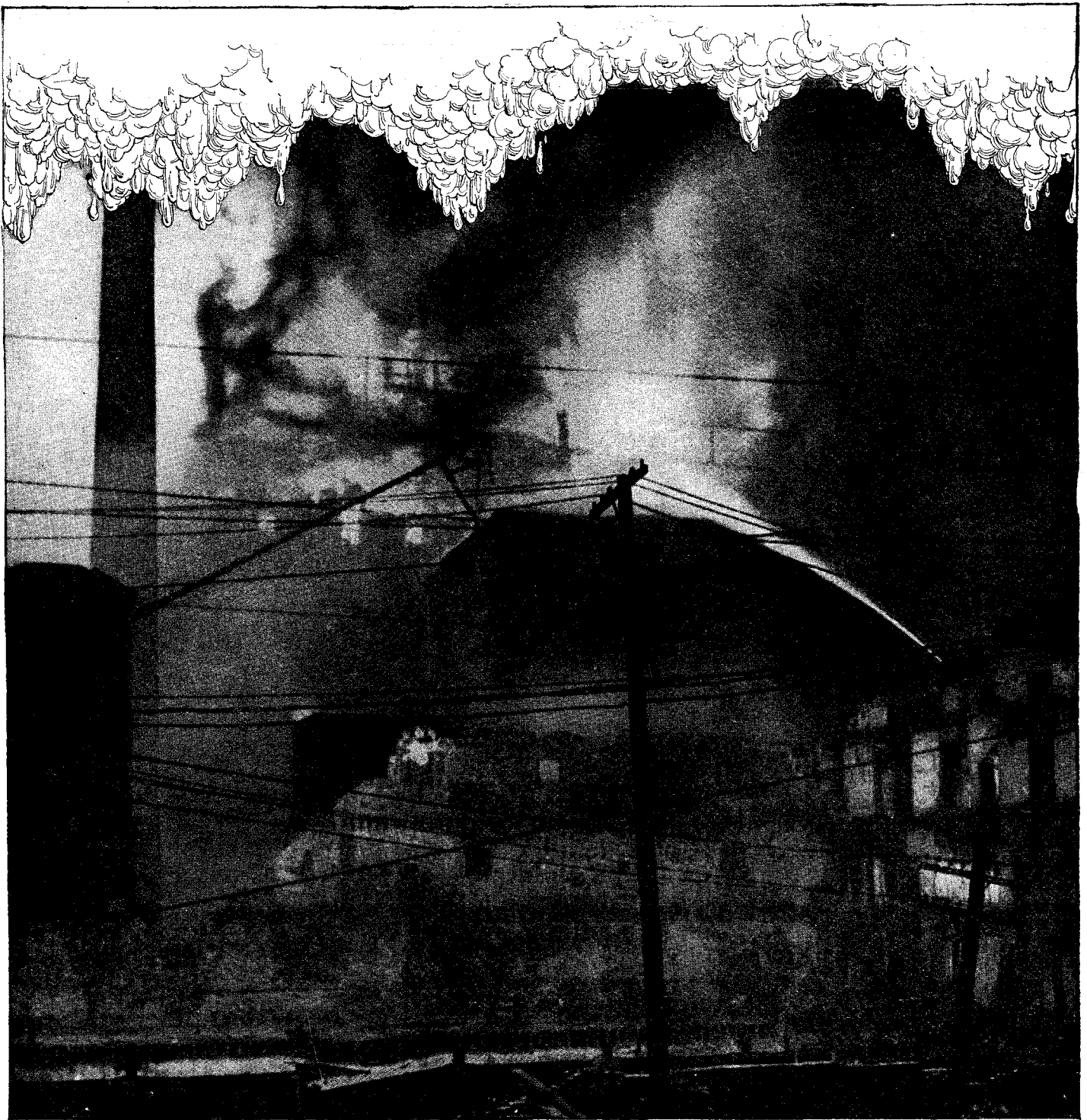
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

milk and give it to her. When she got hungry she used to cry, and when contented sucked her thumb like any human baby.

The baby gorilla continued to thrive and consume large quantities of milk. Apparently it was none the worse for the continual trekking about. Mr. Foster concludes:

During all this time the baby gorilla was drinking more milk and growing fast and appeared to be none the worse for the continual trekking about. The final stage of my return journey from Kabaki on the Uganda frontier back to the farm I accomplished in four days on a motor-bike, carrying the gorilla inside my shirt. It seemed a very hardy animal and would, I believe, have lived, but was given milk—which we did not find out until afterward, when it was too late—obtained from a sick cow, so it got ill and finally died two months after my return. However, we have now the three complete skins and skeletons of the gorillas, so that as far as the gorilla hunt goes our expedition can not be described as a failure, for I think that these would form a unique group in any museum and should, as well, be of some scientific value.

NO COMMUNICATION YET WITH ADAM AND EVE

IT may be that there is some wireless system of telegraphy between this world and the next, but no one has yet announced communication with Adam and Eve, and there are some skeptics who believe that we never will have long-distance converse with the pair responsible for all our troubles. Some of the greatest mediums have been shown to be only mediums for ridding one's self of loose dollars. They had no more communication with the hinterland of the soul than has little Johnny Jones. But, as P. T. Barnum knew, the world loves to be faked and fooled, and the spirit messengers have had a great day. A writer in the *New York Sun* affords us a little insight into the workings and methods of some mediums at least through an exposure made before him. He saw Joe Rinn do some fancy slate-writing with means that were of this world only. Rinn stands not upon the same ground as Sir Oliver Lodge, and holds that the scientist is honest, but misinformed. We read:

"Just to prove what I am saying," continued Mr. Rinn, as he prepared to enter an alcove in the side wall of the cave which had been rigged up as a medium's cabinet, and as he fussed around with a tambourine, an accordion, and a harmonica which were to be played by Little Brighteyes, Joe's familiar spook, "I will bet Sir Oliver \$5,000, money to be put up with anybody Sir Oliver selects, that I can fake him straight through the whole bag of spiritism tricks; \$5,000 that I can fool him despite every so-called scientific test he wants to make. And, folk, that goes—goes for Sir Oliver or my

old friend Hyslop or any of the other easy-marks who think they are approaching investigation of spiritism in a cold-blooded scientific way."

Mr. Rinn, the same Joseph F. Rinn who made life miserable for May Pepper, of Brooklyn, some years back, who was one of the expositors of Eusapia Palladino, and who, with his side-partner, Davis, has brought flocks of mediums the country over to weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and, even worse, to bankruptcy, accepted a dinner invitation from the giddy Sunrisers last night just for the purpose of showing up psychic phenomena as the bunk.

The word is Mr. Rinn's and seems adequate. No doubt the appearance of Sir Oliver, upon these shores, together with the new general hullabaloo over what comes through from over back of the beyond stirred Mr. Rinn from his wholesale brokerage business in fruits and produce down at 319 Washington Street, and sent him on the trail again with the keenness of an old hound after game.

After the Sunrise Club folk and their guests had dined and consumed as much water as the human stomach possibly could stand, Mr. Rinn took charge of the proceedings. He made himself a platform of four kitchen-tables roped together in a square. He put another table and a small chair upon that platform, spotted the work-table with paraphernalia consisting of a black bag, a handkerchief or two, an accordion, a harmonica, a set of bells, several single school-boy's slates with the old-fashioned red bindings, a roll of absorbent cotton and a pile of books.

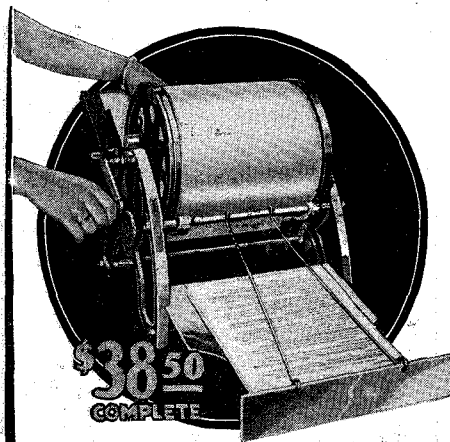
Not ten persons of the 500 in the room knew what Rinn was up to, most of them supposing, from his style of patter at the start, and from his friendly and sympathetic comments on spiritism, that he was one of the tribe of mediums himself. And Joseph played the part deftly until almost the dénouement, which came at midnight, to the low hissing of some real mediums who were in the crowd and who were as sore as a bruised toe.

Throughout the performance he complained of the "antagonism" which was "breaking the magnetic circle"; of the skeptics who threw darkness over his controls, and of the general lack of harmony which we mediums, dearie, just must have. So he had most of them completely fooled when he ran through an hour or so of preliminary parlor tricks of fake mind-reading, including the old May Pepper trick of reading sealed messages addressed to the dear departed in the spirit world. That over, and still posing as a medium himself, still with the sympathy of many ardent spiritualists in the audience, Rinn went after Sir Oliver in earnest.

He brought out his slates, just common ordinary school slates. He invited anybody to come to the platform and be blindfolded. Young Edmund Goldberg jumped up with alacrity, announcing that he didn't believe in the darned fool stuff and that nobody was going to put anything over on him. Thereupon he was well blindfolded and the slate was laid between him and Rinn upon the table-top.

"Now," said Rinn, "you are Sir Oliver Lodge. Remember now, you're Sir Oliver, and if you are willing to believe in spiritualism if you get a message, under scientific conditions, upon this slate in front of us while you hold both my feet and my hands firmly. Is that right?"

"Sure," said young Goldberg. "I get you."



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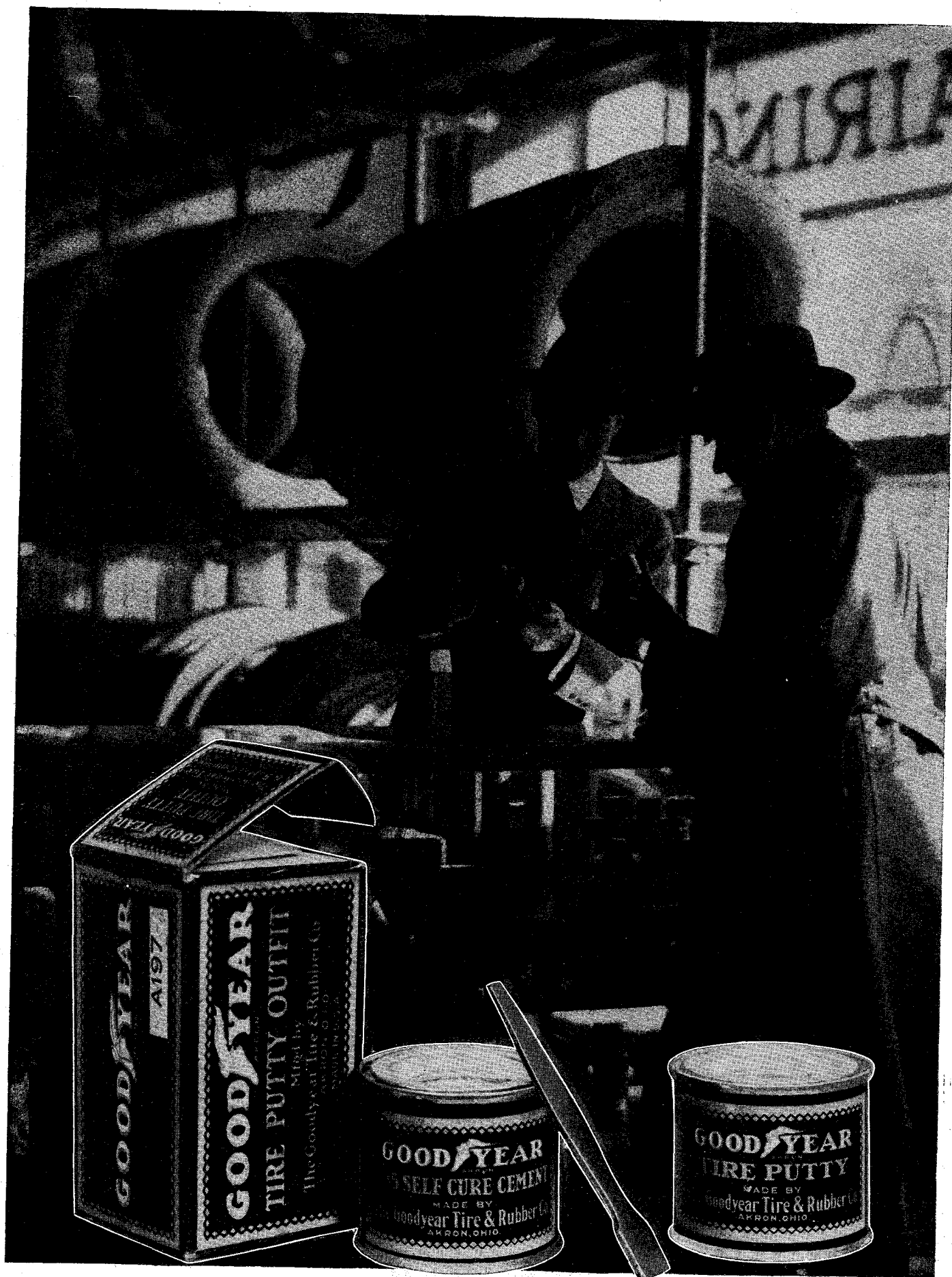
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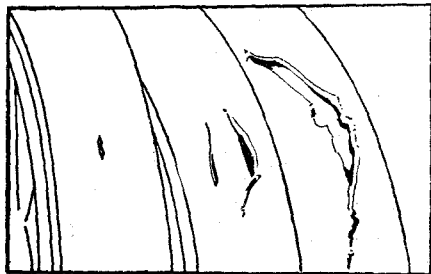


A photograph taken inside a Goodyear Service Station, and a close-up of the Goodyear Tire Putty Outfit, the use of which is described on the next page

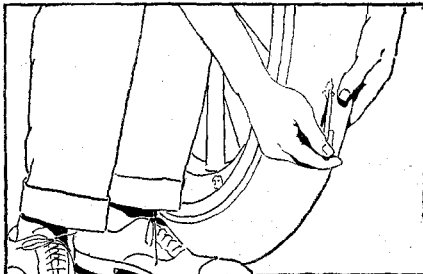
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GOODYEAR

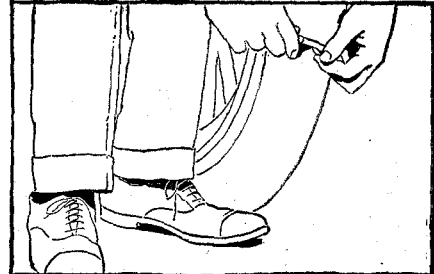
Part and Parcel of the Goodyear Service Plan



HOW TREAD CUTS GROW. *If your tire receives a small tread cut that is not attended to, this cut will soon grow in size, causing quick ruin to the tire, as shown above. It is wise to have your Goodyear Service Station Dealer repair these cuts immediately, or show you how to do it yourself with the Goodyear Tire Putty Outfit.*



HOW TO USE THE GOODYEAR TIRE PUTTY OUTFIT. *Scrub and clean out the cut thoroughly with gasoline and allow to dry. Apply with metal spreader two coats of Goodyear Cement, allowing each to dry. Knead a portion of Tire Putty until it comes free from the palm of the hands, then, when the last coat of cement is dry, ram and wedge the kneaded putty into every part of the cut. Use more than enough to fill.*



LET THE TIRE STAND 12 HOURS—OR LONGER. *When thoroughly dry and hard, trim off the ragged edges of the repair with a wet knife. The job is complete, the tire is saved, and the repair will last fully as long as the rest of the tread.*

LIKE every other Goodyear Tire Saver, the Tire Putty outfit, illustrated on the opposite page, occupies a definite place, in the Goodyear Service Plan.

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By lessons on tire conservation, by constant educational work among our many thousands of dealers, by frequent and instructive advertising, Goodyear is carrying on this work.

The Goodyear Plan of Service asks that you avail yourself of your privilege of using the knowledge and advice of your Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

It aims to assist you, by means of Tire Savers and Conservation Lessons, to take care of your tires, to prevent the small injuries from growing into larger ones.

So, naturally Goodyear Tire Savers become a part and parcel of the Goodyear Service Plan for they add thousands of miles of service to injured, worn tires.

Keep them in your car as part of your equipment. Get them, with the six lessons on tire care, at the orange and black sign of the Goodyear Service Station Dealer, or write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

TIRE SAVERS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

Rinn dropt his head, groaned, began to writhe in his chair and then to pump his arms up and down. Gradually, without Goldberg in the least detecting it, he withdrew his right hand from Goldberg's grasp, leaving Goldberg to believe that he still clung to both of Rinn's hands. The trick is one familiar to contortionists and to psychologists as well. Thereupon he simply reached into a vest-pocket, withdrew a bit of chalk, and quickly scrawled upon the slate: "I love you. R." A few more writhings and contortions and his hand had again insinuated itself into Goldberg's grip without the latter being aware of the physical deception. The whole thing was performed in plain sight of most of the audience.

The young man was considerably startled when he took off his bandage and saw this exhibition of power. He asked for more, and we read:

More was coming. Still in the character of Sir Oliver he demanded writing upon the bottom of the slate. Rinn let both hands and both feet be imprisoned once more, but this time he bent over and deftly, with his teeth, reversed the slate, wrote upon it with chalk that had been hidden in his mouth, using his teeth, again went through the groaning and writhing process and commanded the lad to cast off the bandage once more.

But the final trick was the lulu of the evening. Goldberg demanded a spirit message while the slate lay upon the platform two feet distant from his feet and Rinn's, and the enemy of the mediums obliged at once. This time he simply cast his right shoe, which was a loose, leather slipper of the romeo style, cast about with facile toes until he had located the slate and the piece of chalk that lay upon it, deftly gript the chalk between great toe and its neighbor, dashed off a sample of toe chirography as easily as a man might write a chalked sentence in the ordinary human way, flipped the slate over with the same trained toes, returned the chalk to the slate face, slid his half-bared right foot back into the romeo, did a convulsion or two to the accompaniment of groans, and told young Mr. Goldberg to take another look.

All that Joe Rinn did after that was to fill his mouth with milk, go into a curtained alcove, in which he had previously placed a thoroughly well-tied and knotted accordion, tambourine, and harmonica, imitate the voices of his three controls, Little Brighteyes, Nigger Tom, and Mrs. Sullivan (one can imagine the clashing dialects), and stand by, constantly clapping his own hands, while the controls played the roped and tied instruments. That was all he did except come out of the alcove with his mouth full of *café-au-lait* instead of plain milk. Mr. Rinn made some believers in spiritualism pretty blue by the time the show was over. And at the end he said simply:

"Everything I've done to-night was a fraud—everything. I did it in the open light, with few accessories. You never would catch real mediums doing that. Don't be fooled by this bunk stuff. Nobody who ever went West ever telegraphed a message back. The last letter the late Dr. Richard Hodgson, of the Society for

Psychical Research, ever wrote I have locked in my safe. I will give Professor Hyslop \$1,000 if he can get any of his mediums to tell me what is in that letter. The offer goes for every medium in the country."

BRAZILIANS REGARD CHARLIE CHAPLIN WITHOUT MIRTH

TO see Charlie Chaplin's classic features plastered with a thick coating of custard-pie causes a reasonable amount of hilarity in practically every country on earth except Brazil, says Mr. James H. Collins, who is now making a tour of South America to observe the ways of the people there. The Brazilian doesn't find such spectacles funny, it seems, and when the screen shows a man kicking another in the stomach or falling down-stairs, he gazes thereon without a smile, and even sadly. The reason, we are told, is that Brazilians have an aversion to violence. If one calls another a liar, the two never get into a fist-fight over it. Not only do they avoid fights, but they even dislike to be touched, and in carnival time in Rio de Janeiro it is said that thousands of persons will throng the streets and yet one person seldom touches another. Young Brazilians going in for athletics prefer non-contact sports, such as rowing, tennis, and track games. In the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* Mr. Collins describes a number of other interesting features of life in the coffee republic, from which we quote such as relate particularly to street costumes:

The Egyptians used to carry a mummy among the guests at every feast, as a reminder that we are all mortals. One of the sights in Rio de Janeiro is the delivery of coffins, which are carried empty on men's heads. At a certain Avenida restaurant one can sit eating at a window-table and see a coffin carried by at least once in five minutes—an equivalent of the mummy at the feast, very characteristic of the Brazilian capital. Coffins, hearses, and funerals generally, like many other things in Brazil, are a government concession and monopoly. But they are systematically standardized, with official charges for eight different classes of funerals. A first-class funeral, complete, is quite a gorgeous affair, with a gaily gilded coffin and a gilded hearse to match, drawn by six mules, and costs \$150. The pitiful little eighth-class funeral of the suburbs, with even the motorman respectfully lifting his hat as it passes, has some paper flowers and a little gilding, and costs only twenty milreis.

A more cheerful subject is the public wedding automobile in Rio de Janeiro, hired for marriages by all who can afford it. This is a small town car, in which the bride and groom ride to the church and civil ceremony. The whole body of the car is made of plate-glass panels—sides, front, back, and doors. Each panel is outlined with sprays of white wax flowers, reinforced by a big bouquet of wax blossoms. The interior is trimmed in white, and the bride and groom sitting inside look as stately as the little figures on a wedding-cake. Marriage without this car is unthinkable to the Rio de Janeiro bride.

When two automobiles crash into each other in Rio de Janeiro, instead of sending

for a wrecking crew, the police place a guard over the remnants and see that they remain undisturbed until a formal investigation is made by the authorities, and also the attorneys on either side. Very often the wreck will lie a week, even if it becomes necessary to divert traffic. Nothing connected with legalities is ever skimped or done in a hurry in Brazil—everything must be painstakingly recorded, attested, and fiscalized. So if you like automobile wrecks, or take a technical interest in tests of destruction, the streets of the Brazilian capital are an ever-changing museum and scrap-heap.

Altho constantly repeated by greenhorns, there is virtually nothing in the myth that the American woman walking alone on Rio de Janeiro streets is certain to be pestered by mashers. To be sure, the masher exists in Brazil and other Latin-American countries as he does on Broadway, Market Street, and State Street. But he believes in safety first, and the American girl is automatically protected by—her shoes! Brazilian women wear the stiltlike, foot-deforming, short-vamp shoe common throughout Latin America, because they believe it makes their foot look small. The mere sight of a woman wearing normal shoes is a danger-signal to the Avenida Rio Branco masher. He has evidently heard terrible things about the militant American girl, and intends to risk none of "this boxing business."

Sports are taking such a foothold in Brazil that the Portuguese language lacks sufficient words to report the events, and familiar English words crop up all through the sporting news. Soccer football, rowing, horse-racing, swimming, and tennis are the chief sports, and the word "sports" itself heads the sporting page, because there is no equivalent for it in Portuguese—the French, Spanish, and Germans have had to adopt it, too. Other English words used and understood are football, turf, rowing, tennis, training, team, club, player, kick, free kick, goal, record, scratch, penalty, sportsman, jockey, derby, game, match, etc. Our world's series is usually reported in cable news as a "*matche de baseball*" with quaint idiom to the effect that "yesterday at Chicago there was realized a *matche de baseball*, which was disputed with the assistance of 24,000 persons." A big pugilistic event will also be reported as a "*matche de box*." Flying has also introduced English words like "raid."

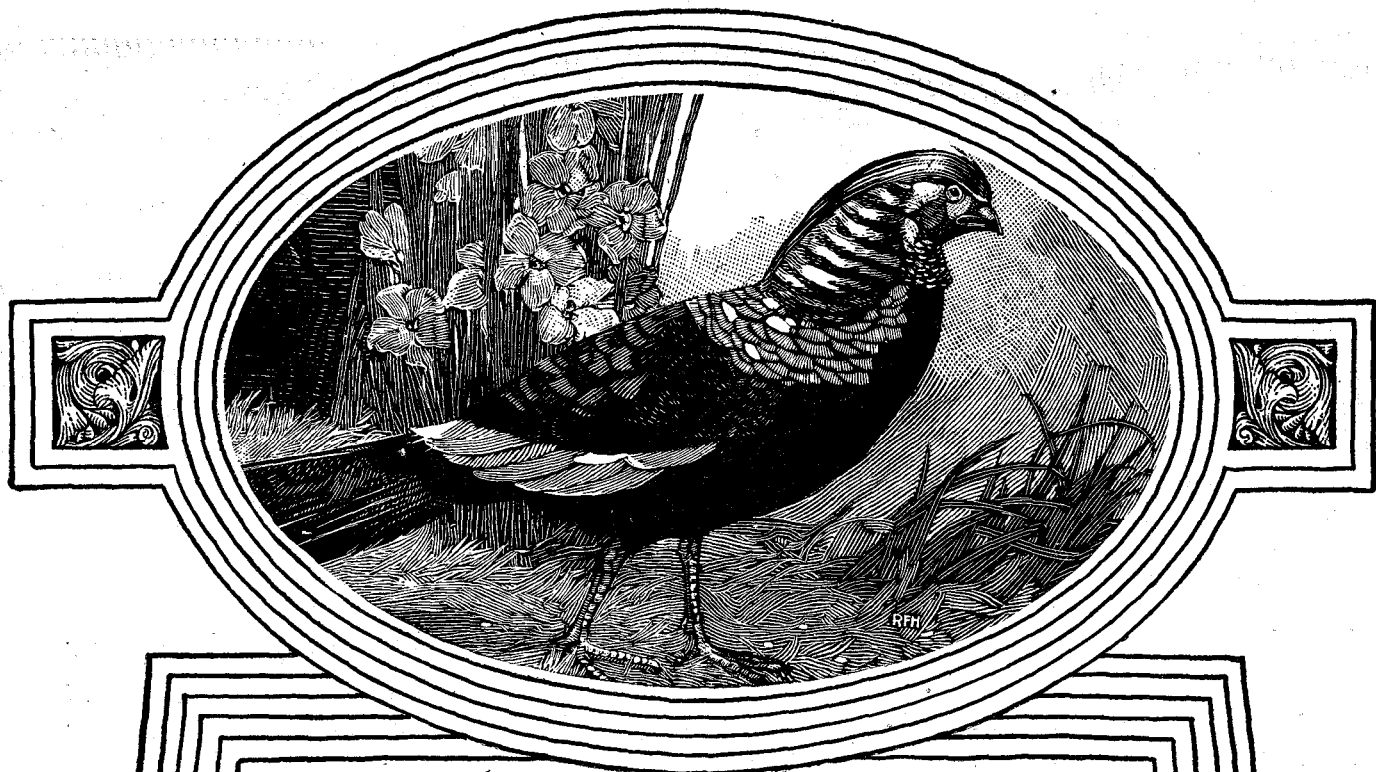
Did His Best.—"You are suffering from brain fag and ennui," announced the specialist. "You should take more interest in your business."

"I would like to," replied the patient. "Then why don't you?" demanded the specialist.

"The law won't let me," replied the patient. "I'm a pawnbroker."—*Houston Post*.

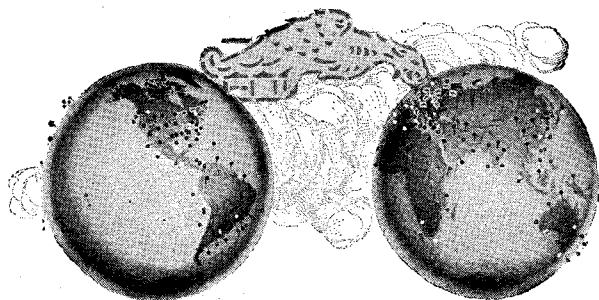
Both Athletes.—A traveler left his umbrella in a hotel, after attaching to it a card bearing in bold letters the warning: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal with his fist a blow of two hundred and fifty pounds. Coming back in five minutes."

He returned to find the umbrella gone, and in its place the message: "This card belongs to a man who can run twenty miles an hour. Isn't coming back."—*The American Legion Weekly*.



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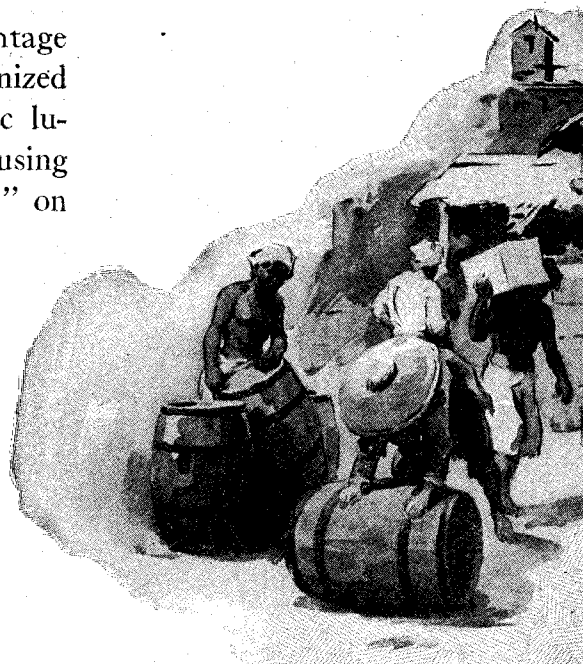
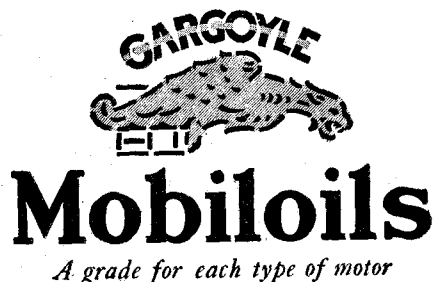
The Ford agent in New Zealand recommends Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" exclusively. Why? It is often a long haul between repair shops in New Zealand.

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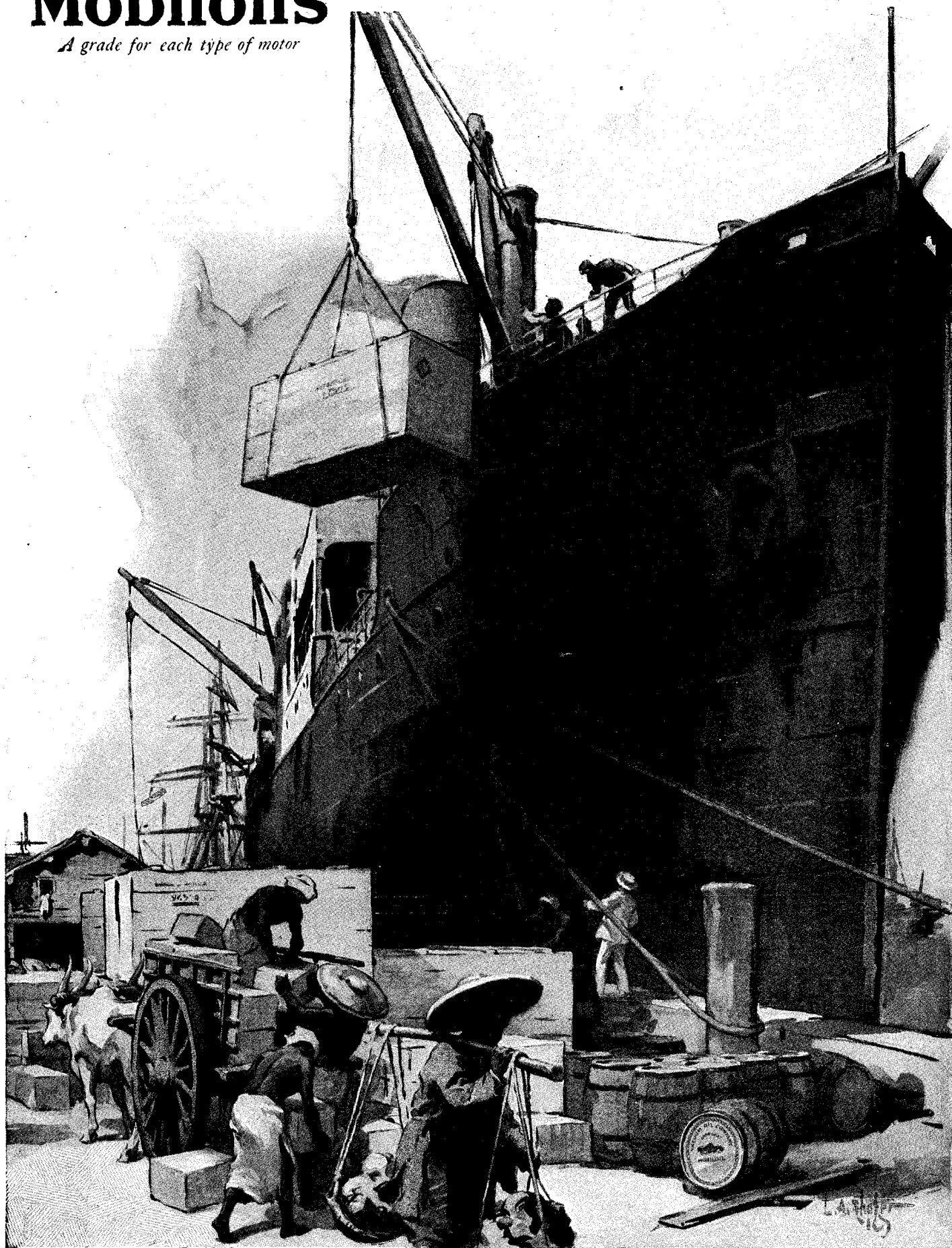


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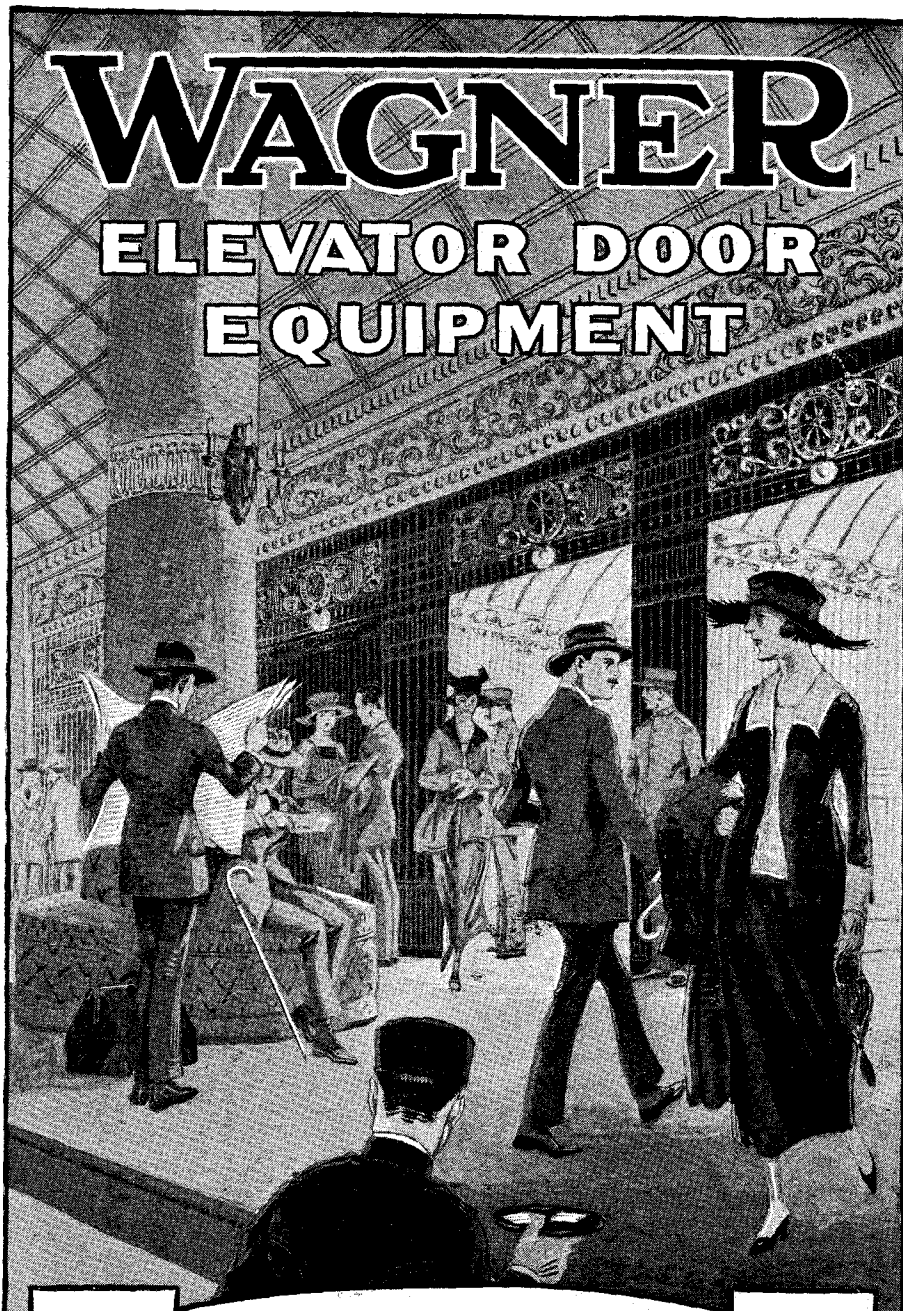
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56

THE REPUBLIC OF NORTH CAUCASIA

(Continued from page 43)

whole be completed by political unity. It is by reason of these very important considerations and in order to facilitate the regulation of the frontiers of the different constituted states in the whole of Caucasia that the North Caucasian Government proposed on April 1, 1918, to all the governments constituted in Caucasia the formation of a Caucasian federation which would safeguard the general interests of all Caucasia while leaving to each of the confederated states complete autonomy within its frontiers.

This political conception, which answers to all the legitimate claims of all the Caucasian peoples, has been submitted on several occasions to all of the interested parties. In principle no Caucasian Government has rejected the idea of the Confederation.

"LESSONS IN AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP"—Under this title a new school series will begin in the February 28 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. Knowledge and understanding of the Government under which people in this country live, whether they are citizens or not, is the object of this new series.

The born American as well as the naturalized American is only too often in the dark about his rights and duties under the Government of the United States and of the State in which he abides. The dweller in our land who is not an American citizen, but may become one, is perhaps even more keen than the born American for information about the principles and practical working of our Government.

The youth of the land, soon to be part of this Government, is in especial need of sound and thorough instruction in the whole business of American institutions.

For all persons, finally, regardless of age and of sex, the necessity of such instruction was never more imperative. An American army shared nobly in the conflict to make the world safe for democracy. It is hardly returned and demobilized on its native shore than a new call to the colors is sounded to each and every loyal American. The enemy now is at our own doors, and his objective is the destruction of all the sacred and cherished privileges guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States and the Government founded upon that immortal charter. The surest weapon against whatever attack loyal Americans may have to meet lies in comprehensive knowledge of our Government as well as service to it that must ensue from such knowledge. In the coming "Lessons in American Citizenship" students and readers will find the story of their Government and its meaning told accurately and graphically. Our sources of information are the best, and our method of presentation in keeping with the standard of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

We take advantage of the present occasion to call the attention of our readers to additional notes on three of the articles in the series of Education in Americanism. In the matter of the French in America, the

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DON'T throw away a casting or part because it is worn down or cracked. *Weld it back to usefulness* by either the oxyacetylene or electric arc method, employing Armco Iron as the welding agent. Habitually conserve metal in this way, and you will cut thousands of dollars out of your overhead.

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COLT'S
FIREARMS

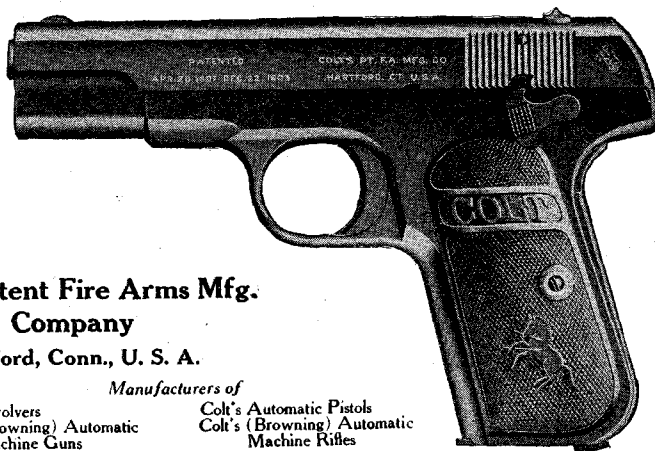
WITH every step of forward moving invention Colt's Firearms have kept pace.

Just as the test of storms must prove how firmly the tree is rooted to the ground, so must the test of time speak for the merit of any of man's creations. Will it serve and lead, year in and year out, and not be displaced by something better? A newer invention, a truer efficiency?

Colt's Firearms have stood that test. To-day as in 1836—as in every struggle of arms since that day to this—have the great Colt factories supplied the nation's need—the official sidearm of the fighting forces—the national protection of American homes.

With increased knowledge of metals, of explosives, of refinements in mechanical art throughout the world, have Colt's Automatic Pistols and Colt's Revolvers maintained their dominance and kept the title, "Proven best by ANY test."

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opinion is held in some quarters that there will be an increase in the number of French coming to this country. But authorities of France say there are no reasons why the French should leave their country, which offers "enough opportunity for any Frenchman to make a good living." It is true, according to these authorities, that a few hundred Frenchmen, mostly young men of good education, have come to this country to study economic conditions, and especially American methods in commerce and industry. It is held also that the visit of many able young Frenchmen in pursuit of this knowledge will be of "great benefit for the true understanding of both countries."

From the office of the Manitoba Department of Education we have received a statement concerning the Ukrainians in Canada. Our Ukrainian authorities gave us to understand that whole sections in the provinces of Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Alberta are so thoroughly Ukrainian that the Canadian Government has provided bilingual schools. It should be noted that the schools are under provincial government, and as to Manitoba, Deputy Minister of Education R. Fletcher writes that "up to March, 1916, there was provision for bilingual schools, but not exclusively or specially for Ukrainians. It was a provision which applied to all nationalities. This clause in the Act was repealed by the Manitoba Government and no bilingual schools are recognized in this province. The new policy is bearing splendid fruit in educating the children in the English language, and giving them the point of view of Canadian citizens."

Several correspondents have questioned certain statements in the article on Hollanders in America. In reply to them we must say that there was no reason to question the source of our information. Objection was taken mainly to an utterance of our Dutch informant on the assimilable quality of the Dutch population in the United States. On this point we quote a Dutch reply to the article from *The Christian Journal* (Grand Rapids), in which it is stated that tho the Dutch in America are thoroughly organized religiously—

They are less clannish, less organized, and have less social and racial organization than almost any other national group in America. They have their organizations, of course, but their strong individualistic traits render it difficult to knit them together in strong racial or nationalistic clans. As observed, however, their religious organizations are unusually strong. The Calvinistic Christian Reformed Church comprises 18,331 families with 40,768 church members and a total affiliation of nearly a hundred thousand souls. Then the (Dutch) Reformed Church of America has also a large number of Dutch immigrant members.

The Dutch spokesman quoted in the article is altogether wrong when he says: "It has been said by one Hollander that the Dutch have two countries. One in Holland, the other in America." This is a manifest absurdity, and a mischievous misrepresentation of facts. It is also wholly beside the truth to affirm: "It is the hope of the majority of Hollanders who come here to return to the old country after they have amassed sufficient means to insure comfort in the declining days of their lives." It suffices here to say that the farmers generally cling to the soil, and that the returning Dutch immigrants are negligible.

The figure given for the estimated Dutch population in this country as 110,000 refers only to those Dutch in this country born in the Netherlands. This number should be augmented with some 250,000 of the first and over 350,000 of the second generation Dutch who are born here. The approximate total of the Dutch immigrant population in this country, excluding the early Dutch settlers, is about three quarters of a million.



Endurance Makes Hudson the Largest Selling Fine Car

*More Than 80,000 Owners Value That
Quality Most Because It Means Long
Dependable Service, Free of Car Troubles*

Hudson outsells all the world's fine cars, only because of qualities that count in every day service.

Chief of these is durability. All motorists so regard it.

And endurance is written everywhere in Hudson history.

Since Hudson made its unrivalled endurance records, it has led all other fine cars in sales every month and every year.

That proves how experienced motorists judge car worth.

How Hudson Gained Leadership

It was not speed that gave it sales leadership; though Hudson holds more stock car speed records than any car, and with cars embodying the Super-Six principle won more points in speedway racing than the fastest special racers ever built.

It was not power; though Hudson holds the fastest time ever made up Pike's Peak, in the classic of all hill climbs.

These Qualities Inspire Pride In Hudsons

They are valued of course by more than 80,000 Hudson owners. They contribute to the rounded supremacy of performance which distinguishes the Hudson everywhere. And it is natural to feel pride of ownership, and affection for a car that none can rival in fleetness, or in hill-climbing.

But few will ever care to use the full limit of Hudson speed. Few will meet hills to test its limits of power.

What does count every day of use is sure, dependable transportation. What does count after many months of service is the way Hudson retains its smooth, silent powers of superior performance, undiminished.

It means the assurance and reliance in your car that you feel in a watch that has served you for years, and never gave you cause for doubt. You are not disturbed by speculation regarding probable car troubles. Because with Hudson, car troubles are not thought of because of their remoteness.

And remember that the Super-Six principle which accounts for all Hudson's speed, endurance and performance records, is exclusive in the Hudson. No other maker can use it. For the Super-Six motor, which adds 72% to Hudson power, without added weight or size, was invented and patented by the Hudson.

Mark How Hudson Now Fulfills Its Prophecy

Every year has seen some improvement in the Hudson. The new models approach nearer the builders' ideal than they ever believed practicable. It is today a finer machine than those early models, which made performance records no other car has equalled.

Hudson also leads in style. Its influence shapes motor design each year.

Demand for such advantages as Hudson's inevitably means that immediate delivery is not possible for all who want them. Many have waited months for the model of their choice.

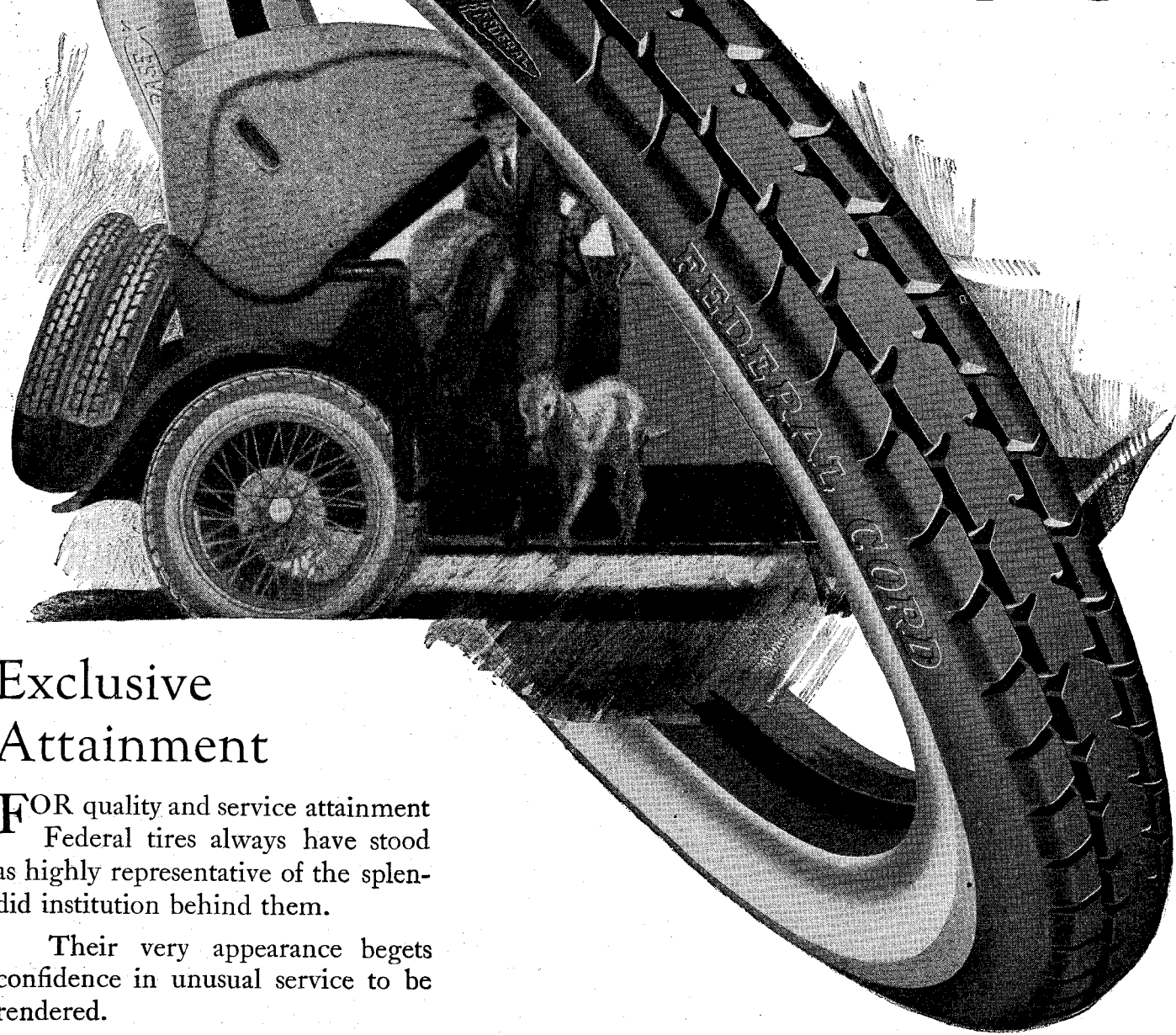
Even should you not want your Hudson until next year, now is not too early to place your order.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

(3010)

FEDERAL

Double Cable Base Tires



Exclusive Attainment

FOR quality and service attainment Federal tires always have stood as highly representative of the splendid institution behind them.

Their very appearance begets confidence in unusual service to be rendered.

Their exclusive double-cable-base construction is the last word in tire economy and safety from many forms of tire trouble.

*All FEDERAL TIRES—
"Rugged" white tread (extra-
ply fabric), "Traffic" and
"Cord" black treads, have
this exclusive construction.*

Representative dealers recommend them.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER CO., of Illinois. Factories, Cudahy, Wis.
Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes & Sund., Motorcycle, Bicycle & Carriage
Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting & Mech. Rubber Goods

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

KEEPING THE GUNS GREASED

ARTILLERY is like other machinery—it must be well oiled if it is to work properly. How the oil industry kept the Allies' airplane guns popping is told by a contributor to *The National Petroleum News* (Cleveland). Aerial artillery must work properly at the low temperature of high altitudes, and, according to the author, the Germans were ahead of the Allies in developing low-temperature lubricants. Their oils remained fluid at 36 degrees below zero. How American oil-producers and refiners finally beat the Germans at this lubrication game is told in the article named above. In the editor's words, "the oil industry put the flying-man in the air and made it possible for him to stay there." At bottom, the problem was one of only a few degrees of temperature, the writer tells us; and yet this one feature played a very important part in the development of lubricants for some of the special fighting equipment. We read:

"During the early part of 1918, when Mr. W. F. Parish and his corps of experts from the petroleum industry tackled the oil and gasoline proposition in Washington, reports were coming in from aviators at the front to the effect that the operation of airplane machine guns at high altitudes was often unsatisfactory due to the guns jamming and sticking.

"This was primarily due to the fact that the lubricating oil became stiff and heavy at low temperatures, preventing rapid movement of the gun parts. This, of course, was a very serious problem, as an airplane might be able to soar successfully to vast heights and then fail utterly in its purpose on account of the refusal of the machine gun to operate at the crucial moment.

"This meant not only the failure at times to carry through vast maneuvers, but usually resulted in loss of life or capture by the enemy. It was, therefore, a problem which was up to the petroleum representatives to solve.

"A sample was obtained of the oil being used at the front, and it was found to be nothing more than ordinary machine oil cut back with kerosene. This lubricant would not only become stiff at low temperatures, but it could not possess the lubricating qualities of a straight lubricating oil. Further, rather alarming information was received that the Germans were able to operate their guns at higher altitudes and under lower temperature conditions than the Allies, and all indications seemed to point to the fact that it was largely a question of lubrication.

"Reports were received that the Germans were using an oil on their airplane guns which had a cold test of about 36 degrees below zero. This was borne out by the fact that they had available stocks of oils produced from the Galician and Russian fields, the crudes from which fields have a very low cold test. It can readily be seen the advantage the Germans would have in being able to operate their guns with this oil at the high altitudes and low temperatures.

"One of the wonders of the United States petroleum-fields is that there is available practically every class of petroleum. . . . The crude produced from our Texas and California fields are quite similar in their make-up to the Russian crudes, having the natural, low cold test, and with these crudes to work from, the lubrication men felt sure that they could outclass the Germans on this point of a low cold test lubricant for airplane guns.

"Mr. Parish, in his experience with the naphthene base oils, had run across an oil produced from this crude, having a cold test of 40 to 50 degrees below zero, and he knew if sufficient supply of this oil could be obtained, our guns would shoot at higher altitudes than the Germans. This oil, however, could only be produced in comparatively small quantities, and it depended upon the cooperation of the refiner as to whether a supply could be secured covering all requirements. . . .

"Oil meeting this specification was secured and tried out in this country under all conditions, successfully meeting all tests. . . . Large quantities were shipped abroad and successfully used at the front.

"Thus it will be seen that such an apparently unimportant item as the difference of nine or ten degrees in the cold test of an oil made it possible for our planes to carry on warfare at higher altitudes than the Germans and gave us a decided advantage in altitude flying.

"Another interesting instance showing the thoroughness in which the lubricating problem had to be gone into in the operation of the newly developed flying equipment and the research work that was necessary in connection with the same was the development of an oil for the recoil chambers of the new 37 mm. guns. Plans were drawn up covering a series of tests to be made on recoil cylinders using oils of different but known viscosities under varying conditions, taking the temperature, the amount of recoil, etc., so as to get some basic information in regard to the amount of check given in the recoil cylinder with various oils working under different temperatures as no information of this kind could be located. . . . Very fine basic data were secured which resulted in the drawing up of a suggested specification covering the proper oil for the recoil chamber as then made. The oil specified was quite different from the oils used by the Allies and also by the Ordnance Department. . . .

"The official specification, based on the suggestions of the Oil and Lubrication Branch, were just being issued when the armistice was signed.

"One of the most interesting discoveries or developments was brought to the attention of the Lubrication Department at a most opportune time when the men of the department were very apprehensive as to whether, with the vast 1918 and 1919 programs before them, the amount of oils required for our own and our Allies' use would not be far in excess of production facilities of the American refiners, even if careful reclamation stations were installed. At that time, when it was feared the engine program might suffer, due to lack of lubricants, Dr. R. H. Brownlee from Pittsburg, called, after having visited several other departments in Washington, with samples of oils secured by a process he had developed in his laboratories and plant in Pittsburg.

"These oils were very interesting and the analyses were quite unlike anything ever seen by members of the department. The viscosity and cold test were in line with a heavy asphaltic base oil, but the

"My . . . pipes . . . looked very pretty on a rack"

Men who have set aside their pipes may be interested in the following:

Larus & Bro. Company,
Richmond, Virginia.

Dear Sirs:

Believing in "Honor to him to whom honor is due," I feel prompted to write my appreciation of Edgeworth Plug Slice Tobacco.

While I have been a smoker for years, I could never really enjoy a pipe, and smoking continuously as I do, to smoke cigars made my habit an extremely expensive if not prohibitive one; besides my appetite soon tired of them.

I tried, I believe, every brand of tobacco made; tried mixing various brands, but all to no purpose—every brand or mixture

burned my tongue. My collection of pipes was very beautiful, looked very pretty on a rack, but they were ornamental rather than useful.

Finally a friend suggested using Edgeworth Plug Slice, but I pooh-poohed him, feeling that

I had tried a sufficient number of brands to know that there wasn't one made that wouldn't burn the

tongue. I consented, however, to try it. The first pipeful tasted fine. I tried a box, and from that day to this—over

three years—I haven't smoked another tobacco. Never has it burned my tongue nor given me anything but satisfaction and I've smoked it in every conceivable sort of pipe from a new briar to an old gummed-up pipe, from hookah and calabash to corncob and clay.

And I'm glad to say that the number of smokers whom I have converted to Edgeworth is rapidly becoming more than I can count.

(Signed)

Edgeworth has many steady users who look on Edgeworth as a discovery years even after they began to smoke it.

To a pipe smoker, his tobacco must keep on seeming something like a discovery or else it won't hold him.

Perhaps Edgeworth would seem like such a discovery to you.

We would like to learn.

Send us your name and address, also that of the dealer you would call on to keep you supplied, and we will gladly send you generous samples of Edgeworth Tobacco in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is first compressed into cakes, then cut by very sharp knives into thin, moist slices. Rub one of these thin slices between your hands and you have an average pipeload.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed has already been rubbed up for you by special machines. Pour it right into the bowl of your pipe, press it down, and light up.

Both kinds pack well, light readily, and burn evenly to the very bottom of the bowl.

We will send you both kinds so that you may decide which kind you prefer.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Co., 5 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



GIRARD

Never gets
on your
nerves



DO YOU think better when you smoke? Most smokers feel that they do. And this feeling is based on physiological fact.

The enjoyment and satisfaction have a direct influence on the mental processes—the mind works more naturally, more easily.

Why rob yourself of half the benefit by smoking the wrong cigars?

The Girard gives you all the pleasure and more, but with no unpleasant after effects.

A mellow, full-flavored Havana smoke, the cigar above all for health and pleasure combined.

Ask your dealer for it.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf, Philadelphia
Established 49 years.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

flash and fire test were higher than with the asphaltic oils.

"Dr. Brownlee was immediately called into consultation, and he advised that this oil was made from Pennsylvania distillate and could be made with equal success from the mid-continent stocks. The primary oil produced by this process practically met the Liberty Aero Oil specification with the exception of its lower cold test, and as a by-product in making this oil a second oil was secured which approximately conformed to the Aeroplane Machine Gun Oil specification except that it has a cold test of 68 degrees below zero, which was most extraordinary. This development created a great deal of interest, as it meant if oil could be produced in quantity from a kerosene distillate, in case there was a shortage of lubricating supplies for the airplane program, a new source of supply was at hand.

"One of the most extraordinary features in regard to this Brownlee Liberty Aero Oil was the very small amount of carbon deposit left by this oil—in fact, analysis of a sample after five hours' use showed a carbon content of only 0.29 per cent., very much less than shown by any other oils used.

"The discovery of this new process and the knowledge that there was an emergency supply of oils available relieved the minds of the men handling this work to a considerable extent and enabled them to go about their many duties with much the same relief as experienced by the Liberty Bond-owner when financial clouds appear on his horizon."

ARTIFICIAL GRAPHITE

GRAPHITE, once solely a product of the mines, is now made artificially in such quantities that this form is crowding the natural variety in use. Artificial graphite, we learn from a United States Geological Survey report by Henry G. Ferguson, abstracted in *The Foundry* (Cleveland), may be used for any purpose to which natural graphite is put, except in the manufacture of large crucibles, and patents have recently been granted for methods of manufacturing crucibles in which artificial graphite is an ingredient. Besides the products in which artificial graphite enters into competition with the natural variety, there are a large number for which artificial graphite is particularly adapted. Chief among these are graphite electrodes, the demand for which has increased greatly during recent years. Artificial graphite, we are further told, is manufactured chiefly by electric power generated at Niagara Falls. The output has increased greatly in recent years from approximately 5,000,000 pounds in 1915 to 10,000,000 in 1918, and now forms an important element in the country's supply of graphite. The bulk graphite is made from either anthracite or from petroleum coke and is utilized mainly in lubricants, but also for paints, foundry facings, boiler scale preventatives, and battery fillers. We read further:

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

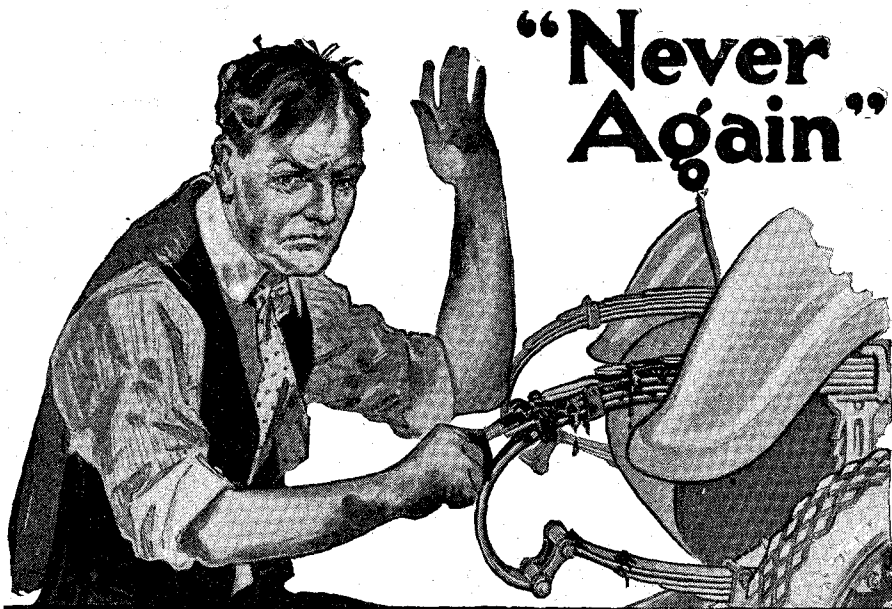
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"Some work has recently been done on the commercial recovery of graphite from the by-product known as kish. G. D. Duby, of the Bureau of Mines, recently visited a mill where kish graphite was being concentrated, and the following notes are quoted from his report: 'The product known as kish is a mixture of graphite, slag, iron oxid, fragments of iron, and other materials that accumulate around a pig-casting ladle or a bessemer or open-hearth furnace. The graphite is formed during cooling by the crystallization of the excess carbon from molten pig iron. The kish obtained from refining has contained from eight to ten per cent. of graphite carbon in the form of light, thin, and fluffy flake. The method of concentrating and refining kish is similar in many ways to the methods employed with natural graphite. The chief points of difference are that kish is not subjected to crushing, but is carefully screened and treated with magnetic separators. Kish, as a possible source of graphite, should not be overlooked. At the present time, however, it is questionable whether enough of this material can be obtained to compete or interfere seriously with the mining of natural flake graphite.'"

FAULTY FATIGUE-TESTS

LABORATORY tests of fatigue are declared to be of doubtful value by Dr. Reynold A. Spaeth, of Johns Hopkins University, who is contributing a series of articles on "Prevention of Fatigue in Industry" to *Industrial Management* (New York). In the first of the series (January), which we summarize below, he emphasizes the need of more practical tests that can be applied in shops and factories to keep fatigue within normal limits. Serious mental or physical breakdown may be caused by accumulated fatigue. "What is fatigue?" asks Dr. Spaeth at the outset. We all know, he says, that continuous muscular effort involves weariness which is in no sense harmful to normal people, provided they rest from time to time. Normal fatigue is no more injurious to the human machine than running is to a steam-engine. Indeed it is less injurious. For the human machine—unlike the steam-engine—carries an automatic repair kit that begins to operate the moment the machine comes to rest. We read further:

"The process of automatic repairing is so delicately adjusted that, as we all know, a rational amount of exercise and work actually increases the machine's strength. Unfortunately an automatic stop was somehow omitted in the original specifications. Local safety devices, however, do exist. It has been clearly demonstrated, for example, that the conduction of a nervous impulse to a muscle ceases long before the muscle is actually and totally played out. If we consider the human will as a power-generator, the nerves as the line wires, and the muscles as a motor mechanism (which they obviously are), this safety device corresponds to an unseen hand opening a switch to prevent an overload.



"After this I'll stop spring squeaks the quick, clean, easy way that Jim Brown told me about. Just get me one of those 30c Handy Oil Cans and squirt 3-in-One Oil along the edges of the leaves and on the ends of the springs. Jim says I'm foolish going to all this bother—jacking the car up, loosening the clips, spreading the leaves apart and getting myself messed up with this graphite-and-oil paste. Jim's right. Never again!"

3-in-One Oil

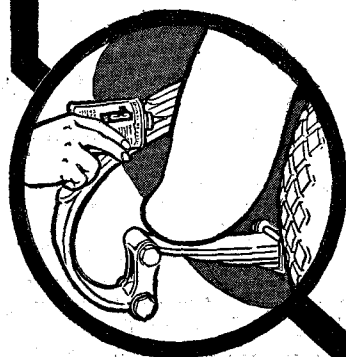
stops spring squeaks so quick and easy because it's the most *penetrating* oil in the world. Works right in between the leaves—lubricates them perfectly. Absolutely prevents rust, the prime cause of spring-breakage. Takes stiffness out of new springs—makes any spring ride easier.

3-in-One is the ideal oil for magnetos—manufacturers recommend it. Ford owners use it on the commutator—makes cranking much easier. Polishes car bodies beautifully. Buy it in the Handy Oil Can—30c at all stores.

FREE
to Car-Owners

Car-owners will find other uses in our Special Auto Circular. Write for it and we will also send you a liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil—FREE.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
165 KAG Broadway, New York



SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

"The stubborn fact remains, however, that we can not be absolutely sure just when we have worked long enough. Our subjective sensations of weariness are unreliable. Sometimes, especially if work is monotonous and uninteresting, we tire quickly; again, we may become so absorbed or fascinated by the job in hand that we lose our sense of time and drive ourselves abnormally without any consciousness of discomfort. These facts complicate the study of the fatigue problem.

"We must, therefore, distinguish clearly between normal fatigue from which we recover overnight or over the week-end and cumulative fatigue which in an advanced stage is often associated with a nervous breakdown, a pathological condition from which simple rest in the ordinary sense gives little or no relief. Normal fatigue may merge almost insensibly into cumulative fatigue; it is impossible for physicians or physiologists to say just where fatigue ceases to be normal and becomes, cumulative. Cumulative or pathological fatigue may develop in any worker, in any industry.

"The general question of fatigue has long been a popular subject for laboratory investigation. We now know that a person does not see nor hear quite so well when he is tired as when he is completely rested. If, at the close of a hard day's work, we are asked to thread thirty needles or tap as rapidly as possible with a pencil we find that in general we are less successful than if we carry out the same operations in the morning. Numerous other tests for fatigue tell us that at the end of eight or nine or ten hours of hard work more or less objective indications of fatigue can be detected. They do not tell us just how fatigued we are, nor whether we are approaching the dangerous region of cumulative fatigue."

It is therefore not surprising, Dr. Spaeth goes on to say, to find that where physiologists have attempted to throw light on the problem of fatigue in industry by applying laboratory tests, their efforts have failed. What industry wants is a quantitative method for indicating the early stages of cumulative fatigue. All laboratory tests have an academic, but not a practical, value. No physiologist or psychologist can claim that we have a variety of improved and carefully studied tests for cumulative or 'over'-fatigue. All of them will admit, however, that cumulative fatigue is the real problem. He continues:

"Fatigue is usually defined in the literature as a diminished capacity for work. This definition suggests some sort of tank or reservoir of energy. The more we draw off, the greater becomes our fatigue; i.e., the less becomes our energy. For the complex conditions of industrial work we find it is far from adequate. We need but recall the familiar phenomenon of 'second wind.' We normally stop an occupation when we meet what William James has vividly called 'the first effective layer of fatigue,' but if some unusual necessity forces us to continue our activity we find that our sensation of weariness gradually or suddenly passes away, and we



Here is the ordinary braided cable covering. Note the open and porous construction, easily cut, stretched or unraveled. Compare it in detail with Duracord.

This is Duracord. Thick, heavy strands, woven like a piece of fire hose, not braided. Picture shows outside covering only with impregnating compound removed.

You judge it's strength

THE outside covering of a portable cable gives it its mechanical strength. Underwriters demand that the electrical strength, the copper and the insulation meet their requirements—but you must decide whether the covering makes the cord as strong as it should be where the wear comes—on the outside. You must decide between braided covering and woven covering. Economy demands the decision.

DURACORD

TRADE-MARK

is protected by a covering of thick heavy strands woven like fire hose. It can be battered and pounded and abused, and stands up as no other cord will. The illustrations tell part of the story.

No wonder Duracord resisted the pounding of heavy test hammers twenty times longer than braided cord. No wonder it withstood abrasion tests fifteen times longer than cord with ordinary covering. Field tests are even more convincing of its unusual strength. Made in all sizes for every purpose.

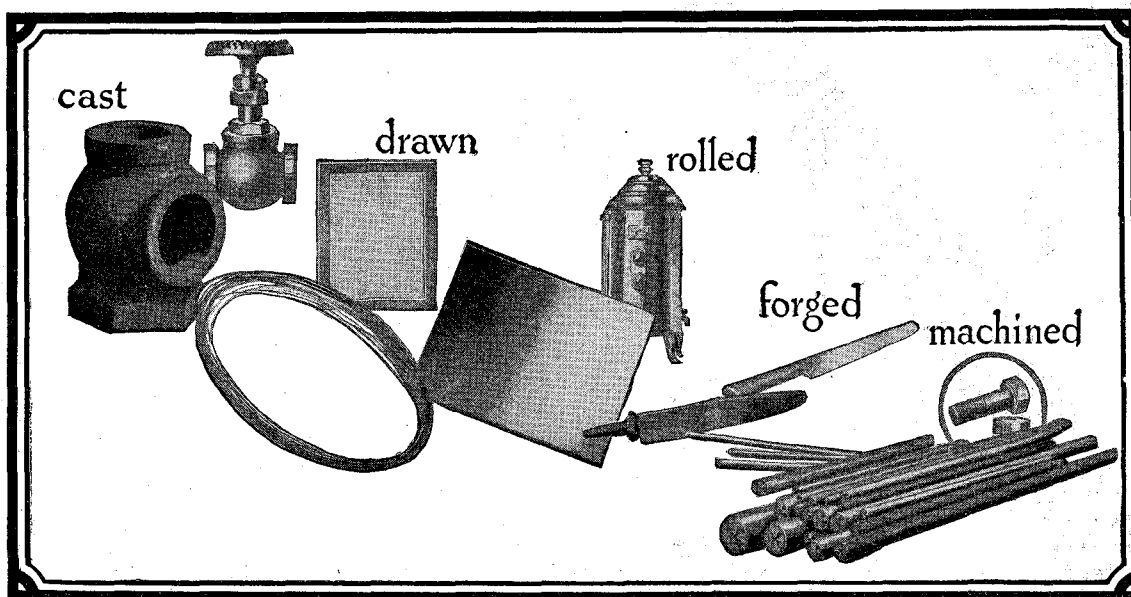
Let us send samples of Duracord and ordinary cord. Show them to your purchasing agent. Get your engineer's opinion. Test and compare them yourself. We'll rely on your judgment.

Ask your electrical jobber
about Duracord, or write us.

TUBULAR WOVEN FABRIC COMPANY
Pawtucket, R. I.
Makers of Duraduct Flexible Non-Metallic Conduit

INCo Monel metal

Resists Acids—High Temperatures—Corrosion
Superheated Steam—Salt Air—Never rusts.



MONEL Metal is a perfectly balanced natural alloy composed of 67% nickel, 28% copper, and 5% manganese and iron. It is non-corrodible, will not rust, strong as steel, tough and ductile.

—Withstands the erosive action of superheated steam and corrosion met in such power plant equipment as valve trim, pump rods and liners.

—Resists acids and alkalies and so is generally used in manufacturing parts of bleaching and scouring machinery, dye house and like industrial chemical equipment.

—Never rusts, which makes it valuable for window screens, marine fittings, kitchen equipment, golf club

heads and a great variety of other uses.

MONEL possesses a marked advantage over any other available metal or alloy for hundreds of purposes both industrial and domestic where a combination of great strength, non-corrodibility, and durability is required.

Can be machined, cast, forged, rolled, drawn, brazed, soldered, and welded by electric or oxy-acetylene method. Takes and retains a perfect nickel finish.

Our experience as sole producers of MONEL Metal since its discovery in 1905, is at your disposal through our Sales or Technical Departments.

The International Nickel Company has served industry for more than half a century through the production of a wider variety and increasing number of better Nickel products. In purchasing INCO Monel Metal, INCO Nickel, and INCO Nickel Salts, you are assured of the highest and most uniform grades of Nickel that the world produces.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL CO.

43 Exchange Place, New York, N. Y.

The International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.





Addressograph Constantly Finds New Work to Do

SOME years ago this famed organization installed a small Addressograph. From the first day it was a profitable investment. Great has been the economy, convenience and accuracy of handling names the Addressograph way.

Likewise in *your* business the Addressograph will print names 15 times faster than hand methods. It cannot make a mistake! Prints from typewriter-style type, easily embossed on durable metal plates by anyone in your own office. Names are filed in any desired classification. The Automatic Selector prints just the names you want; skips all others.

Why not find the many ways in your business of using the Addressograph profitably?

UNITED DRUG COMPANY

EXECUTIVE OFFICES, BOSTON, U S A

Boston, Mass.

Oct. 31, 1919.

Addressograph Company,
901 West Van Buren St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

The United Drug Company has used Addressograph Equipment for the past twelve years for such work as pay roll forms, addressing of monthly statements, sales statistics cards; also for addressing mailings of bulletins, letters price changes, etc.

Accuracy and speed in getting out mailings to our 8000 Rexall agents is most important to us, and the absence of returned mail from the Post Office, is but one of the evidences of the value to us of our equipment.

We have found it necessary to add to our equipment from time to time to take care of constantly increasing demands upon it. Results obtained from our equipment, especially, the accuracy, speed, and dependability of it have proven it to be an investment yielding us good returns.

Yours very truly,

United Drug Company.

W. H. Page
Auditor.

LWR/G

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TRADE MARK

915F W. Van Buren St.

PRINTS FROM TYPE

Chicago, Illinois

(5)

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

feel fresher than before. 'We have evidently tapped a level of new energy, masked until then by the fatigue-obstacle usually obeyed' (James). We now begin to see what an elusive thing 'working capacity' really is. The simple single-reservoir-of-energy idea—an idea that has been accepted by the non-physiologically minded mathematicians—is entirely too simple. For James's conception is fundamentally correct. Even if we hesitate to accept his ideas of numerous 'reservoirs of power' and 'layer after layer' of potential energy, we must admit that, given an adequate stimulus, the majority of us can work 'better than we know how.'

'The practical application of James's idea has long been appreciated. Sometimes, as in industry, the energy-releasing stimulus is the promise of a money bonus, or advancement with power over the lives of others.' Again, especially under conditions of emotional stress such as the past five years have supplied in abundance, the 'dynamogenic stimulus' may be but a suggestive word. All of us have experienced an accelerated heart-beat and often a feeling of suddenly increased power at the sound of some suggestive word such as Truth, Liberty, War, the Flag. This sort of emotional response to a word or symbol has been freely used as an automatic driving-device to increase the production of war-materials.

'We have given enough evidence in our discussion so far to make it clear that the relation between output, working capacity, and fatigue is not so simple as has been supposed. Under the stress of a vigorous stimulus, output and working capacity may show absolutely no effect of fatigue. Two practical examples will clarify this point. In a recent three weeks' study of the output of shell inspectors Link found that the average production by single weeks and for the three weeks combined was always higher at the end of the afternoon than in the early afternoon hours (1 to 2 p.m.). In this case, contrary to all expectations, production was highest during the last hour of the day, the hour when we should expect normal fatigue to be at its maximum. The dynamogenic stimulus may have been, as Link suggests, the offer of a 10 or 20 per cent. bonus which would account for 'the increase of exertion as the goal is approached similar to the sprint of a runner when the end of his last lap is in sight.' Link's study corroborates in a very striking way our contention of the invalidity of the commonly accepted relation between output and fatigue.

'In a recent survey of the working conditions in a large garment-factory, we found one machine operator who was astonishingly dexterous and capable. Her efficiency, as calculated by the company's standards, was constantly over 100 per cent. Nevertheless, when questioned by her foreman, this operator was found to be dreaming of her work, to feel that she could never get away from her machine, etc. If the accepted views regarding output and fatigue had been followed slavishly in this case, the operator would have been kept at her machine until her output had dropt. Instead, the foreman was persuaded of the danger of permanently injuring and losing a good operator, and she was promptly transferred to another class of work. This individual may have possessed an emotional instability that was abnormal,

but it is precisely this sort of efficient and valuable worker whom it pays to guard against overstimulation.

'The exact relation between cumulative fatigue and emotional overstimulation that incites to excessive effort is not known. Both conditions approach the pathological through the using up of energy reserves which are not normally accessible, and in failing to be cured by a brief test. The net results of long-continued cumulative fatigue and overstimulation are: (1) 'breakdown' variously interpreted as mental, nervous, neuroses, psychoses, etc.; (2) loss of workers in the turnover; (3) shortening of trade life. The economic disadvantages of these results are too obvious for further comment.'

TO RUN AUTOS WITH MOLASSES

THE West-Indian molasses that used to be turned into rum will have to be utilized in some other way, now that the United States is no longer a legitimate buyer of alcoholic drinks. Dr. Walter Baunard, writing in *Sugar* (New York), thinks that it will be used to drive automobiles and for the general development of power for traction and other purposes. Not that it will ever be substituted for gasoline, in its crude form. It must first be turned into alcohol; but after this transformation its value will be greatly enhanced. Investigations carried out recently under the auspices of the British Government, Dr. Baunard tells us, indicate that the use of alcohol as a motor fuel has great possibilities, and the committee in charge suggests not only that the by-products of sugar-production be used in this way, but that many other products yielding sugar, starch, or cellulose may be similarly utilized. We read:

'In the British Empire there are vast existing and prospective sources of alcohol in the vegetable world, altho in the United Kingdom itself production from these sources is now, and is likely to remain, small, but synthetic production in this country in considerable quantities, especially from coal-and coke-oven gases, is promising.

'As the price of alcohol for power and traction purposes, to which the name of 'power-alcohol' may be given, must be such as to enable it to compete with petrol, it is essential that all restrictions concerning its manufacture, storage, transport, and distribution should be removed, so far as possible, consistent with safeguarding the revenue and preventing improper use, and that cheap denaturing should be facilitated.

'The committee recommends that an organization should be established by the Government to initiate and supervise experimental and practical development work, at home and overseas, on the production and utilization of power-alcohol and to report from time to time for public information on all scientific, technical, and economic problems connected therewith.'

The testimony of witnesses and records of work done indicate, the report proceeds to say, that there is available large potential source of power-alcohol. The fundamental attraction of alcohol motor-fuel as a substitute for that derived from coal or



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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

oil lies in the fact that, on account of its chief sources being found in the vegetable world, supplies of raw material for its manufacture are being continuously renewed and are susceptible of great expansion without encroachment upon food-supplies. The committee goes on:

"We are of opinion that steps should be taken to insure increased production of power-alcohol by the extended use of the vegetable matters from which it may be obtained. Important materials of this nature are: (1) Sugar containing products, such as molasses, mahua flowers, sugar-beet, and mangolds; (2) starch or inulin containing products, such as maize and other cereals, potatoes, and artichokes, and (3) cellulose-containing products, such as peat, sulfite wood-pulp lyes and wood.

"We have received interesting evidence from the Director of Commerce and industries to the Nizam of Hyderabad concerning achieved production costs and yields of power-alcohol from the flowers of the mahua-tree, which flourishes in the Central Provinces as well as in Hyderabad. The witness stated that the sun-dried flowers of this tree contain on the average 60 per cent. by weight of fermentable sugar, that they can be collected and delivered to the factory in the zone of growth at \$7.50 per ton, and that the yield on proper fermentation and distillation is found to be about ninety gallons of alcohol per ton. He further stated that the flowers can be prest, packed, exported, and stored for long periods without deterioration.

"The large-scale cultivation of maize and other cereals as raw material for the manufacture of power-alcohol has admitted possibilities. . . . Seeing that one ton of potatoes yields only twenty gallons of 95 per cent. alcohol, while the yield from artichokes is only very slightly higher, we are of opinion that, having regard even to the prewar prices of potatoes and artichokes in the United Kingdom, power-alcohol can not be produced in this country from these sources on a commercial basis except under some system of state subvention. Similar considerations apply also to the sugar-beet and mangold crops.

"No satisfactory method for the utilization of peat as an economic source of power-alcohol has been brought to our notice. We are, however, of opinion that in connection with researches into the use of peat for various purposes its potential value as raw material for the manufacture of such alcohol should not be overlooked.

"We are of opinion that, so far as vegetable sources of raw material for the manufacture of power-alcohol are concerned, we must rely mainly, if indeed not entirely, on increased production in tropical and subtropical countries.

"We have, in a preceding paragraph, referred to the basic difference between alcohol on the one hand and benzol, petrol, and other petroleum products on the other—a difference which has not as yet been properly appreciated—i.e., the fact that the chief raw materials for the production of the former can be renewed and are susceptible of great expansion, while those from which the latter are derived are limited to deposits, definite in extent, that can not be renewed. Furthermore, as power-alcohol is miscible with water

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

in all proportions, its use affords greater safety from fire than does the employment of benzol, petrol, or other petroleum products. We consider that these two factors should be regarded as sufficient grounds in themselves to justify state action in fostering the production and utilization of alcohol for power purposes.

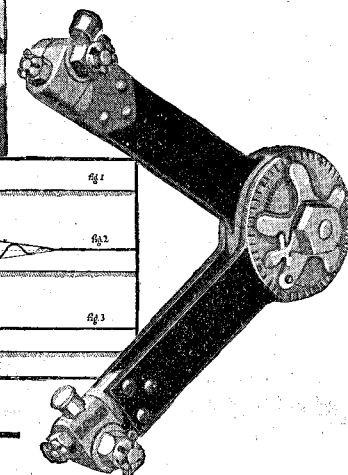
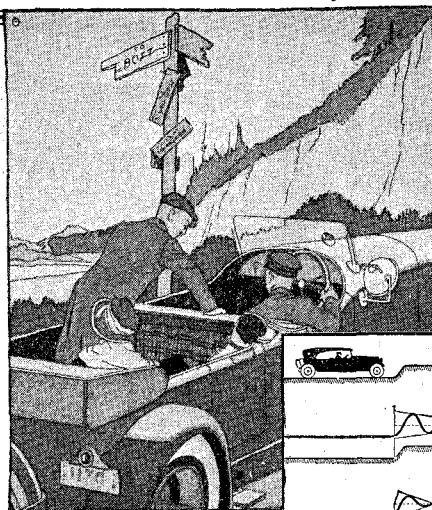
"The work of the sections, so far as it has been carried, has been sufficient to show the complex and far-reaching character of the problem, and has convinced us that it can only be handled adequately by concerted government action.

"We think that the development of the alcohol industry can not be left entirely to the chances of private enterprise, individual research, and the ordinary play of economic forces. No doubt in the long run, after a tedious process of trial and error, alcohol would find its proper place as a power fuel, but only with the maximum of friction, great fluctuations in price, and serious waste of time, money, and energy. The situation needs to be watched continuously and measures taken from time to time to insure a smooth and rapid adjustment of supply to demand."

THE DEEPEST WELLS IN THE WORLD

THE two deepest wells in the world are now both in the United States, we are told by *School Science and Mathematics* (Chicago). During the last few years the Hope Natural Gas Company and the People's Natural Gas Company, both of Pittsburg, Pa., have seen drilling deep wells in northern West Virginia and southwestern Pennsylvania to reach, if possible, the rich Clinton sand which, according to the State geologist of West Virginia, should be found in this region at depths between seven thousand and eight thousand feet. Among their wells are three of the four deepest in the world, and two stand at the head—the Lake, 7,579 feet; and the Goff, 7,386. The third, the Geary, 7,248 feet, is surpassed by one at Czuchow, Germany, which is just one hundred feet deeper. We read:

"The first exceptionally deep well thus drilled, the R. A. Geary well, of the People's Natural Gas Company, is about four miles northwest of McDonald, Pa., and about twenty miles southwest of Pittsburg. The mouth of the well is about 1,050 feet above sea-level. The well penetrates the Gordon stray sand, the last of the usual gas sands in this region, at a depth of 1,971 feet. From this point to a depth of 6,700 feet the strata penetrated are alternately 'lime' and 'slate,' and from 6,700 feet to the bottom, 7,248 feet, they are 'sand' and 'lime' interspersed with about sixty feet of rock salt. The second deep well was drilled by the Hope Natural Gas Company on the farm of M. O. Goff, about eight miles northeast of Clarksburg, in northern West Virginia. Its mouth is 1,164 feet above sea-level. The well begins two hundred feet below the level of the Pittsburg coal and penetrates the usual oil-bearing and gas-bearing sands, the lowest being the Bayard, which lies at a depth of 2,210 feet. The strata in the remainder of the well are



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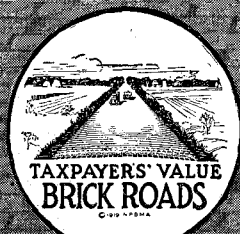
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

alternately 'lime' and 'slate.' The third deep well, the J. H. Lake, of the Hope Natural Gas Company, is about eight miles southeast of Fairmont, W. Va. It is about twenty miles north of the Goff well and about sixty miles south of the Geary well. The mouth of the well is about 1,300 feet above sea-level. The Bayard sand, the lowest of the gas sands, was found in this well at a depth of 2,050 feet. The remaining strata are alternately 'lime,' 'slate,' and 'sand.'

"In comparison with these great depths, other depths reached by wells or mines sunk in the crust of the earth are rather insignificant. The deepest mine in the world is Shaft No. 3 of the Tamarack Mine, in Houghton County, Mich., which has reached a depth of 5,200 feet. Other shafts of the Tamarack Company and of the Calumet and Hecla Mine, in the Lake Superior region, reach depths between 4,000 and 5,000 feet. Three shafts in the Prizbram silver-mines, in Austria, have reached depths of about 3,300 feet. The Victoria quartz-mine, at Bendigo, Australia, is 4,300 feet deep. A number of shafts in the Transvaal gold region of South Africa have been sunk to depths of about 4,000 feet."

The depth to which a mining shaft can be sunk, the author bids us note, is limited by the heat of the rocks, as the temperature at a depth of a mile in nearly all parts of the earth is so high that workmen can not live in it, even with ventilation. The depth to which a well six inches in diameter can be drilled seems to depend chiefly on skill in drilling and strength of cable. He continues:

"The drill, which is a column of steel about five inches in diameter and forty or fifty feet long, beveled to a V-shaped edge at the lower end, is attached to one end of the cable, and at some other point, determined by the driller, the cable is attached to a long beam, which is operated in the same manner as the walking beam of a steamboat. Merely to lift the drill through the height determined by the swing of the end of the walking beam and to let it drop repeatedly would do no drilling. In order to drill, oscillations must be induced in the cable, such as those set up by attaching a light weight to a suspended rubber band. A slight oscillation properly induced by the finger at the upper end of the rubber band will produce a very large oscillation of the weight attached to its lower end. In some such way as this the skilful driller produces oscillations in the drill bit, which throw the sharp beveled edge of the drill on to the rock with high velocity. The only means that the driller has of knowing the behavior of the drill is the general behavior of the machinery and the slight impulses or tremors in the cable, which he detects by his hand alone.

"The materials and the conditions in the interior of the earth have long been a favorite subject of speculation among scientific men. According to the modern mathematical theory of the propagation of earthquake waves through the earth the outer rocky shell of the earth, which is about two and one-half times as heavy as water, extends to a depth of less than one thousand miles. Inside of this shell is some material, probably metallic, which is more than five times as heavy as water. Estimates of the

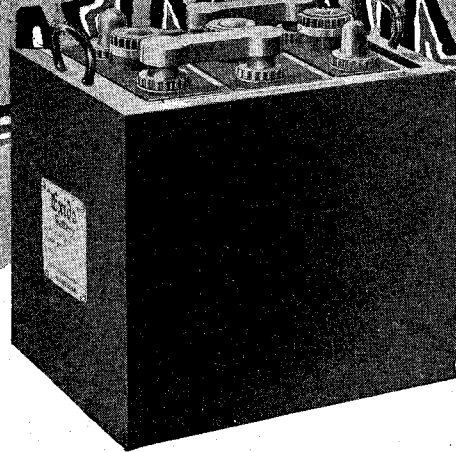


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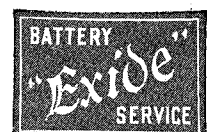
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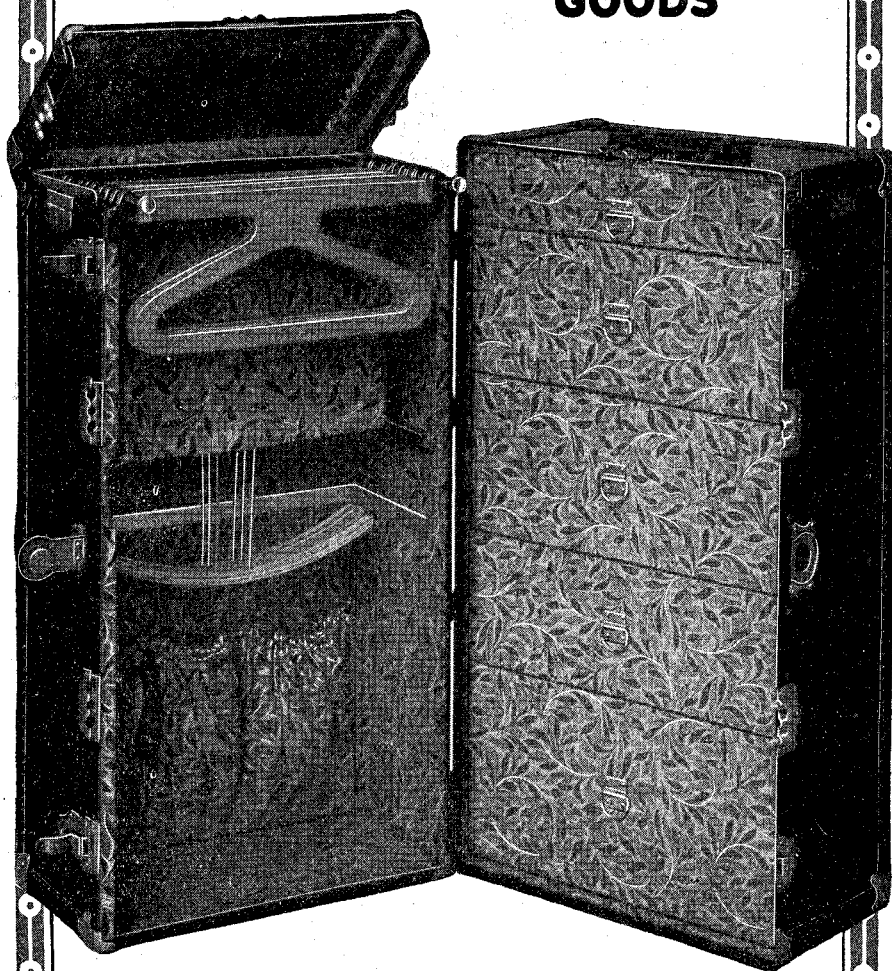


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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

temperature at the center of this nucleus range from 3,000° to 180,000° F., but these figures have little or no value, for mathematicians have not yet found the law of the distribution of temperature from the surface to the center of the earth. The temperature evidently increases with the depth, a fact again confirmed by an elaborate series of observations of temperature made in each of the three deep wells, the Geary, the Goff, and the Lake, by C. E. Van Orstrand, of the United States Geological Survey Department of the Interior. In each of these wells the temperature at a depth of one hundred feet is about 55° F. and gradually rises with increase in depth, reaching 142.0° F. in the Geary well at a depth of 6,100 feet, 159.3° F. in the Goff well at a depth of 7,310 feet, and 168.6° F. in the Lake well at a depth of 7,500 feet. The observation at a depth of 7,500 feet in the Lake well was made at the deepest point yet reached by any observer.

"The strata of lime, slate, and sand penetrated by these deep wells were originally sediments deposited from ocean water. A bed of ocean water was actually found in the Geary well at a depth of 6,260 feet. Dr. I. C. White, State Geologist of West Virginia, with whom the United States Geological Survey is cooperating in these investigations, is of the opinion that this water is a fossil ocean, imprisoned since mid-Paleozoic time. Interesting evidence in regard to the geologic history of the formations was obtained by Charles Butts, of the United States Geological Survey, who identified a number of fossils from depths of 7,187 to 7,355 feet in the Goff well. The material from the Lake well has not yet been fully examined. It may be possible by examining the fossils to determine the geologic ages and horizons of the beds penetrated and so to estimate the depth at which the Clinton sand should lie beneath the bottom of this well. The well probably does not pass through more than one-half the total thickness of sediments in this region."

PERSONALITY AND DISEASE

A PATIENT'S personality is more important than his kidneys or his liver—so says Dr. Hugh T. Patrick, of Northwestern Medical School, Chicago, in a paper on "The Patient Himself," his presidential address before the Institute of Medicine, printed in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, January 10). A man's personality, Dr. Patrick reminds us, is what makes us like or dislike him, admire him or despise him—the sum of his tendencies and experiences. It is a matter of adaptability; and disease is just this. A man is happy or successful because he has learned to adapt himself to conditions and overcome obstacles. He has typhoid because his tissues are adapted to entertain the typhoid germ. Yet a man's personality is usually the last thing that a physician studies, altho, says Dr. Patrick, we have numberless volumes on his organs and their functions, libraries about his diseases, six-foot shelves about the different ways of cutting him up. The sum of it all—the totality of his organs and qualities—

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

the man himself, has been sadly neglected. He says:

"A good many years ago, Möbius described paralysis from pain; the patient does not move because it hurts to move. When we come to therapeutics for the patient himself, many of us do not see because it is uncomfortable to see. It is much more comfortable to say, 'Nothing to it,' 'Just a nervous crank,' and 'do nothing,' than it is to realize that here is a pathologic condition, obscure, maybe complex, that must be laboriously worked out. So we naturally go blind, see nothing and do nothing. Probably every physician makes an effort to regulate the bowels. How many others make an effort to regulate emotional and intellectual movements? But intestinal stasis is vastly to be preferred to intellectual stagnation: so-called autointoxication is not half so lethal as disintegrating emotions.

"To state it another way, we must first have a just conception of the nature of the trouble and then institute appropriate treatment. . . . Equally, we should treat the cause of neurotic manifestations. Who would prescribe a pill for vagrancy or a powder for prostitution? The tramp and the prostitute are recognized as defective, unadaptable to society as now constituted, except on the underworld level. The psychasthenic (nearly always mis-called neurasthenic), the neurotic, the psychotic is a rather similar product. Unadapted to the upper strata of social efficiency, he gravitates to the underworld level of pain, prostration, and dyspepsia: the realm of consultation rooms, hospitals, and sanatoriums. But I hasten to add that when properly adjusted to his environment, the neurotic may be one of the most efficient, valuable, and delightful members of society. . . .

"Very simply stated, the object is so to mold the patient that he will fit his environment, and so to arrange the environment or so to place the patient that the environment fits him. Sometimes it can not be done. Our laws and customs contain fragments from the dark ages and more primitive eras. So do we. Some of us belong to the period about 100 A.D. For such, transplantation to the present epoch is difficult. A few of us belong in the Stone Age, and we can not live in the captivity of modern civilization without falling ill. Perhaps occasionally one is five hundred years ahead of his time. If so, he has a hard life, and probably is a failure, judged by our standards.

"In assisting to adjust a patient to necessary conditions, frequently we have to show him that he can do things that he says he can not do. That is his way of expressing his great reluctance to do or fear of doing something necessary for his health. Demonstration discounts admonition. He should be given an understanding of his situation; but simply telling him is not enough. We must demonstrate to him that he can eat turnips or walk a mile or sleep without a hypnotic or go without a headache powder.

"Let me again emphasize that the headache or the pain in the legs or indigestion is simply a means of escape from something for which the patient feels himself inadequate, or really is inadequate. Our job is to make him equal to the task he is trying to escape or so modify the task that he can perform it, or give him another which he can do with satisfaction.

Wild and weird were our old delusions



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WE marvel at our old superstitions. It is hard to believe now that more than 30,000 women have been condemned as *witches*!

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São Paulo, Brazil, in the greatest coffee-growing district in the world, is one of the healthiest and most progressive cities in South America.

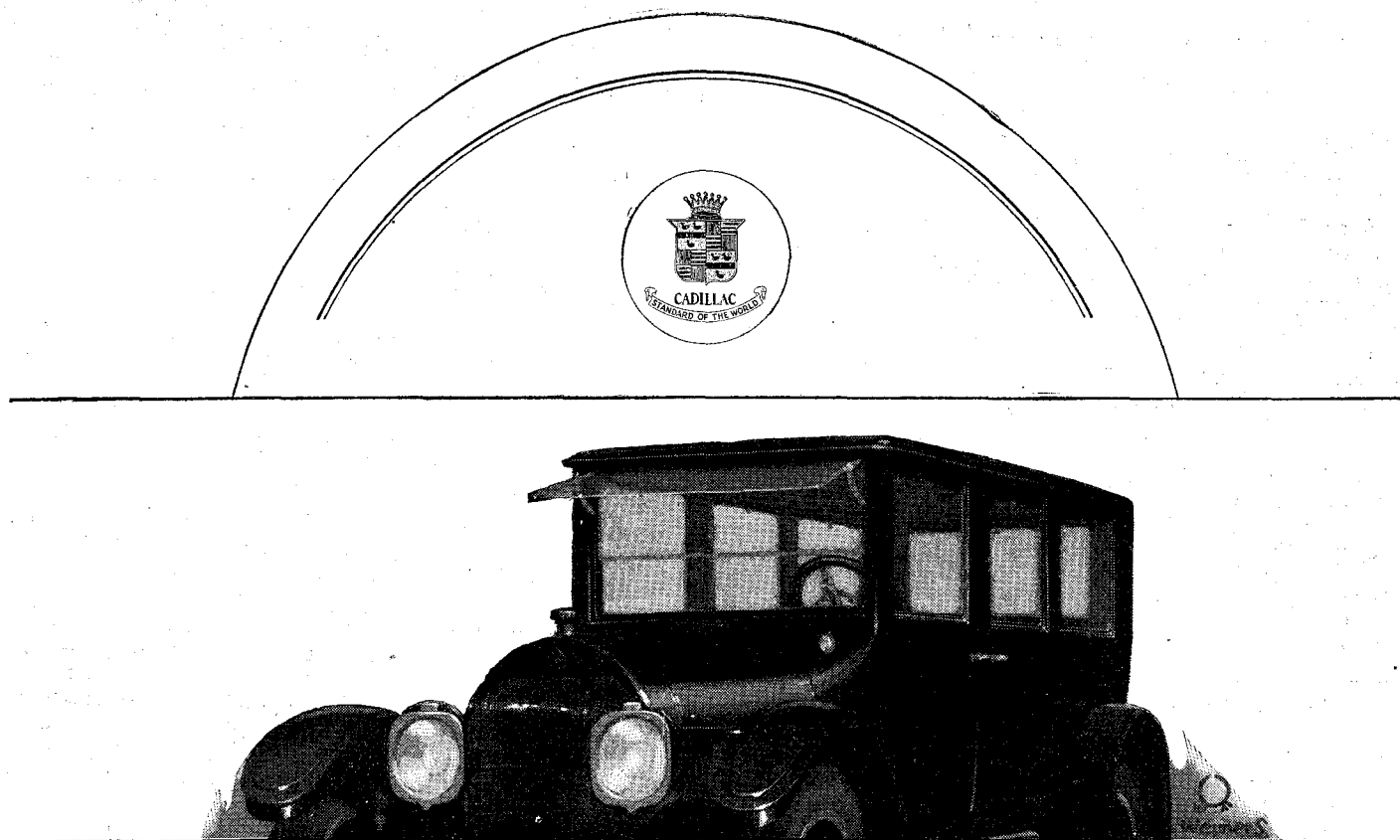
Coffee will ever remain the preferred drink of normal-minded, healthy-bodied people everywhere. Be sure you drink *genuine* coffee. Its flavor cannot be *imitated*.

Coffee is man's drink—woman's drink—the cheer and solace of all who enjoy the good things of life. Good coffee in moderation must be beneficial to any normal person. Drink it—for your *health's* sake.

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It is something of the same satisfaction that comes, when recognition arrives, to the man who has produced a great play, or painted a great picture, or done any other worth-while work in which money is not the sole reward.

If that seems a far-fetched comparison, remember that the men who compose this group of Cadillac craftsmen, are artists, at least, in that they cannot conceive of standards too high, or too fine, for the Cadillac.

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Of course, there is a sense in which they know in advance—after building more than eighty thousand Cadillac cars of the same type—that their latest creation is bound to receive a royal welcome by discriminating people.

Nevertheless, they are the servants of their public, and the reward is not complete until that public has said: This is the best and the most beautiful Cadillac you have built.

The reward has come to them in such overwhelming measure, in Type 59, that we are moved to remind you again, that if you hope to own a Cadillac car during the year 1920, you owe it to yourself to talk with your Cadillac distributor at once.

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BIRDS · BEASTS · AND · TREES

SHOULD THE BOY SCOUTS BE TAUGHT TO TRAP?

"IS the treaty which the Boy Scout makes with the animal world in his 'scout oath' that he will be 'a friend of animals' to be merely a scrap of paper?" demands Minnie Maddern Fiske, the actress, in a strong protest against encouraging "the barbarism of trapping" among the Boy Scouts. She characterizes the sport as from every angle "the lowest, most despicable business on earth," basing her opinion not upon sentiment, but upon the fact that she has been "in close touch with trappers and with the business of trapping for twenty years." The occasion for her argument against unnecessary cruelty to the fur-bearers was an article on "The Ethics of Trapping," which appeared in the Boy Scouts' magazine, *Boys' Life* (New York), and which, she says, thousands of people who are interested in seeking justice for dumb animals will consider the greatest blow the cause has ever received, for they have "pinned their faith to the Boy Scouts' organization, hoping, in the next generation, for the coming of a better day—a day of greater enlightenment, when mankind shall have realized, to some extent at least, its responsibility to the world of dumb creatures committed to its care." She goes into those unpleasant details about which most folk are only too willing not to think, in a letter to the *New York Times*:

If the Boy Scout is to be a trapper he will undoubtedly study and meditate upon the books that are published for the instruction of trappers. He will learn of the "pan," which clutches the leg of the captive close up to the body. The animal will gnaw its fettered foot off, but it can never get away. The Scout will also learn of the spring-pole, which jerks the prisoner into the air and holds it there, sometimes for days at a time, suffering the torture of the clutch, fever, inflammation, thirst, starvation, terror, freezing—struggling always to escape until it is possible to struggle no more. And the Boy Scout, if he were to become a trapper, would learn how the ermine is caught—ermine, which is the badge of royalty. The trapping of ermine reveals a phase of human ingenuity at its worst.

It is true that our sportsmen opponents suggest that the Boy Scouts should visit their traps every twenty-four hours (twenty-four hours of excruciating suffering of mind and body is the limit proposed) to inflict the *coup de grâce* to the prisoners, whose one offense has been that they sought for food. Twenty-four hours! Let us imagine a human being in this plight for one hour. If any one of those who write suavely of the advantages of trapping were himself caught in the clutch of the steel, it is safe to say that that particular advocate of the "sport" would be silent as to these advantages forevermore.

Last year a trapper of my acquaintance delayed for a week to visit his traps and found a trapped bear still alive, but in such a

condition as to render both meat and fur useless.

We all shrink from physical pain and torture. It is an instinct of nature. We shrink from it for ourselves and for our children and loved ones. We seek desperately in every direction possible to avoid or to alleviate it. But how many of us unhesitatingly inflict upon the creatures of the dumb world unspeakable suffering that not one of us would have the courage to face! Last winter four million cattle, turned out to face the winter without food or shelter, perished in the stock gamble on the ranges. Trapping involves incredible acts of martyrdom on the part of warm-blooded, sensitive living creatures, who are capable of suffering even as we suffer.

If the Boy Scout is to be a trapper and this exciting "sport" is started, where will it end—a "sport" so engrossing that other aimless diversions will have lessened zest once the pace has been set for the pastime, whose object is pursuing and killing, whether by trap or gun? New pests will be suggested for extermination, and the butchery to be associated with the Scouts' great organization will never cease. And the sacred pledge which our young crusader takes at his initiation, how about that?—this excellent Scout law which he promises to obey when he takes oath that "he will be a friend to animals"? Is the treaty he has made with the animal world to be merely a scrap of paper? Will his faithlessness lead to other breaches of his manly promises to "be kind"?

This taking of life in a manner that includes unspeakable suffering is a debasing, soul-hardening employment. Let it not be assigned to impressionable youth. If in the case of destructive animals the work must be done, let slaughtermen be appointed to do it, and compelled by law to do it as humanely as possible.

Mrs. Fiske is not without a word concerning the responsibility of the women who buy the furs:

It is difficult to believe that the woman lives who would consent to wear trapped furs if she were obliged to witness the tragedy of their procuring. If women would band together for six months—and an organization in each city would accomplish the desired end—in refusing to purchase trapped furs, the boycott would be sufficient to put an end to the business and compel the attention of the controllers of the fur trade to fur-farming. Furs are unnecessary as clothing, save for inhabitants of regions where other clothing is unobtainable. Thousands of people have ceased to wear furs. It is a fact that certain arctic explorers have deliberately abandoned furs for clothing which is more comfortable.

There is, however, some hope in this trapping problem, Mrs. Fiske says, and it consists of two legitimate industries, the making of imitation furs, which are as warm as real furs, of beautiful texture and effect, and the establishing of farms for raising fur-bearing animals. On these farms animals are humanely reared and humanely destroyed, and the fur is better.

First aid in every household —Musterole

Cough, cough, cough. How it racks little Dorothy and passes on to mother and grandma and holds a croup danger for all the little ones!

Hurry, there, with the Musterole, that pure, white ointment that is better than a mustard plaster—and it will not bring a blister. Massage it gently over the chest and neck. Feel the tingle, then the cool delightfulness as Musterole searches down. It will penetrate, never fear. It will rout that old congestion clear away.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made from oil of mustard and a few home simples! Musterole searches in under the skin down to the heart of the congestion. There it generates a peculiar congestion-dispersing heat. Yet this heat will not blister. On the contrary you feel a relieving sense of delightful coolness. Rub Musterole over the spot. And you get relief while you use it; for Musterole results usually follow immediately.

On no account fail to have a jar of Musterole handy. For coughs and colds and even the congestions of rheumatism or lumbago Musterole is wonderful.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



HOW TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC by Grenville Kleiser

A practical manual for self-instruction by a master of the subject. Indispensable for the teacher, minister, business-man. Contains many choice selections for practice. Cloth, 543 pp., \$1.50 net; postage 12c. FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York



"What's the use—does it pay—
Letting things invite decay?
Not for me," says Winthrop Wise,
"Keep them new with Kyanize."

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE and WOODWORK use

Kyanize Floor Finish

Clear and Eight Colors all ready to use. No mixing. Write for FREE Booklet.

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Coughing often interferes with business

Burglars, sleuths, and all other quiet workers learn early in their careers to avoid coughing. They know that the surest way to get in trouble is to commit the social blunder of coughing in the presence of others. They know, too, that coughing is unnecessary. For S-B Cough Drops stop it. They often ward off sore throat or cold.

Pure. No drugs.

Drop that Cough
SMITH BROTHERS of Poughkeepsie
 FAMOUS SINCE 1847



BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES Continued

She quotes *The Conservationist Magazine* on the subject:

The several States consider many of our fur-bearers as destructive vermin. The weasel, mink, and fox are most noted. Their extermination is sought and bounties are placed on them for this purpose. This procedure, together with the trappers' hunting, will bring many of these creatures to extermination unless some step is taken to save them. Fur-farming would not only save many species of valuable fur animals from extinction, but at the same time put their depredations to a definite end. All animals trap or shot in their wild state have their pelts more or less injured, which depreciates the value of the pelt. This loss of valuable fur can be safely estimated to run over a million dollars annually. By fur-farming not only will pelts be saved from injury, but furs will be taken from the animals when they are in prime condition.

There may be ways and means of handling the trap problem, she concedes in conclusion, but adds:

This is not the place to discuss them. This letter, urged by many humanitarians throughout the country, is a direct appeal to the Scouts. May the Boy Scouts help in the humanitarian movement to enlighten the public as to the horrors of trapping. May they help to rouse public sentiment to the extent that, ultimately, legislation that will make most trapping a felony will be achieved. Let the Scouts help in the now active work of encouraging the new industry of fur-farming, so that eventually the old barbarism of trapping shall pass away forever. The progress of civilization will inevitably bring about its obliteration. We must believe that our Boy Scouts will stand for the progress of civilization.

AN ANIMAL FARM THAT FURNISHES FUR—AND FUN

A WILD animal farm, suggesting all the delights of a domesticated circus on a small scale, was the boyhood dream of Frank Hasselman, and, unlike most youthful dreams, it has materialized. First, he found the proper land for the farm, some beautiful, rough country along Sugar Creek, near Waveland, Ind., called, "Hell's Half Acre." And we are told that "they still call it that when they get back on some of the rocky ridges . . . in one place a solid rock outcrop stretches across a deep ravine to form what is known as the 'Devil's Backbone,' while at other points rocky cliffs overhang the waters of Sugar Creek at perilous angles." The houses for the animals are built in little clearings in the woods where they have the shade of the trees during most of the day. These domiciles are substantially made of wood and enclosed with very heavy-wire screen—"too heavy, for even the most enthusiastic 'houn' dawg to chew through." They are all protected by stout padlocks, for many of the small fur-bearers carry pelts of value, while others are "so rare that it might seem more

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

to the point to keep them in the bank." In an article in *Outers-Recreation* (Chicago) B. W. Douglass describes the various small citizens of the Hasselman community. He says:

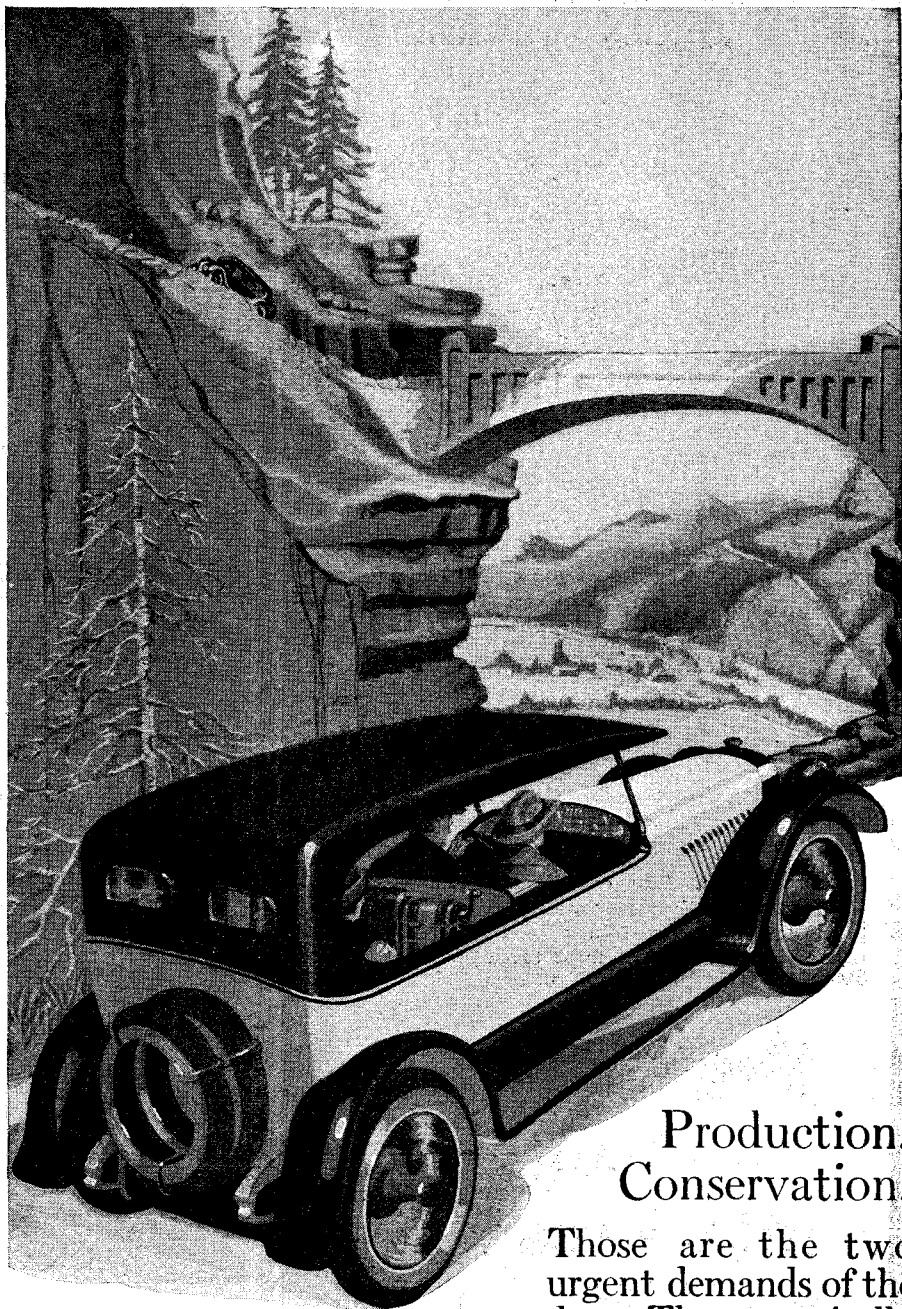
Of all small animals that can be successfully bred in captivity the skunk furnishes the most valuable fur, as it is of very high quality and the hides are in great demand.

The natural color of the skunk is a clear black and white and the proportions of white vary with different individuals. Those with the least white are most valuable, as in making fur articles the white portions must be cut out in order to obtain solid-black effects. By careful selection of breeding stock the proportion of white in the hides can be reduced to a point where nearly all individuals are what are called "star" skunks or "short stripes." The "star" individuals are those having only a spot of white on the head while the "short stripes" have a pair of white lines extending back over the shoulders. "Broad-striped" specimens have still more white, sometimes involving the entire back. These are the least valuable because they furnish the smallest amount of the desired black fur. Even the white fur has a value, however, as it is dyed black and sold at a lower price than the natural black.

Skunks have a well, but not favorably known, means of defense (and offense) so that I was rather reluctant about going near enough to their pen with my camera to perpetuate their appearance of regal wealth. I was informed, however, that they were perfectly harmless if picked up by the tail, as in that position they were unable to make use of the armor that nature has provided. I had heard this same statement years ago and I once knew a boy that tried to work the scheme on a wild skunk. It was fully three weeks before his return to school was countenanced.

The Hasselman skunks have been handled so much, however, that they seldom make use of the powerful odor with which they are endowed and their owner entered the cage and brought out two of the young ones dangling by their furry tails. No odor was noticed either at this time or after he had returned the captives to the cage. He has frequently "deodorized" individuals that showed a disposition to make a nuisance of themselves. This disarmament is accomplished by removing the scent glands and I was assured that the operation was not a serious or difficult one—but for my own part it is a branch of surgery for which I can not work up any enthusiasm. The majority of skunks bred in captivity show but little inclination to use their malodorous method of attack, however, for they quickly become domesticated and will often live around barns or even under houses when they are not driven away.

The writer was more interested in the opossums, altho they are more likely to inflict a serious wound than are the skunks. It is not generally supposed that the opossum is a good fighter, but we are assured that he can hold his own against a coon of the same size and "will fight anything except dogs and men." Mr. Hasselman's opossums have become so accustomed to having people about that they do not "play



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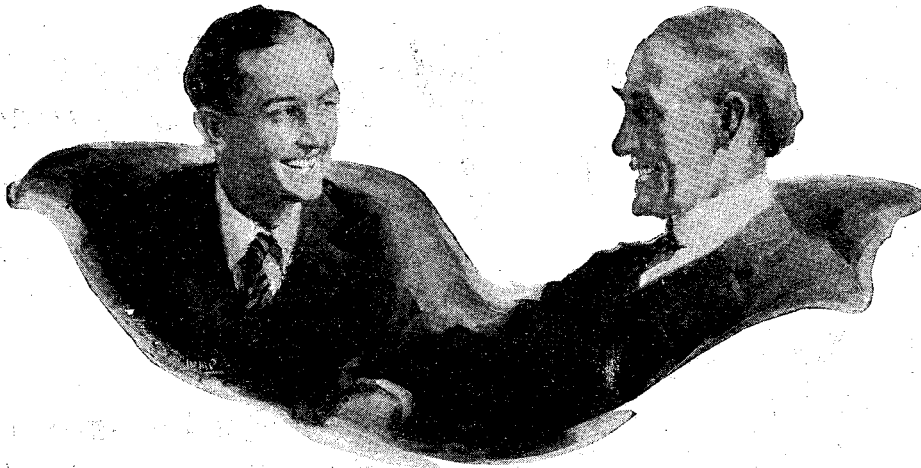
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Ask People How They Get Them

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Millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. You see them everywhere—white, glistening teeth.

Ask about them. The owners will tell you, probably, that they use Pepsodent. They have found a way to fight the film which causes most tooth troubles.

Millions have already proved it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. And over 6,000 new people daily write us for a 10-Day Tube.

Why Teeth Discolor

A viscous film forms on the teeth and coats them. You can feel it with your tongue. Modern dentists know this film to be the teeth's great enemy.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So it remains to do a cease-

less damage, until removed by cleaning in a dentist's chair.

Film is what discolours—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now We Combat Film

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Five years of careful tests have proved this beyond question.

The method is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It complies in all ways with modern dental requirements. And a 10-Day Tube of this tooth paste is now sent free to anyone who asks.

Let Your Mirror Tell

Make this free test. Look at your teeth now, then look in ten days. Let your mirror tell the story.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Science has lately made this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So it long seemed barred. But a harmless activating method has

been found, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

The results are quick and evident. They are all-important. You will never go back to old methods when you know them. For the sake of cleaner, safer teeth cut out this coupon now.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

'possum" but are at all times extremely active. The account goes on:

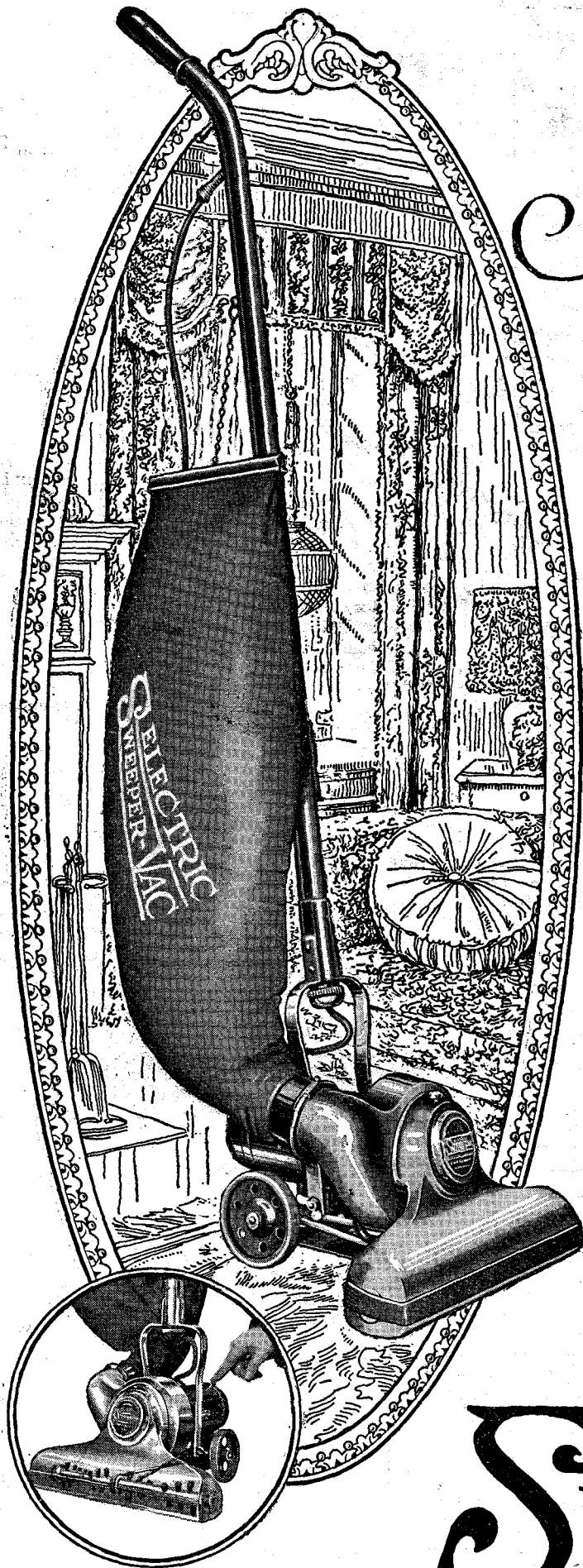
The young lady in the party was holding one by its ratlike tail when it turned on itself and attempted to climb its own caudal appendage. She promptly "registered a scream" which frightened it so that it again hung with its nose to the earth in a very proper attitude in which to be photographed. Ordinarily a scream does not mean much in a 'possum's young life, but to be truthful this particular scream was more like that of a neighbor of ours the other day. The little neighbor girl was telling my wife that her grandmother had stepped on a snake. "Did she scream?" my wife queried. "Oh, no," replied the little neighbor, "she just hollered." I think it was the "holler" that straightened out the 'possum.

Opossums are the only representatives of the marsupial group of animals on this continent. Their nearest relatives are the kangaroos of Australia. The young are born alive, but are in a very undeveloped stage. They are at once placed by the mother in a pouch on the abdomen, where they remain until they are four or five inches in length. Later they emerge and ride about on the back of the mother, each 'possum-let with its tail wrapt about the tail of the mother. They have unusual power in these hairless tails and can remain suspended by them for an astonishing period of time.

The opossum is one of the few wild animals that seem to be holding their own in the woods in spite of the changed conditions that have been produced by the clearing of the land and the building of towns. They are even found in the edges of cities and in small towns where they not infrequently raid poultry-houses to obtain food. Usually their food consists of fruits and insects and small wild animals, but they will eat anything that a hog will eat, and I think that is covering the ground pretty sweepingly. Also they will thrive on things that a hog will not profitably consume so that might be another inducement in rearing them for the market.

Both the skins and the carcasses are marketed, the latter finding a ready sale in any city. The flesh is greasy, but when properly cooked it is delicious. However, few white people know how to cook the lordly 'possum and as a result they are sold mostly to the colored population, who have as a rule not made public the best methods of preparation. We had a cook one time that could prepare a 'possum to the queen's taste, but when my wife tried to duplicate the performance the only part of the dish we could eat was the sweet potatoes that form the decorative part of the feast.

The pelt is valuable because of the attractive color and because it is both warm and durable. The under portion of the coat is short and thick while through it projects a thinner coat of long hairs. These long hairs are sometimes sheared off and only the dense woolly portion is left, which is sold under various names. The pelts are sometimes dyed brown or black and accordingly the fur is sold by some high sounding name that looks good in the advertising pages. The leopard may not be able to change his spots but the clever fur-dealer can change a 'possum hide into any one of a half dozen different sorts of fur none of which would ever be recognized by the



Ask for the Vacuum Cleaner
with that Lever

*Of the two recognized
types of Vacuum
Cleaners on the
Market*

**Both are found in the
Electric Sweeper-Vac**

One cleans by suction *alone*.

The other cleans by suction and by Motor
Driven Brush also.

**Why Not Have Both Types at
the Price of One**

Electric Sweeper-Vac?

Turn that Lever to the left and you have the
type that cleans by suction *alone* (and as power-
ful suction as any possesses).

Turn that Lever to the right and you have
the type that cleans by a combination of that
same powerful suction and the correctly speeded
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MOTOR DRIVEN BRUSH

This means that the electric motor (and not
your muscle) keeps the brush revolving.

You don't have to push the SWEEPER-
VAC before you get the brush action that
gathers every vestige of threads, lint and hairs
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Or do you go on buying the same Huyler candy that won your favor in the past, without making use of the wide field of choice offered by Huyler's.

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If your baby is not doing as well as you hoped he would, use the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification. It has raised thousands of the brightest and healthiest babies in the world.

Write for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

original owner of the pelt if viewed by his astral body.

Mr. Hasselman's opossums have two or three broods of young a year, just as the wild specimens do. The last brood is not ready to market until late winter, but the first are ready as soon as they have their full winter coat.

Foxes, too, are being raised at this unusual farm. When he came to the fox quarters, the writer says, the place at first seemed empty, but he discovered that the whole tribe was high up on shelves built about eight feet from the ground. He continues:

They were all red foxes and they seemed to have lost none of their shyness from having been born in captivity. The red fox, contrary to most opinions, is not a native animal. It was introduced into this country from England in very early times and has since been widely distributed. One of the first English governors of New York is supposed to have brought the first specimens to America and to have liberated them on Long Island, where they were kept for the sport of hunting them. From this and other importations the species has become established until now it is to be found in a wild state over the eastern half of the country. The gray fox was the native form, but it has not been able to adjust itself to the changed conditions and is now almost extinct, while the red fox has in recent years apparently increased in numbers in many localities.

Owing to the fact that this is an injurious species that destroys a great amount of poultry it is hunted and trapped to a great extent. In this way its numbers will be reduced greatly as the wild spots are cleared up and in a few years most of the fox fur will be obtained from specimens grown in captivity.

Mr. Hasselman is now working to build up a stock of breeding animals for use later on rather than attempting to produce much fox fur at present. That there is a future in this line is obvious—unless there should be some radical and sudden change in the whim of fashion; and even in that event it is a safe bet that in a short time fashion would switch back to the fur coat.

Near the home of the more commonplace rabbits is the raccoon house, where a bunch of young coons were disporting themselves like a lot of animated teddy-bears, and the writer says that—

Of all our native wild animals the raccoon is probably the most interesting. Its habits are not unlike those of the black bears, and it resembles a bear in appearance and action. Raccoon fur is not so "fashionable" as are some others, but it is very durable and beautiful and brings a higher price at this time than it ever brought in the past. Practically all of the fur of this sort now on the market is furnished by animals caught in the wild. Every country boy knows the joy of coon-hunting—at least every boy who lived in the country of the Middle West up to within ten years ago. In recent years coons have become scarce in many sections and in the best farming districts they are now practically extinct. In the hill sections, where there is still some timber left, they are still to be found and during the months of early

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

winter the deep-voiced hounds make the echoes ring on every night that is not too inclement. As time goes on these little animals will become less and less common, and in the end the ladies' furs will be produced by fur farmers in very unromantic cages instead of on the wooded hillsides of our vanishing wilderness.

Young coons are also sometimes sold as pets. For a regular "he" boy they make an interesting specimen, but for the molly-coddle they are perhaps a bit too strenuous. The males often become tame, but the female of the species never loses the deadliness or cunning that the Creator endowed her with. As a boy I had a pet coon that I caught myself and so can speak with some authority on the subject.

A coon kept in captivity requires first of all a constant supply of clean, fresh water. Not that they are heavy drinkers, but instead "heavy washers." They always wash every article of food that they eat regardless of its character and I used to amuse myself by giving my coon a lump of sugar and then noting his amazement as it dissolved under his paws in his drinking dish. He would continue to search for it long after it was gone, but would never learn to avoid putting it in the water. They never lose their love for poultry, and if chickens are allowed to run near their cages they will invent endless amusing tricks to lure the birds within reach.

Mr. Hasselman at one time had a large old coon that he kept chained to a boxlike house. This pet was regularly fed with a grain mash and he would often strew a line of the feed from the limit of his chain up to within a few feet of his box. He would then quietly curl up and apparently go to sleep, but as soon as an unwary "springer" got within range he would spring up with surprising agility and only too often secure his prey.

ADIRONDACK DEER HERD THREATENED WITH EXTERMINATION

"TO kill a female deer—as stupid as a boob—probably makes them think they are sportsmen!" is the scornful comment of Major W. C. Gotshall, big-game hunter, on the men who made heavy inroads on the Adirondack deer herd this last season. The Major made a four-weeks' investigation of the workings of the new deer law under which a hunter is permitted to take one deer of either sex, and as a result he prophesies that two years more of hunting will exterminate the deer in the North Woods. The does being much easier to obtain than the bucks, the mothers of the herd were shot down in great numbers. The only hope he sees for the perpetuation of the species is a reenactment of the buck law, limiting the bag to one buck, and thus giving the herd a chance to build up again. In an interview by Alexander Stoddart in the New York *Sun* Major Gotshall expresses his disapprobation. He says:

Some of the animals I saw were about the size of large cats. I could not comprehend how any one could shoot such an animal.

The great majority of the deer that filled the trains coming into Utica were

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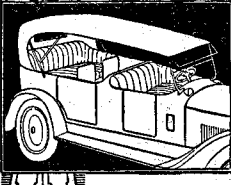
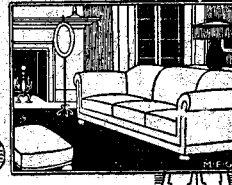
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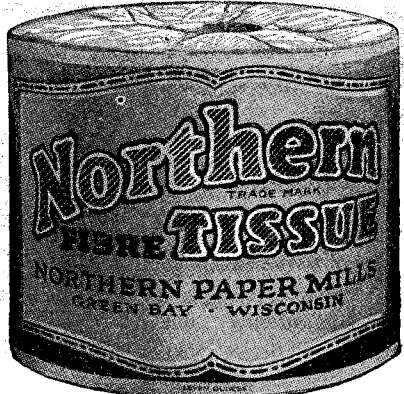
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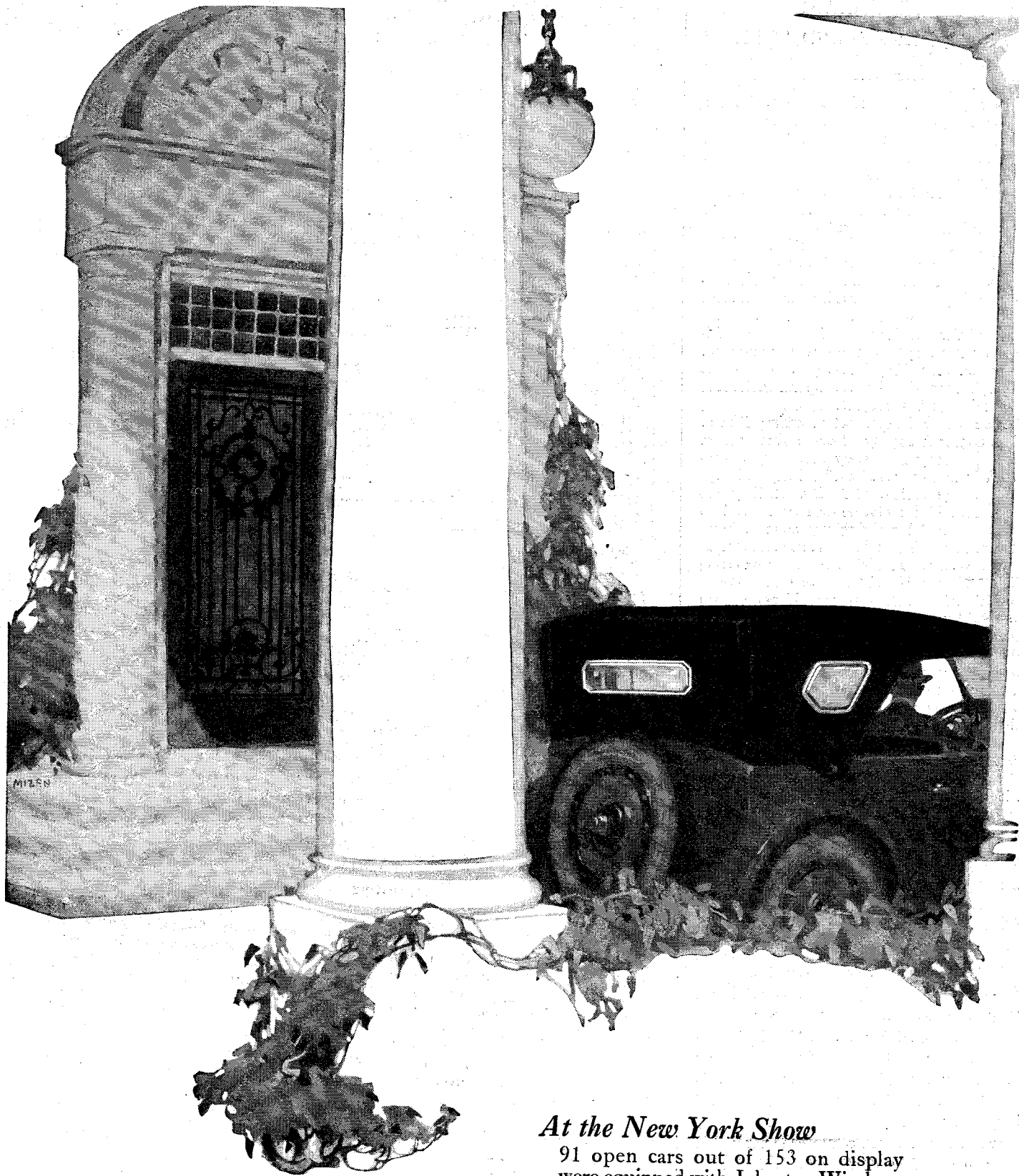
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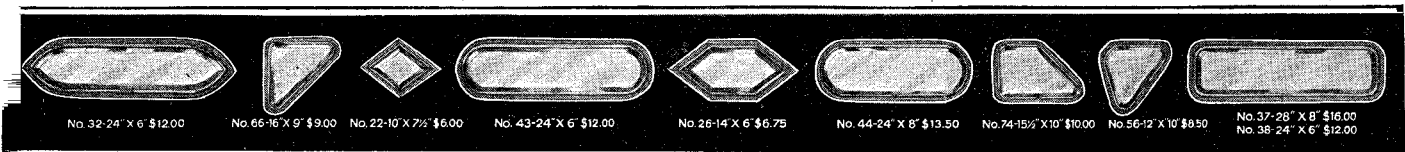
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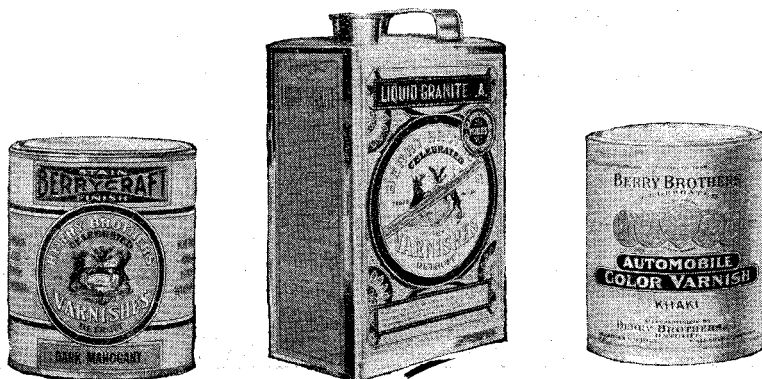


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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES Continued

does. At Utica these hunters had to make a change and the deer were piled up all over the platform. Some of the men felt ashamed of their possessions. You did not find men standing with a glow of pride near their trophy. Instead, they seemed to be willing to be anywhere else than alongside the small does that they had brought down.

There is a pride that goes with taking a buck. It takes some skill to get the male of the species. You have got to hunt for days. I recollect that I hunted for five days before I caught sight of a buck, but I did not shoot because he did not have a head of the size I wanted. In fact, I saw but one head, of the fifteen bucks that I still hunted, that was worth bringing down. In all I counted sixty deer, forty-five of them being does.

Deer were plentiful. They were so plentiful that I know two men who arrived one night, arose early the next morning, got two does, and started right back home. Now both these men in the season of 1911 spent five days hunting. The buck law was in operation then, and they hunted hard and they returned without being able to make a kill. But what benefit they obtained! Those five days spent in the open, working hard, did much for their health. It isn't hunting to do what they did last season. If they wanted meat they could get the same sort of satisfaction by going to a slaughter-house and knocking over a calf.

The buck law, in addition to protecting the deer, would also serve as a sort of life insurance for hunters, the Major explains, because the hunter would have to wait until he saw the buck's horns before shooting. He continues:

While I was in the Adirondacks it was said that thirteen men were killed. I knew of two. These men were shot not far from where I hunted. One was the case of a father killing a son. It seems the boy snapt his handkerchief out of his pocket to wipe his nose and the father mistaking the handkerchief for the "flag" of a deer, shot with such a sad result.

The other case was a man shooting his hunting companion. This man had stooped down for some reason or other, and his friend, seeing the bushes move, without investigating, pulled the trigger. The aim was accurate; the man died.

Now under the buck law, a man, unless he is willing to get into trouble, will know what he aims at first. Sometimes, if the man is not careful, and is agitated at the sight of the deer, he will shoot, and in the way a few, but not many, doe deer have been killed. But these violations of the buck law never were as great as those who desired to wipe the buck law from the statute-book pretended that they were.

I am a member of the Adirondac League Club. They have a rule that assigns a certain territory to a hunter, and no other member is permitted to shoot in that territory. That rule results in practically absolute safety, for the sport man or the guide is familiar with the territory and they do not attempt to hunt another section assigned to somebody else.

With the buck law returned to the statute-books, New York would again have comparative safety for the sport

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

man, for it would make every man careful to see the buck's horns first.

Deer have been killed off, too, because of the great increase of hunters, the ease and facility of getting to good hunting territory, the cheapness of the license, \$1.10 to the resident.

A gunner can organize a party of five or six, each man taking out a license, and whether each man kills a deer or not, the party can bring out as many deer as there are men in the party, and there is nothing to show that there is any violation of law because each man on his license is entitled to take out one deer. Now one or two men may have done the killing.

In these days of the high cost of living a man by purchasing a license and borrowing a gun can with little difficulty obtain \$25 worth of meat and a hide that sells for \$10. The destruction of the deer herd, the extermination of the beautiful animals, do not concern men bent upon slaughter when such a prize can be obtained with such little trouble for such a small outlay.

Such men have not learned the rudiments of sportsmanship. But whatever happens, it will be a calamity if the legislature does not repeal at the first opportunity this so-called "one-deer law" and substitute for it the buck law and reduce the old limit from two to one. It is the only salvation for the deer herds of this State.

THE BUMPTIOUS BLUE JAY AN "ORNITHOLOGICAL POLLYANNA"

A STARTLINGLY unfamiliar note, a bell-like sound he has never heard before, comes drifting down to the naturalist from some bird hidden among the leaves. He pricks up his ears. Has a stranger lost its way and wandered here? The notes are repeated, low and musical, and the curious hearer cranes his neck and strains his eyes to discover their source. Ah! there it is!—a bit of blue in a cluster of leaves not twenty feet above. And then a slight movement of the foliage discloses, as motionless as a knot on a limb, the familiar form of a blue jay. As soon as the bird sees that he is discovered, he suddenly comes to life and breaks into a raucous laugh of "Jay! Jay! Jay!" as much as to say "Fooled you, didn't I?" As the naturalist shakes his fist at the rascal, the bird bobs up and down and fairly rocks with mirth at the discomfiture he has caused. How he ever manages to give voice to notes so foreign to his vocabulary is something that it would take a throat specialist to explain, says Charles A. David in *Outing* (New York), for the bird certainly never heard those notes before, so he must have invented them on the spur of the moment to befuddle that big human down below. The writer continues:

The blue jay is never quite happy unless he is doing something, and that something may be the very last thing he should have done. The only time when he is still is when he is thinking up some new kind of



Good from the Start

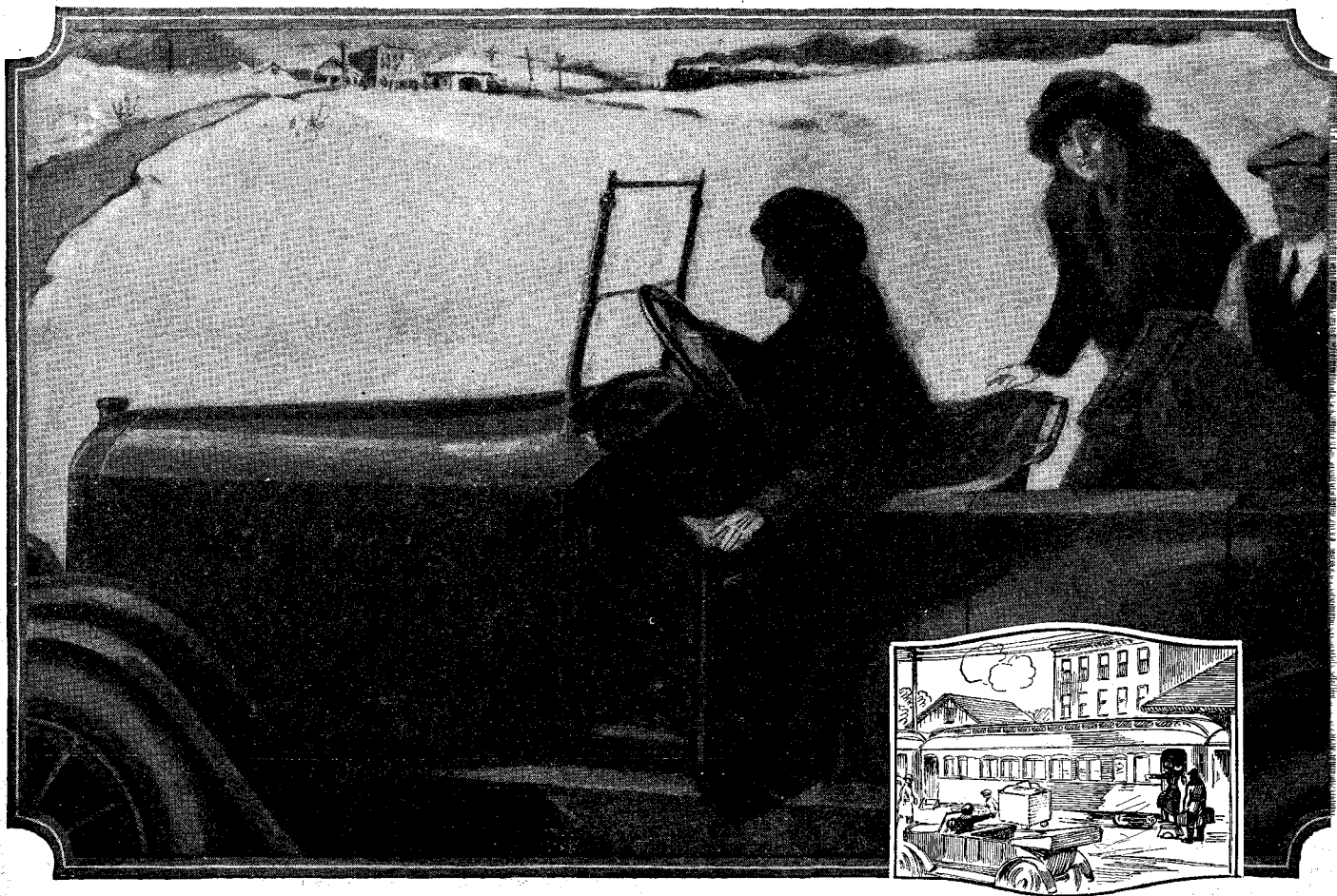
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

mischievous. It is hard to believe anything he says, as we have caught him in so many point-blank lies—he is always pretending to find something very dreadful, but when you go to see what it is, his outcries cease, he flies away, and you find nothing.

He dearly loves to hide and imitate the hunting call of a hawk, and then nearly kills himself laughing, when the small birds scuttle to cover. And to sail down and alight in the midst of a brood of little yellow chicks, and then to be chased back to his perch by the infuriated mother seems to him the funniest joke in the world. The mocking bird is credited with being the champion mimic among the birds, but the blue jay is a close second, and there are few sounds from the creaking of a wheelbarrow to the postman's whistle that he can not imitate.

One of his stunts is to wait until a fussy old hen has gathered her brood about her, and then give the loud cry of a biddy in distress, and nearly fall off his perch with mirth as the frantic mother rushes here and there in her efforts to find the lost chick. When not engaged in teasing he generally puts in his spare time hiding nuts and acorns in cracks in the bark, in hollow trees, under the ends of shingles, under leaves on the ground, or pushed down among the grass roots. It is doubtful if he ever finds even a small part of his hidden store, but the habit serves a useful purpose, as many a sturdy oak and shapely chestnut have been unwittingly planted by this blue-coated busybody. He takes himself very seriously, and seems to feel that part of his business is to look after the affairs of his neighborhood, not exactly for the purpose of keeping order, but to stir up as much disorder as possible.

Few things happen in his vicinity that he does not know all about, as he is forever prying into the affairs of others, and shouting the results of his observations from the housetops. If he had a mind to, he could tell you at any hour in the day the exact whereabouts of every squirrel, rabbit, cat, or fox on his beat, and just what they were doing, and he could tell you every bird that was looking for a nesting-place, as well as the ones that were beginning to lay.

Nothing escapes him, and he not only keeps tab on the doings of the birds and animals, but the humans come in also for their share of furtive spying. Just enter his bailiwick, and the minute he sees you, he yells, "He's coming! He's coming!" at the top of his voice, and all the wild life heeds the warning and melts out of sight.

He dearly loves excitement, and a noisy crowd of his kind is a magnet that draws him with a force that he does not try to resist. He will drop his food any time to join a wrangling mob in pursuit of some dazed and flustered owl, and the maledictions he hurls at that big-eyed bird of the night make one wonder where he learned to swear. One can almost recognize the words as they tumble over each other in their passionate haste.

Five minutes later he may be seen perched on a branch as meek as a lamb, wings and tail drooping limply, and with the beatific expression of a saint in feathers. But don't trust him; he is just trying to think up something new in the rascality line. He has as much curiosity as a monkey, and will spend an hour examining a pile of wood that has been corded up in

his absence, or a new board that has been nailed on the fence.

There is one thing about him, says Mr. David, that even those who don't love him have to admit is worthy of praise, and that is his never-failing optimism and his happy faculty of always looking on the bright side, for—

Nothing casts a damper over his bubbling spirits, or his cock-sure defiance of adverse conditions. He never fusses about the weather.

We have watched him under the most trying conditions, and have yet to see him when he was not apparently as happy as the day was long. Dreary, drab days when all outdoors was drenched and dripping, when every shriveled berry was encased in ice, when every nut and acorn was buried deep under the snow, and when the future seemed to spell starvation, he was still the alert, chipper, fun-loving bird of the summer.

He is no loafer, but from dawn until dusk he is busy doing something that from his blue jay point of view needs attending to. He has no friends among the birds, as all of them believe, and they have good reason for the belief, that he is a thief and murderer, and that the loss of many precious eggs and baby birds can be traced to the wiles of this Herod of the woods.

But with all his faults, he would be sadly missed, and we could ill-afford to give up the dash of blue his presence adds to the groves and woodlands.

EXCITEMENT IN MONKEYLAND OVER AN AUTOMOBILE

IF Satan, as is sometimes reported, actually did make the monkey as "a parody on the masterpiece of creation," he certainly added much to the world's gaiety. When the animal shopwindow is crowded about by all sorts and conditions of human beings grown suddenly democratic and frankly delighted, it is safe to surmise that a monkey is on exhibition, having quite as good a time as the rest. But in the shop he is a jewel torn from its setting. He should be seen with his brothers in their native jungle where they can go—

In a flung festoon
Half-way up to the jealous moon.

In the Sumatra jungle, when Melvin A. Hall was penetrating their haunts, as he tells in the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington), the monkeys furnished a running escort to his motor's progress, with much animated curiosity. Not so the orang-outang. With a dignity worthy of the head of the ape family, he pursued his occupations, unimpressed. Says the writer:

The enormous, straight-trunked trees of the Sumatra jungle, ensnared by giant creepers, vines, and huge air plants, made so thick a canopy overhead that only a dim twilight filtered in, and that failed to reach the ground through the dense, impenetrable tangle of vegetation.

The swaying of branches overhead as we zigzagged up the pass did not mean wind in the quiet forest; it meant monkeys, and their antics were an unending amusement, whether we kept on or stooped to watch them. Some waited in silence until we drew near,

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

then plunged back into the forest with a crash of branches which inevitably produced on us the shock they seemed to have designed. Some tore furiously along beside us through the trees in a desperate attempt to cross in front of the car before we could catch up to them.

When they did cross, far overhead, in a stream of small gray bodies flying through the air between the tree tops, they as furiously raced along on the other side and crossed back again. Others clung to swaying branches and bounded up and down in a frenzy of excitement, shrieking gibes in sharp crescendo as we passed.

Often in the midst of their agitation they suddenly lost all interest and forthwith paid no more attention to us; or sat in silence with weakened, whiskered faces peering solemnly down from the trees.

As in Ceylon, it would have been disastrous to leave the motor unguarded anywhere in a Sumatra forest, for everything that prying fingers could unscrew or remove would soon be reposing merrily in the tree-tops.

There were many tribes of the monkey-people: little black fellows with very long tails; troops of impudent brown ones; shy black-and-white monkeys with fine silky coats; and hordes of big gray beasts who chased and tweaked each other, evoking shrieks of protest.

Near by, and yet aloof from the bands that gamboled and fed together, were a few enormous black bulks which Mr. Hall was examining through the glasses when his mother suddenly called his attention to something on the other side. He says:

From a leafy branch less than forty feet away a great round head protruded and a solemn black face, comically like a sulky old savage, gazed out upon us. For a few minutes it stared in silence; then with unhurried, deliberate movements returned to a leisurely search for food.

"Orang-outang," I whispered. "Only found here and in Borneo. There are two more on the other side. . . . See him pull that branch down!" He reached up one tremendous, sinewy arm, and with the greatest ease drew down a branch that would scarcely have bent beneath the weight of a heavy man. Holding it with one hand, he pawed idly over it with the other, occasionally transferring some morsel to his mouth and promptly spitting it out if it displeased him.

When the branch was duly inspected he released it, and the swish of leaves as it flew back through the air gave some idea of the strength that had bent it.

There was no need of whispering, for, altho we watched this one for half an hour with the glasses, he ignored our presence completely, and except for the first brief inspection not one of the big apes showed a sign of consciousness of our proximity. They were very well aware of it, but were too powerful for fear, and the orang-outang rarely troubles those who do not bother him. We were not inclined to regret this indifference, however, for the "old man of the forest" can be extremely disagreeable when he chooses.

The other monkeys and apes all moved in troops, but the orang-outangs went alone—severely alone—for their smaller relations seemed to give them a wide berth.

WHY NOT A PET SNAKE FOR EVERY HOME?

WHY should any family, in these enlightened days, be denied the welcoming wriggle of a snake on their door-mat? Snakes are lovely pets, cheap, clean, and courteous to strangers. And there is a large variety to choose from—dear little garters, or garden snakes, or constrictors, or what not. The suggestion is made in all seriousness, and comes from the Reptile Study Society of America, which believes heartily in the companionableness of the snake. Unfortunately, snakes are the most abused and misunderstood creatures on the face of the earth, and outside the Society they haven't a friend in the world, says Miss Elizabeth Remington, the secretary, but she is much too considerate to say that this may be due to certain reported indiscretions of an early member of the snake family, in the Garden-of-Eden period. She confines herself mainly to the present, and says it's a shame they should be so completely debarred from human sympathy, for, as a correspondent of the *New York Times* somewhat playfully interprets her view of the matter:

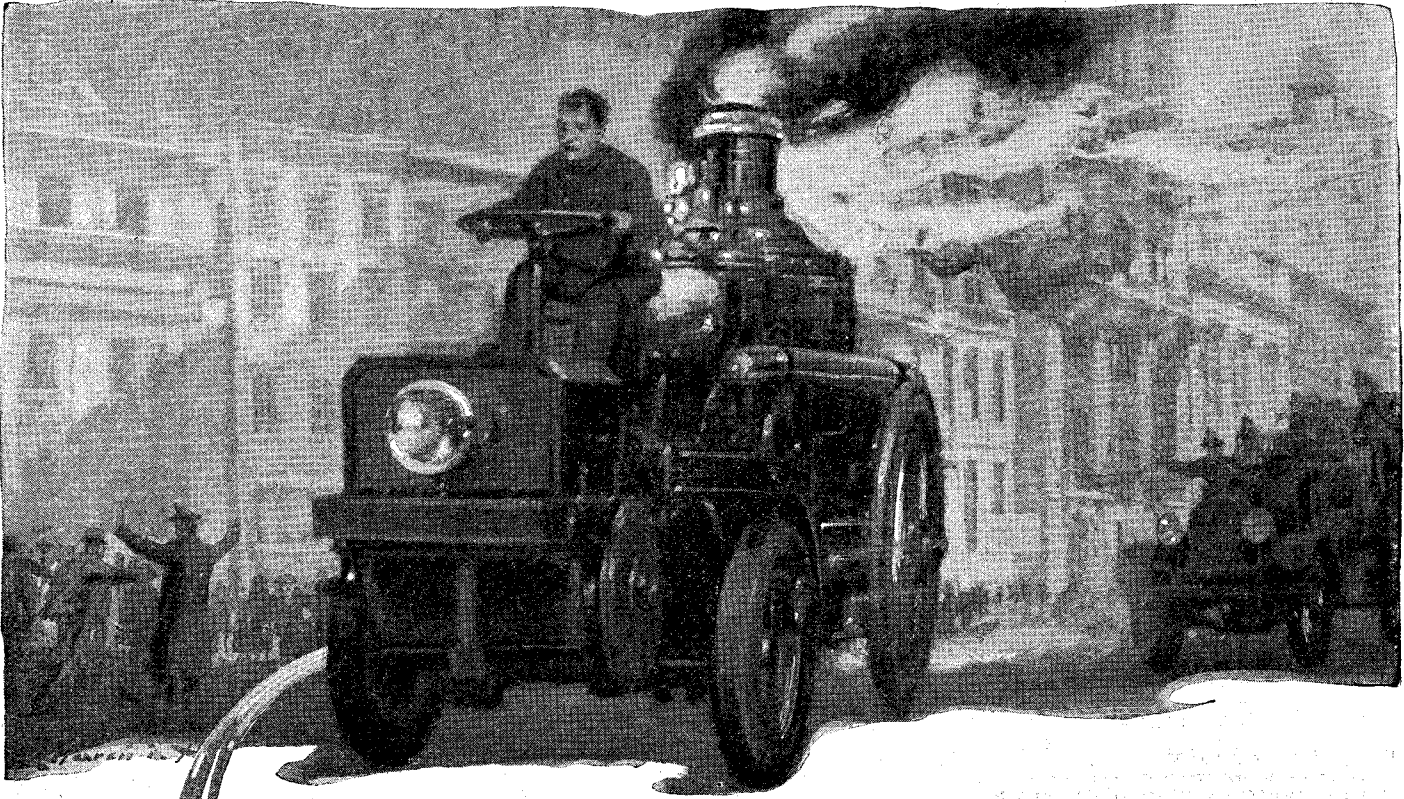
Besides doing all sorts of good deeds for which they never get credit—such as killing mice and rats and protecting the farmer's crops by eating harmful insects and pests—they make the loveliest house pets imaginable. Yes, really they do. Why, Miss Remington, who lives in the Bronx, keeps a—but we'll come to that later.

As a first step in the great snake drive of 1920 the Society proposes to urge upon the legislatures of New York, New Jersey, and other near-by States the enactment of laws for the preservation and protection of harmless snakes. The way people go around killing snakes on sight is enough to make the blood of a reptile student boil. Besides, the snakes don't like it. In this part of the country there are only two varieties of poisonous snakes—copperheads and ground rattlers—and these are scarce. Furthermore, they won't hurt you or even try to get gay with you unless you force the fighting. At least, so Miss Remington says. She says there is only one snake in the world that really and truly attacks people, and that's the King Cobra, which lives somewhere in the wilds of India. So we needn't worry about him.

After getting the States to pass laws protecting the non-poisonous snakes in these parts, the Society will launch a campaign of education and teach people what a good friend and companion of man the much-abused snake really is.

You have an instinctive horror of snakes, you say? Nothing of the sort, says Miss Remington. Somebody has been putting foolish notions into your head. It's all a matter of bringing up—and in the matter of snakes almost everybody is very badly brought up.

"Children," said Miss Remington today, "have no instinctive horror of snakes. Before they are old enough to know better they are taught to shun snakes and to fear them and kill them, but if people didn't put those ideas into their heads they would never feel that way about it. Most people after taking a snake in their hands and feeling it and finding that it is clean and not slimy, as they are apt to suppose,



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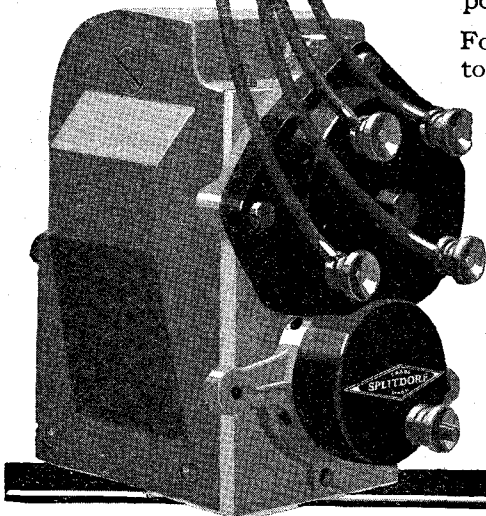
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES *Continued*

would find that their instinctive horror was simply lack of intelligence."

After ridding the popular mind of its long-standing prejudice, the next step will be to introduce the snake into the home as a household pet. What are the arguments in the snake's favor? Well, says Miss Remington, the snake is far less trouble than a dog in a city house—and cleaner. It does the work of a house cat in the matter of mice and rats and it is just as nice and tidy as a house cat.

Miss Remington knows whereof she speaks in this matter of pet snakes, for she has one that is a perfect beauty—a bull snake from Texas, "nice and kind and fastidious," and just no trouble at all, the writer says:

All he demands is a nice clean box to curl up and sleep in. The rest of the time he has the run of the apartment and is perfectly happy. No cages, no chains, no glass bowls, no collars, none of the rigmarole that most house pets have to have. Miss Remington just lets him run loose all over the place and he appreciates it.

Once or twice a week, she says, the bull snake gets hungry. But he doesn't go foraging in the pantry or shinning up the dining-room table leg in quest of food. Not he. The bull snake is too well behaved for that sort of thing. The only thing he will eat is eggs—hen's eggs—extra-fine white leghorns preferred. Miss Remington admits that an egg-eating snake these days is something of a strain on the pocket-book, but it isn't as bad as if he ate a dozen or two at a sitting. Two or three eggs twice a week is all he demands, she says.

"Have you got him trained to eat out of your hand?" Miss Remington was asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "and the way in which he takes his eggs is really most interesting."

"Does he like them soft boiled, coddled, poached, scrambled, or —"

"Oh, no," interrupted Miss Remington. "Not that way. He eats them raw, shell and all. You see he opens his mouth and swallows the egg at one gulp. You can see it—the egg, that is—traveling unbroken down to the stomach. Then he takes another egg and perhaps a third, and when they are all safely nestled inside, the snake gets down on the floor and by contracting his stomach muscles crushes the eggs. It is really most interesting."

Asked if her bull snake had learned any other parlor tricks, such as getting up on his hind legs and begging for more eggs or balancing an egg on his nose, Miss Remington replied that such things were, of course, out of the average snake's repertoire. However, they have more intelligence than the average person gives them credit for, she says.

"The snake," she said, "has come down to us as the symbol of evil and we have fallen into the habit of regarding it as an object of loathing. But this was not always so. The ancient Greeks had a far better opinion of the snake than we have. With the Greeks the snake was the symbol of knowledge. As such, he was respected. The snake is one of the very few animals that can neither speak nor close his eyes. He sleeps with his eyes open. Perhaps that was why the ancients thought he was so wise."

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND REASONING POWER AMONG MONKEYS.

STUDENTS of natural history have long debated the question as to whether monkeys think and talk, and whether they have not in common with man something more than mere physical resemblance. There are many evidences, as numerous investigators have testified, that monkeys possess some sort of tribal language, and that they are also subject to many of the emotions which are characteristic of man. Charles Cottar, in a graphic and interesting account of his observations of monkey life in the Dark Continent, tells of numerous simian ways of conduct that seem to border on the human. One day, while seated beneath a mimosa tree he observed a band of baboons questing for water and dining on scorpions. He was particularly interested in watching the development of an affair of love and jealousy. He writes in *Forest and Stream* (New York):

Among the mob were animals of all sizes and ages; differing in color, in actions, and in manners. There were mothers with tiny babes about their necks, and outcasts lingering about the edges of the band; while groups of youngsters skipped and frolicked about, not unlike children at a picnic. Then there were pairs and parties who seemed only engrossed in the affairs of their companion or company.

It was one of these parties—of four members—that finally absorbed my attention. It consisted of a female and three males. And with the aid of six-power glasses they were brought up so close that I could see every facial expression. The female was a really beautiful monkey—alert, erect, with a fine, smooth, blue coat and a graceful carriage. Her companions were a trio of admirers all busily engaged in turning stones in a diligent endeavor to uncover scorpions for the object of their affections.

For a half hour the little company worked among the loose rocks, and the serene tranquillity prevailed. But their actions were so nearly human that it was inevitable that there was trouble ahead. Every sense of each individual of the group was at the highest possible pitch, while the three admirers strove with each other in outwardly peaceful harmony to beguile the attentions of their inamorata, while inwardly three monkeys were on the point of a physical explosion that was so evident that the attention of the monkeys about them was on the alert for the inevitable.

The most casual observer would have seen at a glance that those three monkeys were in the deepest tangle of mental strife—were scheming every way within the compass of a monkey mind to outdo each other, and win the attentions of the object of their labors. And it took the closest attention to business—not a slip dared be made in the turning of a stone and the finding of more and better food by any one of the trio, lest the finder of a bunch of juicy scorpions would be the winner and the others turned away. And the even distribution of the attention and blandishments of the female made it evident that she, too, was no unsophisticated monkey, but was as



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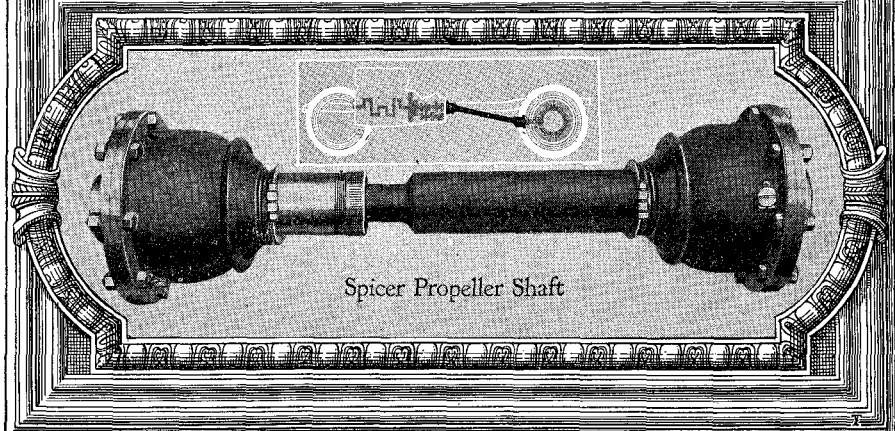
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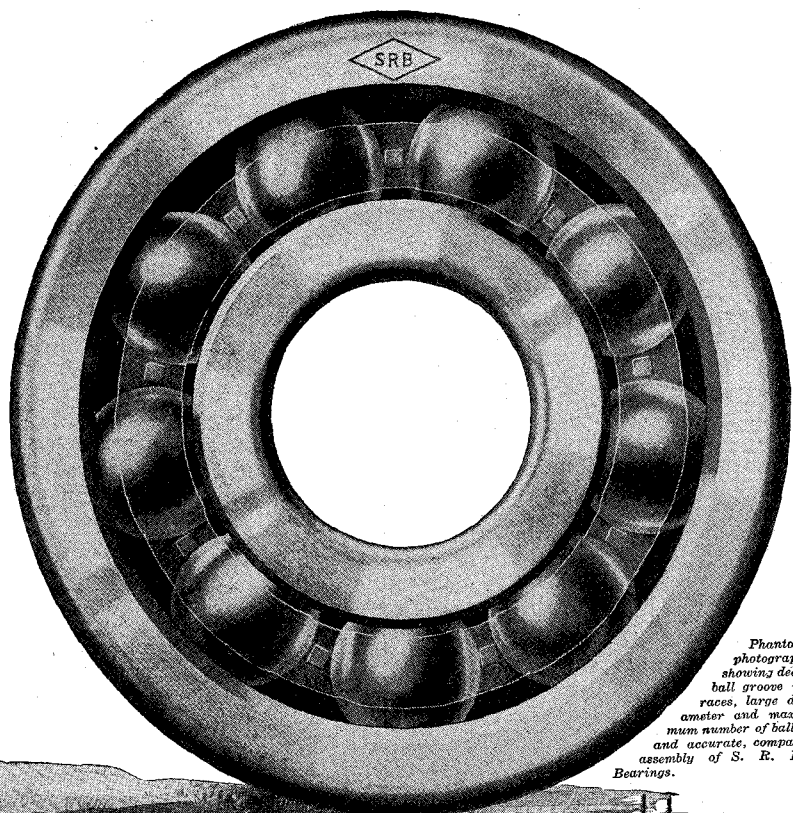
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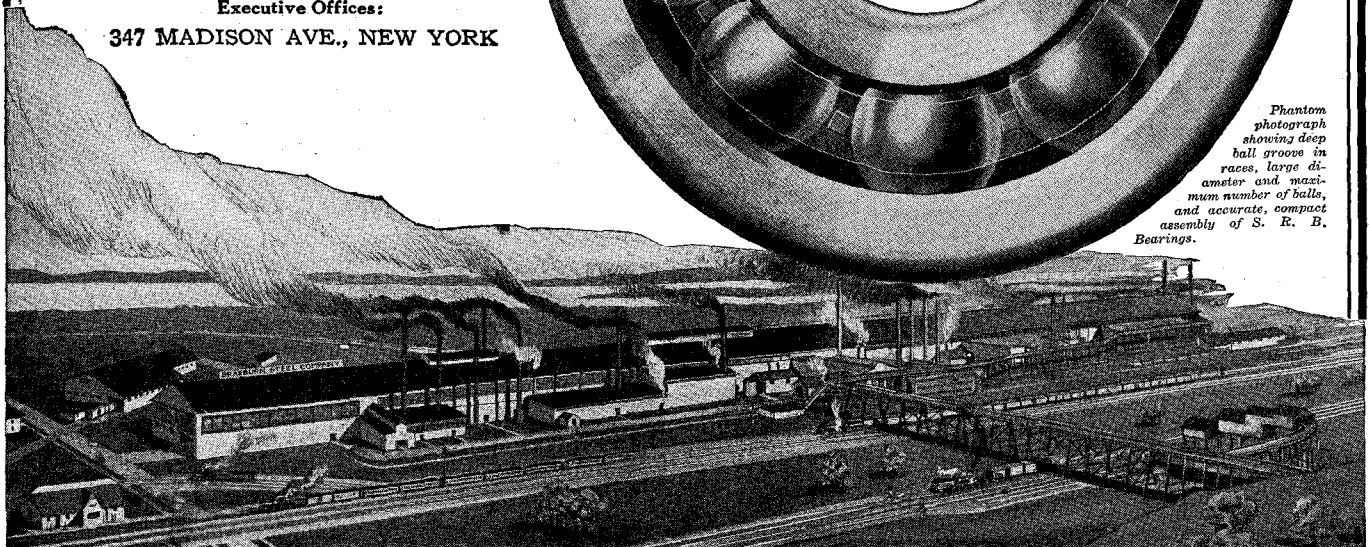
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

capable of thinking and planning and acting her part in monkey courtship.

Finally with a series of grunts and whines one of the male monkeys turned up a stone, and beneath it were a family of young scorpions—the sweetest morsels ever—and quite sufficient for the moment to make the lady-monk lose her head and chatter a regular lullaby of monkey-talk into the ear of one whose labor had supplied her with the sweet morsels. Then things happened.

The whole mob was congregated well in a mass about the spring. In another minute they would have been drinking. Many had taken up positions upon stones from which they could reach the scanty water in the tracks of animals that had come to drink. But there was a scream, a slight commotion amid the group of four, and the entire mob was in action to get in the clear. While the three males rolled and tumbled about the spring, tearing and gashing each other with teeth and nails the lady-monkey, from a perch on the highest stone, screamed and screeched either in approval or disapproval, so humanlike that to have been witness to the scene would have dispelled all question of the ability of a monkey to talk.

The combined efforts of two soon put the favorite to flight, and, closely followed by his antagonists, the three passed, snarling and grunting, close by me, while the one over whom they fell out and fought called wildly after them as the forest swallowed them up. In two minutes the flattering smiles and blandishments of the lady-monkey were being lavished upon a new admirer who had languished about in the offing till the three stronger rivals had broken up the game with their violence.

In western Uganda on one occasion the writer attempted to get some pictures of a band of chimpanzees. He relates how he was foiled:

Like all other monkeys, they are keen of sight and all but impossible to approach. And despite my best efforts an old woman-chimpanzee discovered me, and with the usual "lip" of the sex put the whole tribe going with a screech.

The instant she screamed the last mother's-son of the mob left the trees and beat it for the ground, while at intervals some member would bounce up on the side of a tree and after a hurried glimpse screech out something in monkey-talk, and, according to the direction I was stalking, the mob would shift its movements to evade possible contact with the route I was taking.

On the North Guaso Nyiro, in British East Africa, while lying in wait at a watering-hole for game, I noticed a sick baboon messing about in a drift that had accumulated about the roots of some palms. And with nothing else in attention I kept an eye on the chap to see what he was up to. It was soon evident that he was too weak and emaciated to get about with any speed and was seeking among the debris in the close vicinity of the water for insects for food. And, altho his movements were slow and weak, his Argus eyes soon picked me up, and he grunted resentfully at me a time or two, then continued his search for bugs, without any apparent fright at my presence.

Perhaps an hour had passed when a band of baboons of about a hundred—most likely the band to which the sick member belonged—came trooping down among the huge stones toward the water.

Being well hidden, I hoped to spend some time in the study of the monkeys, but, alas! the sick one had heard them before he could see them, and a feeble but coarse bark or two put the mob to flight before they had attained ground sufficiently high to have possibly seen me.

Of a number of Colobus monkeys kept in captivity, one, a female half-grown when captured, learned how to twist the wire of the large cage and get out. At nightfall she would creep back, but there came a time when she declined to return to her boudoir of wire. Accordingly, a way had to be "conjured up" to recapture her:

The lad who cared for the lot, having hunted the greater part of his life with the natives, at once set to work and baited a snare on the outside of the pen, using a bent pole, string and springing device after the pattern of the natives, and with a piece of green corn for a bait. It worked twice—but that was all. After being twice snared by the hand, the monk would cleverly reach beneath the rope, turn the loop carefully aside, then seize the corn, and scoot up to a position on the top of the cage, displaying as much knowing mischief as a spoiled child.

After having these Colobus in captivity about six months the natives brought down another consignment, a part of which came from the same locality. It was with these that I became assured that the "talk" between monkeys was limited almost exclusively to members of a tribe. Altho six months had elapsed these monkeys were as people who had met after a prolonged absence. The most remarkable thing about their meeting was the fact that the young female that had learned to break the cage, immediately taught the same trick to the other members of her former tribe.

An old female that had lost her babe in capturing—it died from a fall to the ground, from the tall bamboo—exhibited the most striking capacity to think. She was naturally morose and uttered but few sounds, but most certainly turned matters in her mind before acting.

One day when she had succeeded in breaking out of the cage, she espied a small Airedale pup, with eyes not yet open, and with the mother's love yet warm for her lost babe, and with almost human expression of countenance, seized the puppy and bounded up the tallest tree.

Immediately some natives who were laboring near by were summoned and the chase began to recover the pup. Clubs and stones were thrown at the nimble kidnaper, but to no avail. With the pup hugged closely against her breast, she clung to the topmost bough, which had bent well out at right angles beneath her weight. Then a native ascended the tree and started creeping out after her. As soon as she saw herself cornered she began screaming and moving about and threatening to throw the puppy down. Then the danger of the fall injuring the pup became evident, but the native, exasperated at having been sent up after the monkey, crowded her, then she deliberately backed up to the very end of the limb, took the puppy by the forepaw, and holding it out and down at full arm's length, let it carefully fall; and with the utmost speed darted past the nigger and down the tree, and, before any one could interfere, picked up the pup and ran up the next nearest tree. The same scene was repeated, but the pup the next time was recovered, but with a badly broken nose from the fall.

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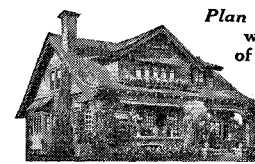
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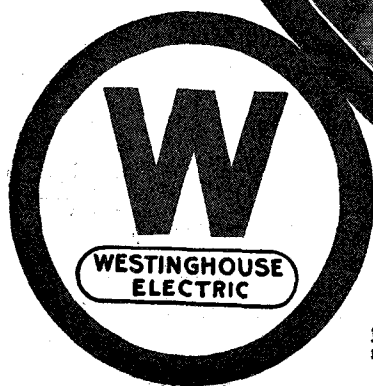
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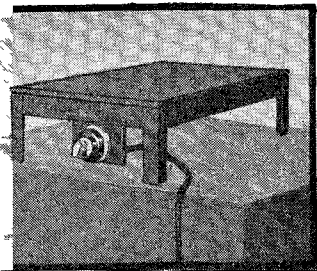
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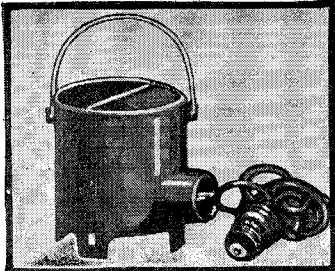
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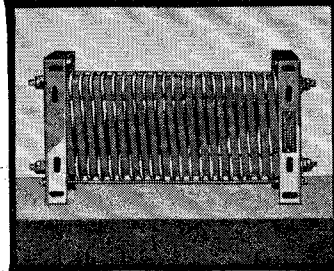
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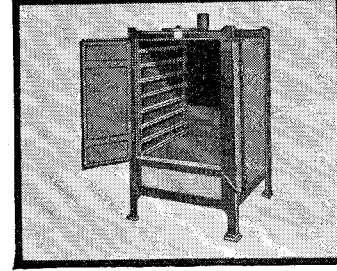
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INVESTMENTS -AND- FINANCE

THE PROSPECT FOR WORLD MONEY REGULATION

AGITATION for international currency regulation has proceeded, more or less intermittently, since an arrangement of the kind was established as a war measure, but standardization, writers on the subject generally agree, seems still to be remote from accomplishment. During the war a temporary international system was arranged and proved effectual. After the entry of the United States into the war and until February, 1919, the Allies and this country were bound together by a mutual obligation, and there was no desire for competition. Thus was it made possible to arrange for a sort of international regulation and to keep it in force until its purpose was served. During the period between April 6, 1917, and February, 1919, the note banks of France, Italy, and England were in a position to sell American dollars to English, French, and Italian importers at an artificial price. The consequence, says the Geneva correspondent of *The Economist* (London) was that in the neutral money markets the dollar, pound, franc, and lira formed a sort of "block," and "instead of oscillating individually, they oscillated as a block." The necessity for combination having been removed, the countries forming the block have entered the field of competition, and now, says the correspondent of *The Economist*, "there is only one international currency legislation possible, and this would be by the prohibition of the issue of new paper money, imposed on all States by a supreme authority." Objection to this suggestion would lie because it "would be in contradiction to the traditional notions of State sovereignty." Discussing the arrangement made after the United States entered the war and the possibility of its continuance, this writer says:

This inter-Allied war-block, which disappeared in February, 1919, should, according to the projects of the partisans of the international currency regulation, be the model of a new block. This new block should, of course, also be financed by the United States, and should safeguard the various European currencies against depreciation. Let us suppose for the moment that all the countries forming such a block have in reality identical interests in the way of their economic recovery. Of course, this is not true, as they all reckon, and are entitled to do so, on their recovery by export, so that they naturally will be competitors in the non-European markets. But let us suppose that it is possible to create a combine and to divide the non-European markets among the various countries in order to prevent at least the violent forms of competition. Under such conditions, let us presume that the American dollar be sold in London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, Rome, and Warsaw at a certain price fixed by a supreme council sitting in Washington or in Paris. In this case the official wasters ruling the ministries of finance in all the European states would waste dollars instead of their own currency, but money-manufacturing and the European note banks would still go on, and America would be pledged to buy these bank-notes—manufactured for merely political reasons—against dollars at a legal minimum price. One might easily imagine the consequences in their disastrous effects.

The various currencies in the neutral markets depreciate in proportion to the monthly deficits of the various budgets. We read further that—

The machinery of debt-making and money-making by individual credits, which is working in all States, is the chief obstacle in the way of the recovery of currency. The League of Nations imposes, or seeks to impose, on its members protection of labor, protection of racial minorities, and disarmaments, but the right of debt-making and money-manufacturing has perhaps for the time being more international importance than the right of shell-making and the drilling of soldiers. International currency regulation demands as its condition sound financial policy everywhere at home.

Many years ago, when the dollar unit was established in the United States it seemed that international standardization was in sight. But hope was dissipated when Great Britain, which had almost adopted the Spanish pillar dollar (peso), returned to the pound sterling, while Germany made a new standard of its own, and France revived the franc. Every Latin American country had differentiated itself from its neighbors and all the rest of the world, so that money standards are yet hopelessly afflux. "The chief cause of this monetary upheaval was the mistaken notion that the dollar was the badge of silver," says a writer in *The Business Digest and Investment Weekly*, summarizing a discussion of the subject in *The Bulletin of the Pan-American Union*. Continuing, we read:

We can see now that the breaking away from silver, the establishment of the single gold standard, did not necessarily involve the loss of the uniform world-known dollar. The gold standard could have been fixed the dollar preserved, by being conventionalized as it was in the United States in 1873 and thereby the substantial gains toward uniformity made through centuries of commercial interchange would not have been lost to the world.

In the four leading commercial countries there appeared to be no thought, except in France, that uniformity was something to be desired, and France missed its opportunity by revivifying a newer unit rather than by preserving the older. As it was with the new and awkward franc, on the plea of uniformity, France was able to draw to itself Italy, Spain, Greece, Belgium, Roumania, Finland, Switzerland, and two American countries.

Chaos resulted especially, however, in the Latin-American countries. Uruguay was the only one to attempt, at a later period to conventionalize the dollar to a gold standard, and Uruguay made the mistake of basing its calculation upon the old par of 15½ to 1, instead of 16 to 1, thereby creating a standard of nearly 3½ per cent too much gold content.

At first all the Spanish-speaking countries kept the dollar, and thereby secured uniformity among themselves and with Asia. But this uniformity proved of little value and first one and then another dropped the silver dollar until, after Nicaragua's revision, only three of the Central American countries and Paraguay (nominally) remained with the silver standard. Thirteen of the countries within the last thirty or forty years have chosen as a base the standard monetary units of either Great Britain, France, or the United States and three of them have conventionalized the dollar to the gold standard at parities differing from that adopted by the United States. In every case the decimal system of subdivision and multiples has been chosen. The



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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE Continued

valuable tabulation of Latin - American monetary standards follows:

BASE, BRITISH GOLD

Chile—The standard, called peso, is of the value of 1 shilling 6 pence, divided into 100 centavos.

Brazil—The standard, called milreis, is of the value of 2 shillings 3 pence, divided into 1,000 reis.

Peru—The standard, called libra, is of the value of 1 pound (20 shillings), divided into 10 sols and each sol into 100 centavos.

Ecuador—The standard, called sucre, is of the value of 2 shillings, divided into 100 centavos. The sol and the sucre have the same value.

Bolivia—The standard, called boliviano, is of the value of 1 shilling 7.2 pence (12½ bolivianos to 1 pound), divided into 100 centavos.

Colombia—The standard, called peso, is of the value of 4 shillings, divided into 100 centavos.

BASE, FRENCH GOLD

Argentina—The standard, called peso, is of the value of 5 francs, divided into 100 centavos.

(Paraguay for the most part follows Argentina. The gourde of Haiti formerly had the same value as the Argentine peso.)

Venezuela—The standard, called bolivar, is of the value of 1 franc, divided into 100 centavos.

BASE, UNITED STATES GOLD

Cuba—The standard, called peso (sometimes dolar), is of the value of 1 dollar, divided into 100 centavos.

Dominican Republic—The standard, called peso (or dolar), is of the value of 1 dollar, divided into 100 centavos.

Haiti—The standard, called gourde, is of the value of 25 cents, divided into 100 centimes.

Panama—The standard, called balboa, is of the value of 1 dollar, divided into 100 centavos.

Nicaragua—The standard, called cordoba, is of the value of 1 dollar, divided into 100 centavos.

BASE, PESO GOLD

Uruguay—The standard, called peso, is of the value of about 1 dollar 3.42 cents, United States, divided into 100 centavos.

Mexico—The standard, called peso, is of the value of about 49.85 cents, United States, divided into 100 centavos.

Costa Rica—The standard, called colon, is of the value of about 46.53 cents, United States, divided into 100 centavos.

BASE, PESO SILVER

Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, and (nominally) Paraguay. The standard, called peso, is divided into 100 centavos, its value at the commercial price of silver on July 1, 1919, was about 80 cents.

Present prospects for international standardization of coinage are thus discust in conclusion:

The three chief barriers to international trade are the diversities of language, measures, and moneys. We can not hope to remove the first: the second, altho very much less difficult, yet has a remarkably tenacious hold; the third is the least strongly entrenched of all, especially at this time. Once the world was near a uniform money: it missed realization not because of any weakness in the cause itself or that it had become less desirable, but simply because the overwhelmingly increased production of silver in the last half of the nineteenth century required a readjustment of the relation of this metal with gold, and this fact was not realized in time. Before it was realized the chief commercial countries had split away, each for itself, and as a result the almost universal dollar became either the badge of silver in Asia and in Latin America, or the peculiar coinage of the United States, on a gold base.

With the loss of uniformity came first an elaboration of individualism. Countries appeared to seek to have each a separate and distinct money of its own. The one exception was the French group, the so-called Latin Union, upon which hope was based by many theorists. But there was not power enough behind the group—commercial, banking, and industrial power—to carry uniformity in face of the United States, Germany, and England. Especially could it not overcome the resistance of England. Furthermore, the franc as a base had the inherent weakness that it was a new unit having no historical relation to any country, not even France.

A step further, at the beginning of the twentieth century and until the war of 1914, the monetary systems of all the countries of the world had assimilated themselves to one of four groups or had become strictly of domestic use. Great countries like Russia, Germany, and the United States group, comprising the United States, Canada, other British and European possessions in America, Nicaragua, Cuba, Haiti, Panama, Dominican Republic, and Liberia.

The French group, comprising France, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Greece, Roumania, Finland, Argentina, and Venezuela.

The silver group, comprising three Central American Republics, a large part of Asia and Africa.

This last group is rapidly disintegrating. The contest for commercial supremacy among the other three groups at one time appeared in favor of the French group, later the British group had the undoubted lead and kept it to the outbreak of the war, at present the United States group is in the lead due to the war and to the industrial strength of the group.

The world is once again at the parting of financial ways. Money standards are all afflux. Whether the world will or can return to the gold basis is a question not to be answered offhand. But if not a gold standard, what? That is a question even more difficult to answer. But whatever the standard be, or whatever the adjustments or concessions necessary to reach it, one thing is certain, that uniformity of base units should be recreated. This is not a difficult task at this time. It means a change in coinage values of not more than 5 per cent.—the relative values of 5 francs, 4 shillings, and one dollar being 96.48, 97.33, and 100 respectively. This is insignificant as compared with the great depreciation in real standards which has occurred in all the great commercial countries.

BUILDERS ADVISED TO WAIT NO LONGER

DO not put off till next year the building that might be started this spring, is, in short, the advice given to perspective builders and investors concerned about building by Mr. Allen E. Beals, secretary of the Dow Service Daily Building Reports. Building costs are excessively high, but this expert insists that nothing is to be gained by waiting unless one is prepared to wait five years or more. As Mr. Beals reminds us in a signed article on the financial page of the New York American, "after the Civil War thirteen years elapsed before the price of building materials reverted to prewar levels." Even tho the price peak of materials may be reached in less time than that, it seems to this authority on the building market that there will be a high price level either at or above the present prices which will be maintained for a long time. So the best thing for the builder to do is to start his plans at once instead of waiting until next spring and finding that prices are still higher. The builder need not expect a speedy job. Up to the present the lack of labor has been interfering with the completion of work, but Mr. Beals believes that "from this time forth the retarding factor will concern itself to the ability of getting materials as they are needed." But there are things "that are decidedly in the builder's favor," we are told: they include the present market-price, for building material will not suddenly recede; he will be assured of high returns upon his enterprise for at least two years after the supply of building material and their prices return to an approximate normal, and he will get probably a better constructed building because less reliable contractors are now out of the market. Discussing the whole building situation Mr. Beals notes that "since the armistice a year ago the building interests have passed through a vale of paradoxes that has no parallel in war or in any other era in the memory of business men," and he continues:

The building-material man, whether he be manufacturer, distributor, dealer, contractor, or consumer, is to-day confronted with a potential demand far beyond the plant capacities of the entire country to

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

meet for the next five years, at least, even operating at 80 per cent. of maximum plant output, which, with the shortened work-week and scarcity of common labor, restricts actual production of building commodities in the basic departments at least to barely more than 50 per cent.

To the prospective builder of homes, factories, commercial buildings, or the investor designing and contemplating the construction of hotels, theaters, apartment-houses, or tenements, this looks like a forbidding outlook. In the last year it has checked actual building construction to about 40 per cent. of normal for New York and vicinity.

In the Middle West there was more foresight, coupled with the advantage of having close at hand the centers of building-material supply. It accepted the alternative of paying higher prices instead of waiting for them to recede, and went ahead with building. New York preferred to wait in the expectancy that prices would drop. "This policy," quoting Mr. Beals, "is to be a costly experiment in procrastination." He continues:

Labor disturbances have so absorbed the attention of prospective builders that no artificial means were applied to revive construction. Contractors were obliged to refuse tenders to estimate on building projects. Recently many of these most-important trade problems have been ironed out, and once more the steel skeletons of buildings poke their black angles above the neighboring house-tops. The lumbering girder truck, absent from the city's streets for nearly two years, is once more adding to the problems of the traffic policemen at busy corners, and houses by the hundreds are being started at a time of the year when building construction normally is retarded to wait for more auspicious weather conditions in the spring.

The small builder, the man of modest means, will be blocked out of the building program. He will find that credits have been tightened against him. For—

Building construction to-day and for the next ten years will be on a cash basis. New York is now 33 per cent. short of buildings, and therefore uncertain credits are crucial liabilities when a demand like that exists.

Because the market is only open to the financially strong, the question of building-material purchase is no longer one solely of price, but of delivery. The question is of one of shopping for lower figures, but now certain will be deliveries if there are labor disturbances, railroad embargoes, etc.

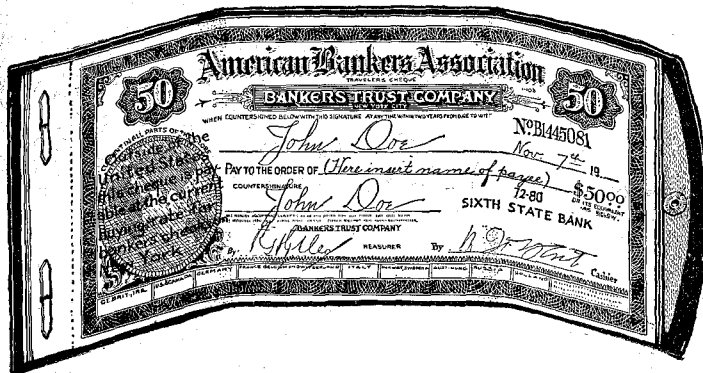
Being a sellers' market, the manufacturer can fix his price f. o. b. mill, and the buyer assumes the risk from that point. Mill prices or dock prices at New York to-day are far and above prices covering delivery a job of five years ago, and the trend is all higher. Here are some illustrations:

Asphaltum in tank cars to contractors is 13 to \$15 per ton as against a normal of 3 and \$9. Hudson common brick that formerly could be delivered to a job, New York, at \$9 a thousand, now sell at dock for 20 wholesale, with the possibilities excellent for the price to be \$22 before January 1. Portland cement retails to-day at \$3.40 barrel, with a 15-cent rebate on empty bags, as against \$1.90 in 1912; gravel sells delivered at job to-day at \$2.75, as against normal of \$1.25.

Long-leaf yellow pine, glass, structural steel, zinc, and every item that enters into building construction reveal the price that the procrastinator has to pay to-day as a result of his expectation that building material prices would recede within a year from the time the armistice was signed.

After the Civil War thirteen years elapsed before the price of building materials re-

MANY THINGS HAVE HELPED TO MAKE TRAVEL PLEASANT, BUT NOTHING MORE THAN THIS—



No one thing has contributed more to the pleasure of traveling—in the United States, in Europe, in the Orient or in South America—than the Travelers' Cheques of the American Bankers Association, popularly known as "A. B. A." Cheques.

Imagine yourself in a strange place, far from home, where the banker does not know you and the hotel-keeper is suspicious because somebody recently passed a bogus check on him and where your credit has no standing with the people you meet.

What good would your check or draft do under such circumstances

?

None whatever, unless somebody "took a chance" out of pity for you and cashed the check or draft.

Banks don't want their customers to be placed in such embarrassing positions, so they arrange to help them to have as pleasant a trip as money can provide by selling to them

"A. B. A." American Bankers Association Cheques
the BEST funds for travelers

They are safe, convenient and comfort-promoting.

Write for full information to the

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
New York City

Again
we
say

Let
your

votes **Remember**



Let your vote be an appreciation of your city, town, county and state officials who are planning, working, and fighting for good roads.

Remember—everything that moves on rails moves first on our highways. Remember—the future development and progress of your community, your state and your America depends on rapid, dependable, and comprehensive highway transportation facilities.

And let your votes remember.

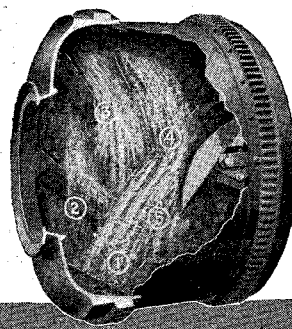
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CONCRETE MIXERS STANDARDIZE CONCRETE

Koehring mixed concrete contributes greater strength to pavements and structures because it is the *dominant strength concrete*. The distinctive Koehring re-mixing action coats every fragment of stone, every grain of sand thoroughly with cement, and prevents segregation of aggregate according to size. The result is concrete that is *dominantly strongest*—by official test, stronger than the same aggregate mixed by other mixers.

Write for Van Vleck's book, "Standardized Concrete"

KOEHRING MACHINE COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE *Continued*

verted to prewar levels. Even tho the price-peak of present-day materials may not now be far off, there will be a price-plateau upon which building-material prices at or above present levels will prevail until such a time as labor adjusts itself to new conditions; until the supply of man-power is increased; until production can regain pace with demand, and until it again becomes possible for the moderately capitalized building speculator to get into the market.

The building-material price trend is upward-bound now. As the demand increases the prices will be forced higher.

The best thing to do is to start building plans at once, because it is certain that next spring building-material prices will be considerably higher than now.

TO DIVORCE THE WEST FROM WALL STREET

IN pursuance of its campaign to secure for the Middle West commercial and financial independence from the domination of Wall Street, the Mississippi Valley Association, as we read in the financial columns of *Cleveland Topics*, has made a survey of world commerce with special reference to developing the foreign trade of the Mississippi Valley. Its conclusion is that all the foreign commerce of this fruitful section of the country should be handled without any reference to money markets or exchanges located in any other region. To quote:

Recommendations are made regarding the immediate development of waterways; adjustment of freight-rates, merging of corporations engaged in foreign trade, the purchase from the Government of ships or the allocation of vessels to Southern ports to facilitate the trade of the interior and the establishment of a foreign discount bank to remedy discount conditions in Eastern banking centers.

The latter proposition is the one most urgently emphasized. It is recommended that an agency capitalized at \$5,000,000 be organized with Mississippi Valley banks as stockholders. The recently enacted Edge bill has removed legal restrictions, it is said, and the enterprise has received the indorsement of St. Louis bankers.

The effort of the Mississippi Valley Association to equalize freight-rates between the Atlantic seaboard and the Gulf coast met with a readjustment of rates on the part of the railroad administration that places Southern seaports on a par with New York.

The next move for the development of foreign commerce as scheduled is the merger of corporations under the Webb-Pomerene Act. Valley manufacturers engaged in the production of rubber goods have already organized a trading company under the provisions of this bill, and will soon announce the formation of the new corporation.

The executive committee will resist the removal of the headquarters of the United States Shipping Board from Philadelphia to Washington, and will urge the claims of St. Louis as a centrally located headquarters in the event the removal of the office should be determined upon.

The survey points out that the Mississippi Valley produces a large quantity of the staple products of the world's trade, the figures being 19 per cent. of the entire production of wheat; coal, 31 per cent.; cotton, 45 per cent.; iron, 38 per cent.; cattle, 42 per cent., and corn, 64 per cent. Based on these figures, the survey concludes that foreign trade of this section should be handled without reference to the money markets of other sections of the country, or trade conditions elsewhere.



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“We don't have to bother with architects' plans or contractors' estimates. We don't have to worry about possible labor troubles. LIBCO Buildings are shipped ready to erect in a matter of hours or days. The only help needed is common labor.”

LIBCO Sectional Steel Buildings do away with worry, delay and uncertainty. They consist of fabricated steel units carefully and soundly constructed at our plant. They are shipped to you all ready to be erected into a complete, strong, fireproof, durable building. The only help needed is common labor, the only tools monkey wrenches.

LIBCO Sectional Steel Buildings are fireproof and element proof. When erected they are so strong that line shaftings can be carried on the trusses without additional bracing. Standard type furnished in 10, 12, 16, 20, 24 and 30 foot widths; with side wall sections 8 or 10 feet high. Heavy type furnished in 20, 24, 30, 32, 36 and 40 foot widths; with side wall sections 10, 12 or 16 feet high. Any length in multiples of 8 feet. Special heavy type buildings in 50 and 60 foot widths.

It will pay you to investigate LIBCO standardized construction in these days of uncertain building operation. Our advisory service is free. When writing for quotations please indicate the use to which the building is to be put, the width and length, also height of side walls.

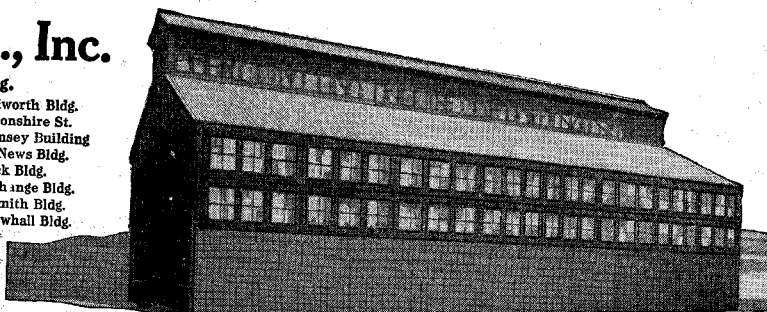
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Chicago, Ill., McCormick Bldg.
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Seattle, Wash., L. C. Smith Bldg.
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Constructing floor upon floor

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY had no desire to build its business in one pouring. First, an immovable foundation was laid. It consisted of a firm determination to benefit industry, no matter what superstructure was required. Floor upon floor, the Blaw-Knox business has been built without undermining that foundation.

The tremendous loss of time, money and patience, due to wood-forms in concrete construction, caused Blaw-Knox Company to contribute Blaw steel forms for all construction from bridges to tunnels and streets to skyscrapers.

But the increasing demand for concrete buildings caused another problem and also its solution by Blaw-Knox adding another floor to its organization. It not only designed forms for floor, roof and column construction but organized an erection service.

Engineers and contractors are relieved of all their form problems by Blaw-Knox. And in the case of

concrete buildings Blaw-Knox not only delivers the proper forms but erects them.

Blaw-Knox claims no cure-alls. But it does claim a persistent effort to better construction conditions.

The terrific heat surrounding the operation of high-temperature furnaces was costly. And it remained for Blaw-Knox to develop Knox patented water-cooled appliances to give comfort to workers and protection to materials.

To excavate and rehandle loose bulk materials speedily and inexpensively, the principle of the Blaw clamshell bucket was evolved and adapted to every individual bucket need.

To carry high-tension lines safely and surely, Blaw-Knox steel towers were designed. Their best recommendation is *that none has ever failed*.

Blaw-Knox Company will never put the roof on its business building and settle down to enjoy orders. Instead the word is—**FORWARD!**

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY, Pittsburgh.

Offices in Principal Cities

These products are built and trade-marked by Blaw-Knox Company

BLAW STEEL FORMS for all kinds of concrete construction from sewers to subways, from sidewalks to skyscrapers.

BLAW CLAMSHELL BUCKETS and Automatic Cableway Plants for digging and handling.

FABRICATED STEEL—Manufacturing plants' bridges, crane-runways, trusses, etc.

KNOX PATENTED WATER-COOLED APPLIANCES for open-hearth, glass, copper regenerative, and sheet and pair furnaces.

TOWERS for supporting high-tension transmission-lines.

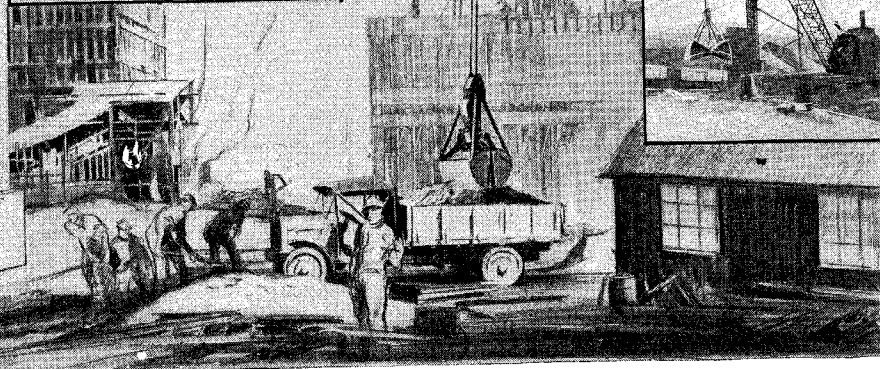
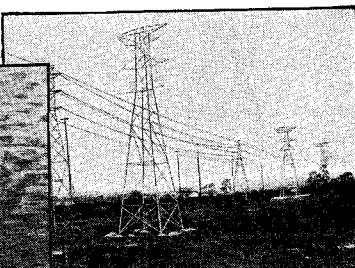
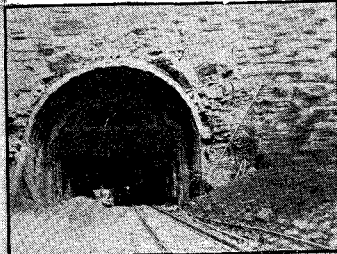
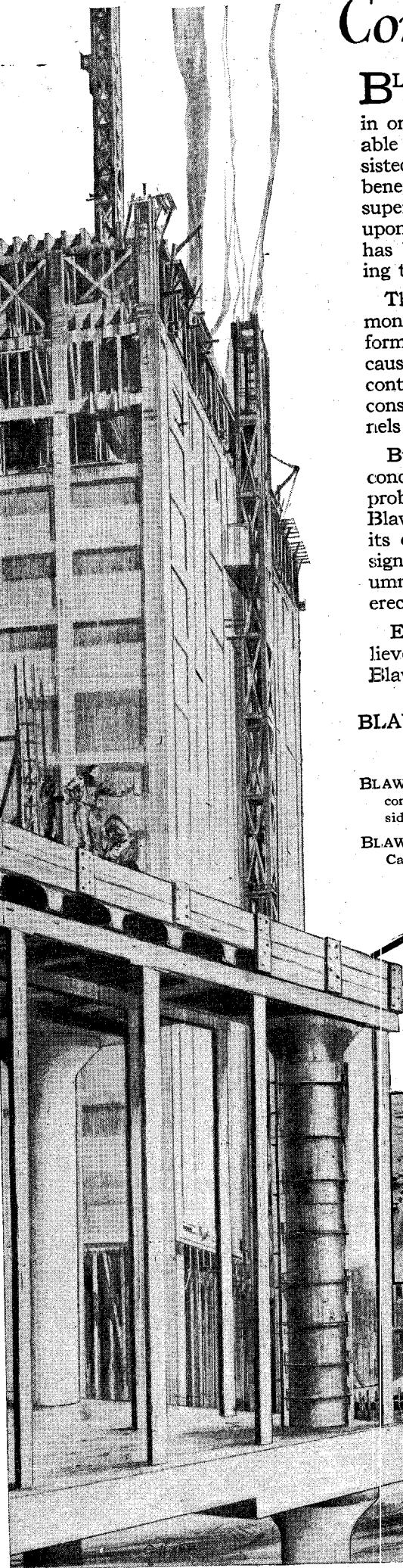
PLATE WORK—Riveted and welded steel plate products of every description.



Lining a tunnel on the Monongahela Southern R. R. Gillespie-Hart Co., Contractors. Blaw Steel Forms were used.

Steel Transmission Tower Line between McCalls Ferry, Pa., and Baltimore, Md., built for Penna. Water and Power Co.

Blaw Speedster Buckets used in the construction of the new Springdale Power Plant of the West Penn Power Co.



BLAW-KNOX COMPANY

CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

February 4.—Kurt von Lersner, head of the German Peace Delegation in Paris, resigns rather than transmit to his Government the list of 896 Germans whose extradition is demanded by the Allies. Baron von Lersner declares that no German functionary would be disposed in any way to assist in the realization of the demand for the extradition of these men.

February 5.—It is reported from Paris that France has decided to indorse the Lodge reservations to the Treaty.

President Wilson virtually serves informal notice on the British Government of his displeasure over the letter of Viscount Grey published in the London *Times* declaring Britain favorable to the Lodge reservations. The President authorizes correspondents to quote him to the effect that the British Government had not consulted Mr. Wilson about the Grey letter and that the first notice thereof reached the President after it had been cabled to American newspapers.

At the conclusion of a session of the German cabinet, correspondents are informed that the Ministers are unanimous in declaring that the surrender of the men demanded by the Allies is an utter physical impossibility.

February 7.—President Wilson instructs the Democratic Senators to oppose Republican proposals for a reservation on Article X. The President, however, for the first time since the controversy over the Treaty began, announced that he would favor certain specific reservations, stating that he would accept the five "interpretative" reservations proposed by Senator Hitchcock, which were defeated in the Senate on November 19 by a vote of 50 to 41.

February 9.—The treaty by which Norway is given sovereignty over Spitzbergen is signed at Paris, Hugh C. Wallace, the American Ambassador at Paris, signing for the United States.

February 10.—A majority of the Republicans assure Senator Lodge they will support any modifications of the original reservations he will accept.

Friedrich Wilhelm, former Crown Prince of Germany, cables President Wilson that he will surrender to the Allies, suggesting that he be made the victim rather than the men whose extradition is demanded.

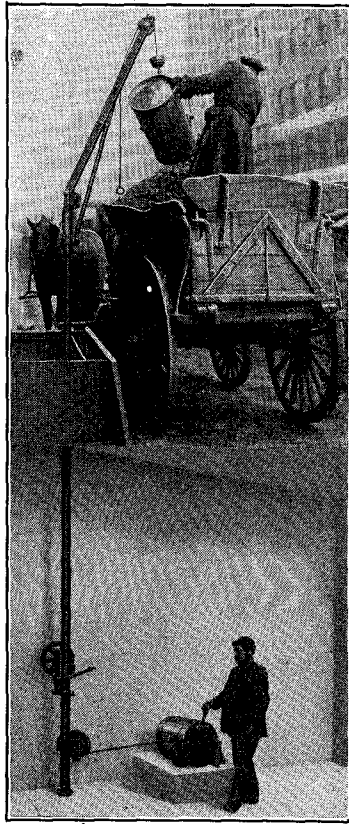
AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA

February 4.—A wireless dispatch from Odessa to Archangel reports a victory of the Russian volunteer army over the Bolshevik forces. The finest cavalry of the "Reds" was driven back in disorderly flight, it is said, and 60 guns, 150 machine guns, and 8,000 prisoners were taken.

According to a wireless dispatch reaching London, the Czechs have retaken Irkutsk.

February 5.—Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Holland agree not to resume trade with Soviet Russia before Russia's debt to nationals of those countries has been paid or guaranteed, says a dispatch from Copenhagen.

The Bolsheviks and the Afghans are becoming increasingly hostile to the Persians, according to British War Office advices. Unverified reports from the Transcaspian area say that the transportation of Bolshevik troops to that section continues at the rate of about 2,000 a week.



Model D Hoist, Conley Tinfoil Co., New York. Loads lifted and lowered electrically. Part of Hoist showing above sidewalk telescopes below grade when not in use.

Man-Saving Load-Lifting

Lifts and
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The G&G
Telescopic Hoist
with Automatic Gear Shifting Brake
Device and Silencer
Lighter
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is effective immediately in saving men and money in industrial and commercial buildings in the lifting or lowering of materials within its scope and capacity—

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and other materials within its scope.

Various standard "telescoping" or non-telescoping models, manual or electrical power, to meet interior and exterior conditions. Hoists are compact, easily installed without building alterations. Require area only 4 feet square when operated in Hoistway, as illustrated. When writing tell us:

For what purpose you would like to use a G&G Hoist, maximum weight of load, distance of lift; enclose rough sketch showing conditions.

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Since 1866 we have specialized in the installation of steam power plants. Inquiries to equip steam power plants anywhere in the U. S. and Canada are as cordially invited as inquiries relating to G&G Hoists.

THERE is but one Master Pencil. Some day you will try it, and then, forever after, one name will come quickly to your mind when you think of the best pencil you have ever used. And that name is—

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ELDORADO**
"the master drawing pencil"

Made in 17 Leads—one for
Every Need or Preference



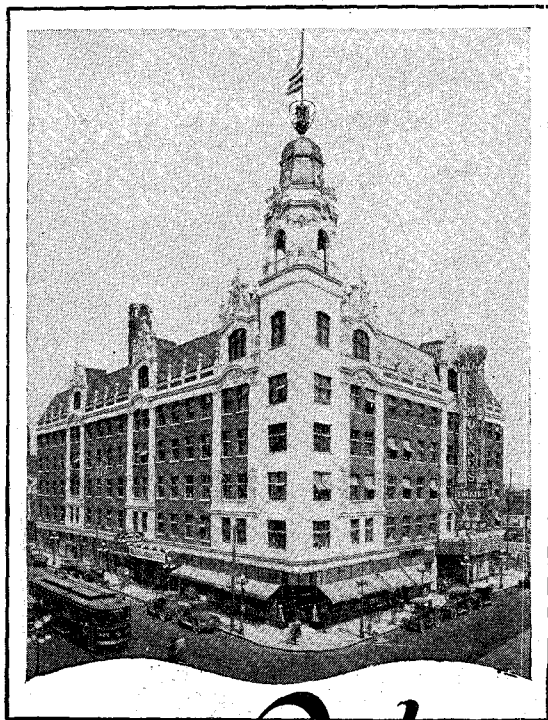
SAMPLE OFFER

Send 10c for a full-length Eldorado—mentioning your dealer's name and whether very soft, soft, medium, hard, or very hard lead is desired.

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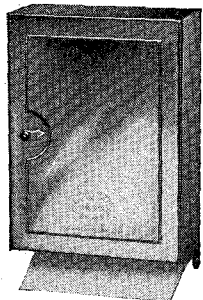
The Middle West may well be proud of the new Iowa Building at Des Moines. It is a modern office building in every particular, yet contains a model cafeteria and a very beautiful Motion Picture Theatre.

Every toilet in the building is equipped with

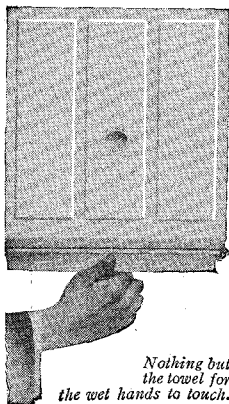
THE Onliwon Service

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE PAPER TOWELS & TOILET PAPER

ONLIWON is the Toilet Room Service that, naturally, is chosen when a new modern structure like the Iowa Building, is erected. It is the system that successfully meets the requirements of modern business efficiency.



The Automatic ONLIWON Toilet Paper Cabinet.



Nothing but the towel for the wet hands to touch.

is the system that automatically delivers Protected Paper Towels and Toilet Paper from dust and germ-proof cabinets—prevents the spread of contagious diseases and is most economical, for extensive tests show that Onliwon reduces toilet room expense 15 to 50%.

Onliwon Toilet Paper

is satin finished tissue served just two sheets at a time from a nickel plated cabinet that has no knobs for the hand to touch and no mechanism to get out of order. This 1000 sheet package is easily inserted.

Onliwon Paper Towels

are very agreeable to use as the soft crepe is absorbent and firm, for each towel is delivered folded. They are served singly from a white enameled cabinet that operates according to the same sanitary principles as the toilet paper cabinet.

Write for our Special Bulletin for Executives and Business Managers.

A. P. W. PAPER CO., Dept. 12
Albany, N. Y.

CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

February 7.—Peace overtures by the Soviet Government of Russia will be considered by the Polish Government, according to advices from Warsaw.

February 8.—Bolshevik troops have victoriously entered Odessa, according to a wireless message sent out by the Soviet Government at Moscow.

FOREIGN

February 4.—It is reported that an international conference is to be held in London soon to discuss the question of foreign exchange.

Joseph E. Askew, a well-known American in Mexico, has been abducted and is being held by the Mexicans, according to information reaching the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico.

February 5.—The Mexican Government is reported to have canceled recognition of William O. Jenkins as United States Consular Agent at Puebla.

The Roumanian Legation in London announces that the Budapest Government has ordered the retreat of the Roumanian troops of occupation in Hungary to the frontier fixed by the Peace Conference.

Reports of births and deaths in Austria for last year show that 50,000 died while births numbered only 18,000.

February 8.—German press comment regarding the demand for extradition of the men guilty of violation of the laws of war is to the effect that if the demand were met it would precipitate civil war in Germany. It is said that no German soldier or policeman would obey orders to arrest men like Ludendorff, Hindenburg, or Mackensen.

Bolshevik uprisings against the Japanese on the island of Sakhalin are reported. Important Japanese mining and petroleum plants have been attacked.

February 9.—Northern Korea has been evacuated by the Japanese, according to a wireless dispatch from Moscow quoting an Omsk message. It is said that the population rose to aid Korea forces from Chinese territory.

The three Scandinavian nations accept the invitation of Holland to a conference at The Hague, February 10 to discuss participation in the permanent court of international justice provided for by the League of Nations Covenant.

February 10.—Premier Lloyd George warns the House of Commons in a speech delivered at the opening of Parliament that peril faces Britain her domestic problems. "We must fight anarchy with abundance," said the Premier, adding that he thought trade will end the ferocity of Bolshevism.

King George in his speech from the throne at the opening of Parliament declares experiences during the war showed the injurious effects of the excessive consumption of liquor, and calls attention to a bill which will be presented to Parliament providing for peace-time liquor regulation.

Premier Millerand of France sends a note to Germany deferring indefinitely the end of the Rhineland occupation. The Premier said this action was taken owing to Germany's failure to execute certain clauses of the Peace Treaty.

War-time restrictions on passports have been modified so that tourist travel in Britain is permitted. Previous regulations provided for the approval of passports only for those going to the

CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

gland for business or emergency purposes.

A report from Honolulu says Siberian Bolsheviki have captured Alexandrovsk, capital of the island of Sakhalin, and fear is felt that the radical forces may enter Japan proper.

DOMESTIC

February 2.—E. T. Meredith is sworn in as Secretary of Agriculture, succeeding David F. Houston, who becomes Secretary of the Treasury, following the resignation of Carter Glass, who takes his seat in the Senate to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator Martin, of Virginia.

February 4.—Legislation for the return of the railroads to private ownership and operation on March 1 is agreed upon by conferees of the Senate and House who have been meeting daily for a month in an effort to compose the differences between the Esch Bill passed by the House and the Cummins Bill passed by the Senate. The conference committee's bill provides, among other things, for competitive private operation of the roads under control of the Interstate Commerce Commission with a guaranteed earning on actual property values of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and with present rates standing for a definite period.

The State Senate of Mississippi passes two House resolutions proposing to amend the State constitution so as to confer the right of suffrage on women.

Edward Payson Ripley, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Santa Fé Railroad system and one of the best-known railroad men in the United States, dies at Santa Barbara, California, at the age of 74.

February 5.—A conference of the officers of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way and Railway Shop Laborers begins in Detroit to consider the question of ordering a strike if wage-increases averaging 40 per cent. are not granted. The organization numbers 300,000 members.

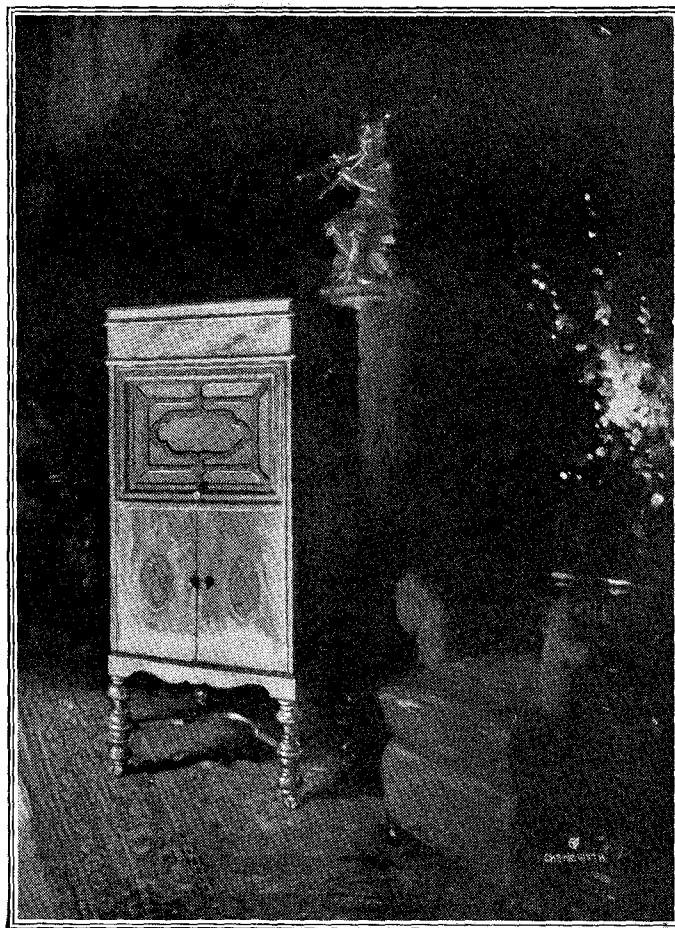
February 6.—It is reported that definite plans have been laid for a nation-wide aggressive political campaign by organized labor to control Congress and elect friendly national and State officials. The fight, according to labor officials, will be bipartisan and will be launched in the coming Presidential primaries.

Secretary Daniels announces that he will soon submit to Congress a huge naval-building program, involving the construction of twenty-six capital ships, including sixteen super-dreadnoughts and ten battle-cruisers.

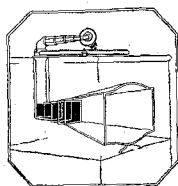
The Department of Justice announces that the campaign against food profiteers and hoarders has netted a total of 895 arrests. Prosecutions so far have resulted in 28 convictions with penalties ranging up to a fine of \$5,000 and one year imprisonment.

The completion of the record of casualties of the American Expeditionary Forces in the war shows that 34,844 men were killed in action, including 382 at sea; 13,960 died of wounds; 23,738 died of disease; and 5,102 died from accident or other causes. The wounded in action numbered 215,423.

According to an advance forecast of the results of the second year of government operation of railroads, the net return from the total railroad invest-



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THE SWEETER IT GROWS."

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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

ment for 1919 fell to 2.34 per cent., which is said to be a new low record.

February 7.—President Wilson accepts, to become effective March 1, the resignation of Franklin K. Lane, for nearly seven years Secretary of the Interior Department.

Wholesale looting of merchandise in transit upon the railroads of the United States caused a loss of approximately \$45,000,000 in 1919, according to United States Railroad Administration statistics.

February 8.—The American Federation of Labor issues a statement announcing its intention to wage a non-partizan campaign for the election of a Congress next fall that will represent labor.

Herbert Hoover gives out a statement saying that he has not sought and is not seeking the Presidency. He says he has no organization and no one is authorized to speak for him politically. As to his political faith he declared that he would vote for the party supporting the League of Nations, if that should be a campaign issue.

The inebriate ward at the city dispensary in St. Louis has been closed on account of "lack of business," following national prohibition.

February 9.—New Jersey ratifies the suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution.

A strike of 300,000 members of the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees and Railway Shop-workers is called for February 17, at the conclusion of a conference of chairmen of the brotherhood in Detroit. The members demand an increase in wages.

The Democrats of the House in a party caucus decline to follow the political advice of President Wilson, and adopt a resolution opposing passage of legislation by this Congress providing for universal military training.

By a vote of 63 to 9 the Senate orders the Treaty taken up again for the first time since November 19, when it was rejected with and without reservations.

Farmer organizations will not join the American Federation of Labor in its non-partizan campaign to elect only friends of the trade-union movement, according to a recent decision of the National Grange, which has 700,000 farmer members.

February 10.—Allen E. Barker, president of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees, whose members have been called upon to strike February 17, states that all the fourteen railroad brotherhoods, involving 2,000,000 men, have drafted a letter for presentation to Director-General Hines, setting forth their demands for better working conditions, and that unless this is acted upon favorably, it is possible that there will be a walkout of all these organizations.

Humoring Her.—OLD DEAR—"Can I take this train to Tooting?"

PORTER—"Well, ma'am, the engine generally takes it, but I don't suppose any one would object if you was to 'ave a try."—*London Tit-Bits*.

Extended.—"Jones took an extended vacation."

"With or without pay?"

"He took about fifteen years' pay with him."—*Life*.



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"Rough on Rats" successfully exterminates these pests where other preparations fail. Mix it with foods that rats and mice will eat. Change the kind of food whenever necessary. Don't be pestered—get "Rough on Rats" at drug and general stores. Send for booklet, "Ending Rats and Mice."

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It required only thirty days for our new five-passenger "Glenbrook" to establish itself as one of the most popular cars on the American market.

Now, its reputation has become International and the demand from Great Britain alone is far in excess of our export allotment.

The "Glenbrook" is a tremendous success—there can be no doubt about that. It has won its way into the hearts and minds of the Motoring World almost over night.

It has made more real friends, in a shorter space of time, than any other model ever produced by this Company. If you are at all familiar with Paige history, you will appreciate the significance of this statement.

There is, of course, a very definite reason for such universal endorsement of our new car. You will find it in the single word, *Performance* as expressed through a strictly modern power plant and chassis.

The "Glenbrook" is not a racing car though it is easily capable of sixty miles per hour. What is vastly more important, it is an utterly dependable car—one of the most thoroughly

satisfactory motor vehicles that has ever been developed for the road.

By "Satisfactory," we mean that it possesses all the power and speed that a sane man could possibly desire. We mean that it offers the true luxuries of exquisite design, ample room, soft upholstering and velvety spring suspension—all these without the burden of excessive upkeep.

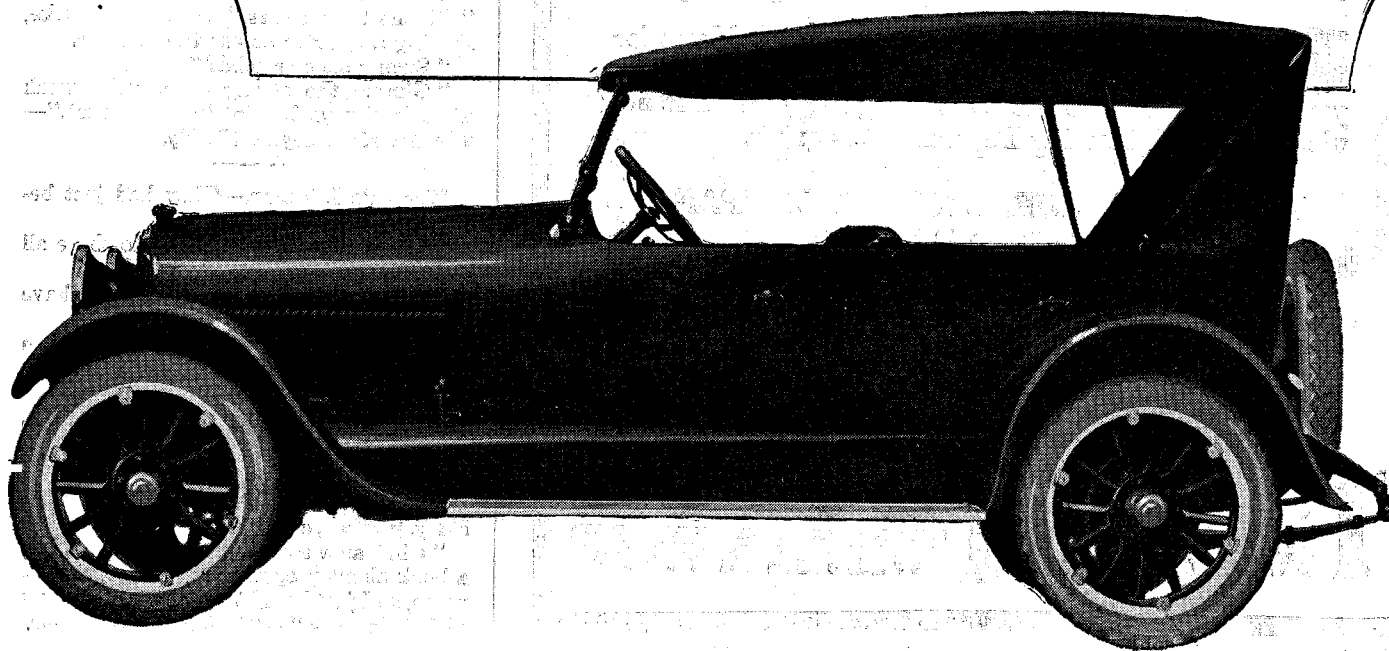
It is, in a phrase, the Ideal five-passenger motor car—an incomparable investment in six-cylinder transportation. The logical recognition of this fact has resulted in a permanent demand that is World Wide.

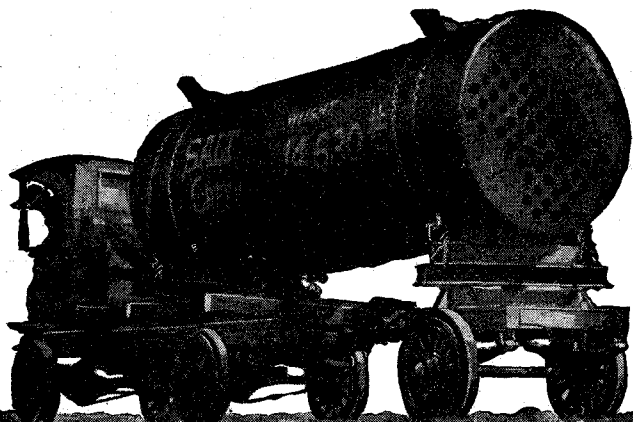
We predict that you are going to hear the "Glenbrook" referred to as the greatest dollar-for-dollar value on the American market. It possesses such obvious advantages over the usual type of five-passenger car that this conclusion would seem to be inevitable.

However, you alone must be the judge of comparative values. We merely ask you to take one ride in the "Glenbrook" and form your own opinion. On this basis we are content to rest our case because we know that our three years of experimental work and testing have, indeed, produced the finest of all light sixes.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Babe Absent.—The attack of the Boston Red Sox this summer may not be savage, but it certainly will be Ruth-less.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

Heredity.—"What is heredity?"
"Something a father believes in until his son begins acting like a darn fool."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Wise Indian.—An Indian one hundred and thirty years of age has just been converted to Christianity. Probably he figured it was about time to stop sowing his wild oats.—*New York Evening Mail.*

Abrasive Knee-work.—HEWITT—"He wouldn't rent you the flat, eh?"
JEWETT—"No, he said that I was so bowlegged that I would be continually rubbing the paper off the walls."—*New York Globe.*

A Hypnotist.—"I have referred to you as a hypnotic orator," said the press-agent.
"I guess that's all right," answered Senator Sorghum. "The last time I made a speech I put half of them to sleep."—*Washington Star.*

Shell-shocked.—"Were you shell-shocked?"
"Once."
"In France?"
"No, at the county fair when I thought I could beat the game."—*Baltimore American.*

Undesirable.—"Aren't you in favor of spelling reform?"
"Not at all," answered the young woman at the typewriter. "Many a man would be writing his own letters if he knew how to spell all the difficult words."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Cashier's Secret.—NEW CASHIER—"The boss says this is a new style cash-register and that you'd show me how to work it."
OLD CASHIER—"I'll show you how it works, but I won't show you how to work it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Why He Wanted Strong Ones.—"Gimme three cigars," ordered O'Rourke, shoving a quarter across the counter.
"Strong ones or mild?"
"Gimme the strong ones. The weak wans is always bustin' in me pocket."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Woman's Intuition.—They had just become engaged.
"I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your griefs and troubles."
"But, darling," he purred. "I have none."
"No," she agreed; "but I mean when we are married."—*Dallas News.*

Juvenile Foresight.—"What did you give your mama for Christmas?" asked one small boy of another.
"A paper knife," was the reply. "What did you give yours?"
"Oh," answered the other, "I read in a book about preparing for war in time of peace, so I just bought her a pair of slippers with knit soles."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Just Suppose It Got Married.—The progeny of a single fly during the summer often amounts to 1,427,694.—*London Lancet.*

He Needed It.—STUMP ORATOR—"I want reform; I want government reform; I want labor reform; I want—" VOICE—"Chloroform."—*Yale Record.*

After-War Valor.—Some of the slackers now take it upon themselves to hiss at motion-pictures of German people, thereby illustrating that after all they aren't afraid. *Pelican.*

Difference of Opinion.—GIRL WATCHING AERONAUT—"Oh, I'd hate to be coming down with that parachute."

MERE MAN—"I'd hate to be coming down without it."—*Chaparral.*

Cheap at the Price.—"Look here, Doctor, that bill you sent me was rather large." "But think what I saved you by telling your wife she shouldn't go to the south of France this winter."—*London Opinion.*

What Really Annoyed.—CALLER—"Hear that girl! Doesn't her constant singing in the flat annoy you?"

LODGER—"Not so much as the constant flat in her singing."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Political Gift.—NEOPHYTE—"Senator, what is the secret of success?"

HONEST SENATOR—"The ability to foresee which side of the question is going to have the most votes."—*New York Evening Post.*

It Was on Him.—HOTEL PORTER—"That bird in Room 18 says the roof leaked in on him when it rained last night."

PROPRIETOR—"Good. That means two francs extra for a shower-bath."—*La Baïonnette (Paris).*

The New Autocracy.—KITCHEN CALLER—"The folks here live pretty high, don't they?"

COOK—"Oh, yes. I gave them to understand they'd have to if they wanted to keep me."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Modern Miracle

Behold the pretty cotton plant
With blossom white and full!
They pick the downy stuff and, lo!
They make us suits of wool!

—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

A Dusty Worm.—"Why don't you marry him?"

"He has such freakish ideas. Says he's a worm of the dust."

"But as long as he is a worm with the dust, what do you care?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Singular Illness.—"Sir—One of our operators is quite hoarse. 'The doctor tells me,' she confided, 'that my larynx are affected—whatever they are.' We told her this was a singular affection, but unless given prompt attention might become pleural."—*Correspondent of the Chicago Tribune.*

Deep Question.—"—Daddy," asked a mite of eight summers, "God makes us do the good things, doesn't he?"

"Yes," replied the father.

"And Satan makes us do the naughty things?"

Again, yes.

"Well, who makes us do all the funny ones?"—*London Post.*

The Supreme Challenge to American Hearts



WAR and its sacrifices challenged our spiritual hearts. We met the challenge and won.

Peace, with its perplexing days of reconstruction and vital change in thought and work, throws down the supreme challenge—the challenge to our *physical* Hearts, our hearts, the vital pumping engines.

And we shall win in this physical game too—if we keep well and strong those marvelous engines of our human machines; those tireless, driving

pumps, sending life blood to all our organs and members, obeying our will; those distributors of vital fluid to millions of living cells—our *physical* American hearts.

Many of the ills of life are only red flags of an overtaxed and tired heart. Do not worry about your heart. *Know* that it is all right, and ready to meet successfully the challenge of the work ahead.

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